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A MONTHLY REVIEW

EDITED BY H · L · MENCKEN

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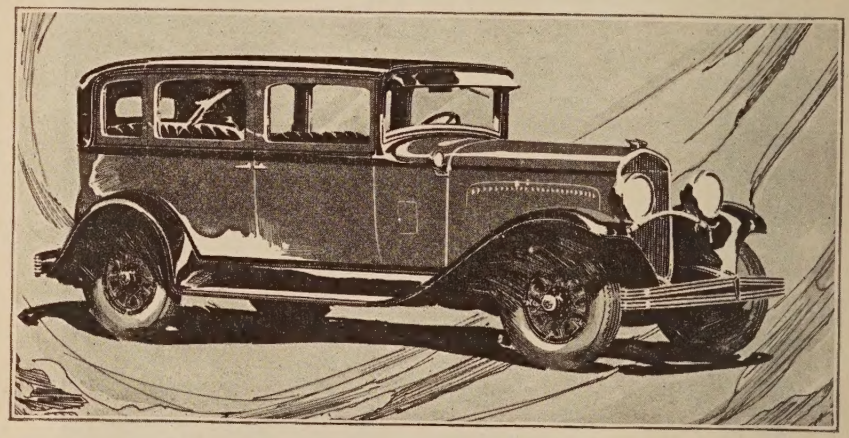

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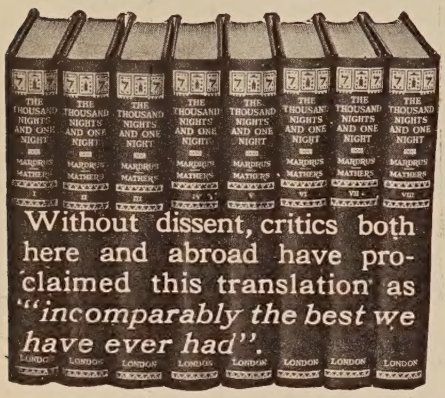

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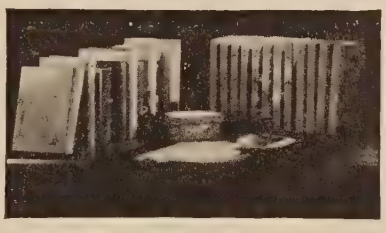

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SHANTY IRISH.
By Jim Tully. *Albert & Charles Boni*
$2.50 7⅜ x 4⅞; 292 pp. *New York*

Here is an effective answer to those reviewers who profess to see in Tully no more than a merchant of gunpowder and blood. The story he has to tell is of his own people—poor Irish folk in a small Ohio town—and he makes of it a saga full of a tender eloquence. The book, indeed, far surpasses anything he has done in the past. The grotesque humor and gaudy melodrama of "Circus Parade" are in it, but there is something else, and something far better. With great artfulness Tully draws his people—his romantic and other-worldly mother, his crude giant of a father, his indomitable grandmother, his Rabelaisian grandfather, and his luckless and gentle sister. There are no lay figures among them; he contrives to make all of them live and move. The humorous episodes are full of rough and irresistible mirth, especially that of the beer-drinking contest and that of the hanging. But they do not dominate the book. It is mainly in another key, and that key is one that Tully strikes with unfailing skill. Parts of several chapters were printed in The American Mercury last July. But this matter has been rearranged, and, in part, rewritten.

THE LAST TWELVE YEARS OF JOSEPH CONRAD.
By Richard Curle. *Doubleday, Doran & Company*
$2.50 8⅛ x 5⅜; 212 pp. *Garden City, L. I.*

CONRAD TO A FRIEND. *150 Selected Letters From Joseph Conrad to Richard Curle.*
Doubleday, Doran & Company
$2.50 8⅛ x 5⅜; 192 pp. *Garden City, L. I.*

Mr. Curle met Conrad in 1913, at the time "Chance" was on the stocks, and at once became one of his intimates. They were drawn together by Curle's admiration for "Nostromo," which was Conrad's own favorite. Among his other books he preferred "The Nigger of the *Narcissus*" and "The Mirror of the Sea," and among his shorter things "Falk." "Lord Jim" he esteemed very little, mainly, it appears, because it was a popular success. He was also very critical of "Chance." Of his two earliest books, "Almayer's Folly" and "An Outcast of the Islands," he liked the former, but had "a sort of contempt" for the latter. "The Secret Agent" he put above "Under Western Eyes." He was very partial to "Victory," had "a placid feeling" about "The Shadow Line" and "felt triumphant" about "The Rescue." These, and many other curious things, Mr. Curle presents at length in "The Last Twelve Years." He has chapters on Conrad's methods of work, on his home life, on his æsthetic ideas, on his view of England, on his attitude toward money, and on his table talk. There is an interesting, but not altogether successful chapter on the dark mystery of his personality. Finally, there is an account of his death. The letters in the other volume, with ten exceptions, see the light for the first time. Most of them are trivial, but in some of them there is plain speaking, and at considerable length. Neither book has an index, a serious defect in both cases. The volume of letters is almost useless without one.

THE INTIMATE LIFE OF THE LAST TZARINA
By Catherine Radziwill. *The Dial Press*
$5 9¼ x 6; 325 pp. *New York*

The last Empress of Russia comes out of this excellent and admirably written book one of the most pathetic royal characters in all history. A moody, highstrung German princess, and completely ignorant of the Russian language and people, she found herself the object of the idiotic adoration of the future Nicholas II. Eager for the high station offered her, she married him. He showed his gratitude by immediately resuming his intimate relations with the dancer Mathilde Kchessinska, whom he had admired for the four years preceding. The Tzarina knew about this, and became very morose, and thus alienated the whole court. Never overburdened with intelligence, she soon became inclined to what Princess Radziwill politely calls "mysticism." She became the dupe of all the medical, psychological and clerical quacks who could gain access to her. The two most prominent of them were a M. Philippe, a Parisian jail-bird, and Grigori Rasputin, an ignorant, lascivious horse-thief, whose specialty was seducing impartially both chambermaids and princesses of the blood. Even the imbecile Tzar got sick of this business; so he kicked out M. Philippe, but could not get rid of Rasputin. The Tzarina was too attached to him. And so things continued. She became the object of silent laughter throughout the Empire, and was finally butchered by the Bolsheviks. There are fifteen illustrations.

WILLIAM RAINEY HARPER.
By Thomas Wakefield Goodspeed.
The University of Chicago Press
$3 7¾ x 5½; 242 pp. *Chicago*

Dr. Harper was the first president of the University of Chicago, founded in 1890, and the present book, by

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CHECK LIST OF NEW BOOKS

Continued from page xxvi

a life-long friend, is the first biographical study of him. He was born on July 24, 1856, in New Concord, O. His first two loves were music and Hebrew. Due to the Calvinistic atmosphere in his home he early abandoned the first, and centered all his energies on a comprehensive study of the second. At the age of nineteen he married; at twenty-two he became professor of Hebrew at the Baptist Union Theological Seminary at Chicago; at thirty he was made professor of Semitic languages at Yale; and when not quite thirty-five he was made president of the newly founded University of Chicago. In the meantime he had published numerous Greek and Hebrew grammars, had written dozens of articles, had originated the idea of the Summer school and helped in the founding of about ten of them in various parts of the country, had been a regular lecturer at Chautauqua, and had founded the first large-scale correspondence school in the world. As president of the University of Chicago he originated the idea of University Extension courses, and forced Rockefeller and Marshall Field and other millionaires to come across with enough money to start the University Press, the first of its kind in this country. He made few contributions to scholarship; he was a backslapper; he was a great football fan; he was a devout Baptist; but before he died, on January 10, 1906, he had on his faculty such men as James H. Breasted, A. A. Michelson and Jacques Loeb, and made life happy for them.

IMPRESSIONS OF GREAT NATURALISTS.
By Henry Fairfield Osborn. *Charles Scribner's Sons*
$2.50 7⅝ x 5¼; 294 pp. *New York*

The men whom Professor Osborn discusses here were not all great naturalists; some of them were mere amateurs. The list includes Charles Darwin, Alfred Russel Wallace, Thomas Henry Huxley, Joseph Leidy, Edward Drinker Cope, Louis Pasteur, Francis Maitland Balfour, James Bryce, Howard Crosby Butler, John Burroughs, John Muir and Theodore Roosevelt. Dr. Osborn knew most of them personally as student, colleague or friend, and is here more interested in their personalities than in their scientific achievements. As a result, what he has to say is extremely interesting. There are photographs of all the men, and a facsimile reproduction of a letter from Darwin to Huxley.

DEBURAU.
By Jules Janin. *Robert M. McBride & Company*
$1.50 7½ x 5; 114 pp. *New York*

An impressionistic life of Jean-Gaspard Deburau, written in a rhapsodic style. Throughout the book M. Janin makes comment upon the contemporary theatre of France. "Today," he despairs, "all, all is changed in dramatic art. You might possess the crutch of Asmodeus and attend every theatre in Paris, clear-sighted as an old devil, and not find one reputation to contend for, not one new name to make, not one new talent to reveal. The modern actor escapes both criticism and reproach. The school of Cartigny has produced still less material than the *Conservatoire*, if that be possible. The theatre has been delivered up to the great professionals, for whom an artist's equipment consists wholly of enthusiasm. Of all their tribe these are the most detestable, for a lifetime of enthusiasm profits a man less than a single week of meditation and honest labor in his art." Winifred Katzin has made the translation.

CHARLES JAMES FOX.
By John Drinkwater. *The Cosmopolitan Book Corporation*
$5 9⅜ x 6; 389 pp. *New York*

"Fox was a man greatly loved, and greatly mem orable," concludes Mr. Drinkwater. "He is, perhaps, the greatest figure in the history of parliamentary opposition in England. . . . His public life had the supreme virtue of fearlessness." The book is handsomely printed, with many charming illustrations; there is a bibliography, but an index is missing.

LINCOLN. *Emancipator of the Nation.*
By Frederick Trevor Hill. *D. Appleton & Company*
$3 8⅞ x 5⅞; 285 pp. *New York*

Mr. Hill has dug up no new material about Lincoln, but presents whatever is known about him, especially his political life, simply and accurately. The book is apparently intended for high-school freshmen, and is quite good.

PRISONERS ALL.
By Oskar Maria Graf. *Alfred A. Knopf*
$4 8¾ x 5⅞; 442 pp. *New York*

This autobiography is, in many respects, a German "Hunger," but it is far more moving than that greatly overestimated book. It starts with the author's eleventh year, 1905, when his father died, and ends with his twenty-fifth year, 1919, when he was finally released from prison, whither he was sent as a Communist suspect. It is a tale of extreme poverty, of amours with street women, of intellectual befuddlement, of almost constant running away from the police and the military, of continuous striving to be a writer, and of final recognition. It is all told with great effectiveness and apparent honesty. The translation is by Margaret Green.

Continued on page xxx

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Continued from page xxviii

GOETHE. *The Life of a Man.*
By Emil Ludwig. *G. P. Putnam's Sons*
$5 9½ x 6¼; 647 pp. *New York*

In this book Dr. Ludwig thinks that he has displayed "in a slowly-moving panorama the landscape of [Goethe's] soul." His final judgment on that soul is that it was "a sixty-yeared battle which his Genius fought with his Dæmon, and from which he finally wrested a kind of tragic victory." Dr. Ludwig portrays this battle in the feverish, highly imaginative prose for which he has become famous, but in the present book he reaches new heights of eloquence. For example, here is how he begins Chapter X, entitled "Empyrean," which deals in large part with Goethe's awakened love for Minna Herzlieb, whom he had last seen when she was a child. "Green is the shade of the large hanging-lamp, and its light, falling on the table with its pile of books and drawings, leaves the talkers in semi-obscurity; but on the piano in the distance two wax candles sparkle, and cast a softly golden gleam upon a young girl. Who is it that she reminds one of today? Only of herself, of her childhood? . . . A soft prelude sounds from the piano. Instantly everyone stops talking; chairs are turned round—what is she going to sing? 'Der Erlkönig,' thinks Goethe, after the first few notes, and the waves of melody envelop him in a cloud of reminiscence. . . . So spiritual in the white gowns she always wears; and how wistfully the large dark eyes look out from the delicate pale face, appealing, expressive, as the sweet low voice—but the rich luxuriance of the plaits that encircle her little head has its own tale to tell." The book is crammed with such precious passages. In the original it had at least twice as many, for it was twice as long as the present translation, the credit for which belongs to Ethel Colburn Mayne. There are twenty-one illustrations.

THE LOG OF BOB BARTLETT.
By Captain Robert A. Bartlett. *G. P. Putnam's Sons*
$3.50 9 x 6; 352 pp. *New York*

Born in 1875 of Newfoundland seafaring ancestors, at seventeen Bob Bartlett's father put him in command of a seal-fishing schooner. At twenty-three he was a master mariner and the same year he began his Arctic ventures. He was skipper of Peary's ship when the latter failed to reach the North Pole, and in command of the *Roosevelt* when Peary finally reached it in 1909. Then he joined Stefansson as master of the ill-fated *Karluk* in 1913. His narrative is an enthralling story of Arctic exploration and adventure.

ERNEST HAROLD BAYNES.
By Raymond Georges. *The Houghton Mifflin Company*
$4 9 x 6; 256 pp. *Boston*

The simple but engaging story of a man who devoted his life to winning for wild creatures the friendship of man. It was he who worked to save the American bison from extinction, and it was through his efforts that hundreds of bird clubs were founded to protect his feathered friends from hard Winters and the millinery trade. But despite his great love of animals he became a staunch crusader for animal experimentation, for he believed that the pain inflicted on the animals led to valuable advances in the treatment of disease.

JUBILEE JIM. *The Life of Colonel James Fisk, Jr.*
By Robert H. Fuller *The Macmillan Company*
$3.50 8½ x 5⅝; 566 pp. *New York*

Mr. Fuller, who was secretary to Dr. Charles Evans Hughes during the latter's term as Governor of New York, has died since writing this book. It suffers from the fact that the author chose to give it the form of a novel. The facts in it show diligent research and more than once they are dramatic and interesting, but the fictional envestiture hampers the flow of the narrative. The book is illustrated, but there is no documentation and no index. At the end there is a postscript by Dr. Hughes.

MASKS IN PAGEANT.
By William Allen White. *The Macmillan Company*
$5 8½ x 5¾; 507 pp. *New York*

Mr. White has known personally all of the eight Presidents from Cleveland to Coolidge, inclusive. With all of them he had a reporter's relations, with six of them political relations and with one, Roosevelt, "a friendship that was precious to me." In sketching their careers and personalities, together with those of six other leaders of national importance, he has included a provocative portrait of himself. Here are his somewhat discordant comments upon the two latest incumbents of the presidential chair: "Some day America will realize the tragic drama in which he [Harding] moved, will realize how wickedly unfair the Republic was to pick up that man—weak and unprepared, with no executive talent, and with an unused mind—and pinnacle him in the most powerful place on earth. . . . [Coolidge], like every other President which this generation has seen, was divinely fitted for his job. Each of these queer Dicks whom we have called to the White House from odd corners in our national life has been in the day of his power and glory exactly the kind of man whom democracy, if it

Continued on page xxxii

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Continued from page xxx

had known its conscious mind, which it probably did not, would or should have chosen to represent the spirit of the hour in which he came." Thus he pays his tribute to Al Smith: "He can be loyal to a friend, but can go to the stake for an idea over the body of his friend—and keep his friend. . . . His brain won his adversaries. His heart held his friends. . . . He was elected president of the Board of Aldermen. He was honest, hard-working, good-natured, painstaking and at base, for all his happy Tammany irregularity, he was becoming a free man. . . . He was the kind who loved good company, a good cigar, a good story after a good drink, and was never ashamed of it. He was a man's man. The primrose path never lured him. . . . Smith makes no pretense of erudition, but no one who examines his career can deny his wisdom. . . . Smith has exactly the faults that marked Jackson and Lincoln. Backwoods virtues in education become back alley excellencies."

WARPATH AND CATTLE TRAIL.
By Hubert E. Collins. *William Morrow & Company*
$3.50 9¼ x 6; 296 pp. *New York*

A chronicle of adventures at a frontier trading-post on the Chisholm Trail and at an Indian agency some fifty years ago. Mr. Collins went into the Indian Territory at the age of ten, and there studied intimately the Cheyennes and Arapahoes; at nineteen he was a cowboy on the range in New Mexico and Colorado and followed the old trails for years. His book contains a great deal of valuable historical material, but it is so obscured by unimportant details and digressions as to have almost no dramatic interest. Hamlin Garland has contributed a brief foreword; there are many illustrations and notes, but no index.

MY STUDIO WINDOW.
By Marietta Minnigerode Andrews.
E. P. Dutton & Company
$5 8 x 5½; 450 pp. *New York*

This volume contains some remarkably vivid sketches of life in Washington. Mrs. Andrews, who has lived there most of her life, writes in a delightfully realistic manner of the many eminent personages of her acquaintance—Robert Todd Lincoln, Mrs. Burton Harrison, General Gorgas, the Champ Clarks, William E. Borah, the Hon. Nellie Tayloe Ross, Lady Astor, Frau Wiedefeldt, Mark Twain, Dr. Walter Reed, Jules Jusserand, Elihu Root, General Pershing, Samuel Gompers, Uncle Joe Cannon, Dr. Harvey Wiley and others. Her book is filled with odd and piquant observations; it deftly sketches in the atmosphere of whole administrations and eras; and it is a most thorough guide-book to historic Washington. It is handsomely printed and illustrated with many charming silhouettes by the author.

MOTHER OF KINGS.
By Norval Richardson. *Charles Scribner's Sons*
$5 9 x 5¾; 471 pp. *New York*

A popular biography of Letizia Bonaparte, beginning with her life in Corsica as a girl of fourteen, but naturally focusing mainly upon the career of Napoleon. She is revealed as a dominant personality, ever watching, scheming and counselling. A somewhat commonplace piece of work. It is profusely illustrated, but there is no index and no bibliography.

AN ECHO FROM PARNASSUS.
By Henrietta Dana Skinner. *J. H. Sears & Company*
$2 7½ x 5; 275 pp. *New York*

These reminiscences of Longfellow and his friends cover Mrs. Skinner's first sixteen years. The granddaughter of a poet and the daughter of the author of "Two Years Before the Mast," Henrietta Dana knew as a child all the distinguished literary men of the Civil War period, and she views them here with a singular penetration. Particularly noteworthy are her moving description of Mrs. Longfellow's tragic death, and her portrait of her father. The book is published posthumously, and her son, R. Dana Skinner, has contributed a brief biographical sketch at the end.

BENJAMIN FRANKLIN IN PARIS, 1776–1785.
By Willis Steell. *Minton, Balch & Company*
$3.50 8½ x 5¾; 227 pp. *New York*

"A man must indeed be great," says Mr. Steell, "who, courted by women, does not appear ridiculous; but having weighed all that Envy and Scandal can say, if we then regard [Franklin] as thus surrounded, we see even plainer the kindly qualities of his mind and heart." The book makes no claims to scholarship, but in a highly entertaining manner Mr. Steell describes Franklin's meetings with Diderot, Louis XV, Dr. Quesnay, Mirabeau, the Count and Countess de Maurepas, Madame Helvétius, Marie Antoinette, Vergennes, Voltaire, Madame du Deffand, Mademoiselle Ménard, the Duchess de la Rochefoucauld, Madame Necker, Madame Brillon and others. There is an engaging chapter on Franklin as a lover. The volume is profusely illustrated, but it lacks both an index and a bibliography.

MY FRIEND ROBESPIERRE.
By Henri Béraud. *The Macaulay Company*
$3 8¾ x 5½; 298 pp. *New York*

This sympathetic and dramatic biography of Robespierre reveals him as a man of excessive reserve whose

Continued on page xxxiv

VATHEK

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Introduction by Ben Ray Redman
Illustrated by Mahlon Blaine

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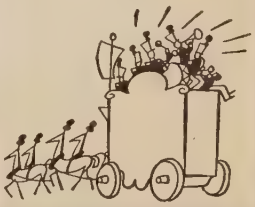

CHECK LIST OF NEW BOOKS

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sufferings were often sharpened to the raw edge of despair. "One can say that from his infancy Maximilien was condemned to the prison of his own heart; the sentiment he aroused from his earliest boyhood was a feeling in which hostility, submission and esteem were mixed. No confidence, no tenderness, was ever given him." M. Béraud traces his career from his childhood to his death with unsparing realism. The chapters dealing with the 9th Thermidor, the fall of Robespierre and his hideous execution are deeply moving. The admirable translation is the work of Slater Brown. There are many illustrations, but an index is lacking.

CHARLES DICKENS.
By Ralph Straus. *The Cosmopolitan Book Corporation*
$4 9 x 6; 340 pp. *New York*

"To me," says Mr. Straus, "Dickens is far more interesting than any of his characters. . . . As I have endeavored to show, he lived a sort of exaggerated novel himself." The new sources—letters and papers—to which Mr. Straus had access have not enabled him, as he thinks, "to give a wholly new Dickens to the world," but they have at least made possible a trustworthy account of Dickens's early romance with Maria Beadnell, and his long years of unhappiness with Kate Hogarth. The book makes easy reading but goes little beyond felicitous reporting. There is a brief statement of sources in the preface; an index, unfortunately, is missing.

TROUPERS OF THE GOLD COAST, *or, The Rise of Lotta Crabtree.*
By Constance Rourke. *Harcourt, Brace & Company*
$3.50 8½ x 5½; 262 pp. *New York*

Lotta began her career in the gold camps of the High Sierras and in the variety halls and gambling saloons of San Francisco. In Miss Rourke's vivid pages appear all the other stage favorites of the day: Lola Montez, Julia Dean, the younger Booths, the Chapmans, the dazzling Adah Menken, and the old-time minstrels. It is a book of charm, and makes an important chapter in the history of the American theatre. It is full of all manner of odd characters, not the least interesting of them Lotta's indomitable, managing mother, Mary Ann Livesey Crabtree. There are numerous illustrations from photographs and contemporary prints, and an index. A statement of sources is to be found in the preface.

SIMON GIRTY.
By Thomas Boyd. *Minton, Balch & Company*
$3.50 8 x 6; 252 pp. *New York*

"Of all the men remembered of those years [of Western pioneering]," says Mr. Boyd, "Simon Girty, who has been called the anomaly of Western history, was perhaps the most widely and deeply hated. . . . Stubborn, bull-necked, proud of his strength, murderous yet merciful, Girty the traitor can't be whitewashed. But some credit should be given to the memory of a man who spent twenty years in the closest contact with the Shawanese, Miamis and Wyandots, rose to a position of trust among them, and was, in fact, the only white person to sit as one of them in their tribal war councils." The chronicle deals chiefly with his adventures between Lord Dunmore's War and the Battle of Fallen Timber, in which Mad Anthony Wayne broke the power of the Ohio Indians. It is a sound piece of research, and undoubtedly offers a fair estimate of the man's character, but it is written in an uninspired style and makes heavy reading. The book is illustrated with contemporary portraits and prints, and has a bibliography; but an index is lacking.

THE SCIENCES

HUNGER FIGHTERS.
By Paul De Kruif. *Harcourt, Brace & Company*
$3 8⅝ x 5⅝; 377 pp. *New York*

In "Microbe Hunters" Dr. De Kruif dealt with the bacteriologists who war upon disease; in the present volume he tells about the chemists, botanists, pathologists and other scientists who help the farmers. It may seem curious to find hardship in such a story, but there it is. The career of Mark Alfred Carleton, the obscure botanist who brought the Kubanka wheat to America, was full of the dogged patience, the heroic indifference to difficulty and the complete disregard of self-interest which one looks for only in such picturesque fellows as Arctic explorers. Carleton's name is quite unknown to most of the farmers he benefited, and he died in poverty and obscurity, but he was certainly one of the great Americans of his time. De Kruif tells his story brilliantly, and with a moving eloquence. There are many other such stories in the book, some of them not so heroic but all of them immensely interesting. The author, himself a scientist by training, knows his subject completely; in addition, he has notable skill as a writer. The volume has portraits, by Zadig, of all the men dealt with. There is no bibliography, but there is a good index.

A NATURALIST AT THE SEASHORE.
By William Crowder. *The Century Company*
$10 9⅜ x 6⅛; 384 pp. *New York*

Mr. Crowder is a naturalist of somewhat unusual history. Forced to leave school early in youth, he became a coal-trimmer on tramp steamers and later a professional prize-fighter. It was with money earned

Continued on page xxxvi

VIKING BOOKS

A great and stirring novel by a new author will be published on December 1st. The Book-of-the-Month Club has chosen it as its December book; Continental critics have placed it on a plane with Tolstoy's War and Peace and Rolland's Jean Christophe.

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Check List of NEW BOOKS

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in the ring that he bought his first microscope. Now he has a biological station of his own near Glen Cove, L. I., and is engaged in original researches, especially in the marine fauna. In the present book he describes at length his methods of investigation, and gives examples of the difficulties that beset a zoölogist. His chapters on the spider-crab, on the moon-jelly, and on various other inhabitants of the deep reveal a considerable ingenuity and originality, and present some new facts of value. His illustrations, some of them in full color, are excellent. Unfortunately, he writes in a pretentious, haw-haw style that makes difficult reading. He never walks anywhere; he always "wends his way." Things that interest the public "engross the attention of the populace." He doesn't simply use his microscope; he is "passionately engaged in the pastime of peering into invisible worlds and prying into heretofore secret affairs of Nature." It is to be hoped that he will devote himself hereafter to learning how to write, as he has so admirably learned how to draw. His book is well printed and has an index.

THE POLAR REGIONS IN THE TWENTIETH CENTURY.
By A. W. Greely. *Little, Brown & Company*
$4 9 x 5⅞; 270 pp. *Boston*

This is a rapid and rather dull survey of all known polar expeditions to date. General Greely, who was himself once in command of an expedition, does little more than tabulate the movements of the various explorers, and list their findings. There are many excellent illustrations and a superb map of the Arctic Regions.

FOLK-LORE

TRICKS OF WOMEN & *Other Albanian Tales.*
Translated by Paul Fenimore Cooper.
William Morrow & Company
$4 8¾ x 6; 205 pp. *New York*

A collection of Albanian folk-stories, written with a charming simplicity and acuity. The title story relates the adventures of a youth who refuses to marry, according to his father's wishes, until he has learned all the tricks of women. He sets forth to roam the world, studying the fair sex untiringly wherever he goes, and writing down his observations. Having mastered this intricate knowledge, he promptly falls into the first net spread by a woman, a lovely queen through whose kingdom he passes. "Then they sent the boy back home; and he married and did as other people do; and he threw away all that he had written about the tricks of women." Paul Fenimore Cooper has made a good translation. The book is beautifully printed; it contains many charming woodcuts by Ilse

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Continued from page xxxvi

M. Bischoff and a short introduction by Burton Rascoe.

OTHER ARABIAN NIGHTS.
By H. I. Katibah. *Charles Scribner's Sons*
$2.50 8 x 5¼; 266 pp. *New York*

In this book Mr. Katibah has gathered a representative collection of stories from the folk-lore of Asia, never before published in a single volume. They are drawn from many sources, and are, in not a few instances, very charming. There are, for example, the story of Sit Bdour and the Sultan Joseph, from "Selections of Dainties," Cairo, 1894; "The Seller of Words," a current story told to the author; "The Treasure of Hasan Taj," from a booklet of the dime-novel sort common in Cairo; "The Story That Is All Lies," from a current folk-tale; and, the most charming of all, "All for the Death of a Flea," from "The Book of the Blooming Garden," first published by the American Press of Beirut, in 1882. There are numerous illustrations in color by W. M. Berger.

PUBLIC AFFAIRS

GOVERNMENTAL REPORTING IN CHICAGO.
By Herman C. Beyle. *The University of Chicago Press*
$4 8¼ x 5½; 303 pp. *Chicago*

Dr. Beyle made a survey of the reporting to the public made by the department heads of the municipal government of Chicago during the calendar years 1921, 1922 and 1923, and here presents his findings. He discovered that "about 58% of the local government authorities of the Chicago area . . . did practically no public reporting at all," that a quarter of a million dollars a year is generally expended for the public reporting that is done, and that most of this money is wasted because of the incompetence of the officials concerned in presenting their facts to the people. He makes various recommendations for the improvement of this situation, and among them are the establishment of an official government newspaper and the greater use by the authorities of such media of public information as the moving picture, the radio and the lecture platform.

RED RUSSIA AFTER TEN YEARS.
By Geo. London. *E. P. Dutton & Company*
$2 7⅝ x 5⅛; 182 pp. *New York*

This is a collection of essays on the present general situation in Russia by the Russian and Balkan correspondent of the Paris *Journal*. The picture M. London presents is not very favorable to the Soviets. Among other things he reports that "the people of Moscow are housed appallingly," that active anti-

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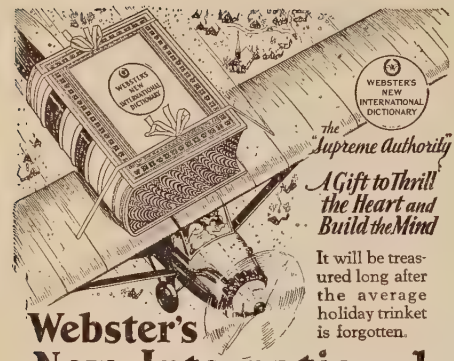

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Communists are hounded to Siberia as mercilessly as were revolutionists in the days of the Czars, that there is a pretty steady decline in industrial production throughout the land, that the education of the youth of the country is by no means as free and scientific as the official Bolshevik literature has led us to believe, that "the Russia of the proletariat is not a Russia of equality," but one of sharply defined classes as in capitalistic countries, that militarism is rife, and that "having been obliged to drop from their failing hands the Gospel According to Karl Marx, the Russian rulers have picked it up again to preach it abroad. We know that it is France in particular toward which these evangelistic efforts are directed." The translation from the French is by G. E. R. Gedye.

THE MARRIAGE CRISIS.
By Ernest R. Groves. *Longmans, Green & Company*
$2 7¾ x 5; 242 pp. *New York*

Dr. Groves, who is professor of sociology in Boston University, explains that his book "is written with confidence in the social value of the marriage which we rightly call the present standard"; but he examines dispassionately the arguments on all sides of the question. He believes birth control to be responsible for the crisis which marriage is facing, because it gives "an impetus to those who seek sex as an experience by itself" and so becomes an influence against the development of other sources of companionship. The companionate marriage he declares to be nothing new, and he holds it to be an active force against the success of marriage, as it tends to exaggerate the sex element at the expense of the others. "The security and wholesomeness of marriage in these days," he says in conclusion, "is centred upon the maintenance of the standards and attitudes that issue from affection and that encourage its development." The book lacks an index, but the table of contents is sufficiently adequate.

ENGLÄNDER.
By Rudolf Kircher. *Wm. Collins Sons & Company*
$5 8¾ x 5⅝; 310 pp. *New York*

This is a series of critical studies of thirty of the leading personalities in current English life, by the London correspondent of the *Frankfurter Zeitung*. Among those included are Balfour, Asquith, the Chamberlains, Lord Curzon, J. H. Thomas, Lord Derby, Stanley Baldwin, Lloyd George, Ramsay Macdonald, Dean Inge, Lord Birkenhead, Lord Grey, Lady Astor, Bertrand Russell, Philip Snowden, Lord Reading and Lord Leverhulme. The book is full of

Continued on page xlii

New — HARPER — Books

THE TERRIBLE SIREN

by Emanie Sachs

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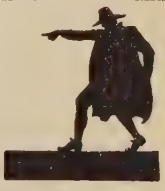

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shrewdnesses, and shows a complete mastery of t
London scene. There are thirty-one reproductions fr
photographs. The translation from the German is
Constance Vesey.

HISTORY

FOUNDERS OF THE MIDDLE AGES.
By Edward Kenneth Rand. The Harvard University Pr
$4 8½ x 5⅞; 365 pp. *Cambri*

In the last twenty-five years there has been a revi
of interest in the culture of the Middle Ages. In fa
during the life-time of the late Cardinal Mercier th
was growing up a Neo-Scholastic movement in B
gium, but it did not spread, and at the moment
quite dormant. Three of the five greatest livi
medieval scholars are or have been professors at H
vard: Charles Homer Haskins, Ephraim Emerton a
the present author. The other two are Prof. Étien
Gilson, of the Sorbonne, and Prof. Maurice
Wulf, of the University of Louvain. Due to the
searches of these men, we now see that the Dark A
were not as dark as we have been led to believe.
brilliant culture was flourishing at the time, and ma
of the ideas current then, especially the political o
of St. Thomas Aquinas, strangely foreshadow the m
radical ones of today. In the present book Profes
Rand considers those men of the Fourth, Fifth a
Sixth Centuries who were the intellectual fathers
the culture that followed: St. Ambrose, St. Jeron
Boethius, and St. Augustine. In addition, he devo
two chapters to a general discussion of the poe
and the educational methods of the time, and t
others to a study of the relation of the Roman Chu
to the incoming pagan culture. Regarding the lat
point he argues that all the available evidence poi
to the fact that far from rejecting the Greek phil
ophies, the Church was hospitable to them, ev
though it did transform them later.

A HISTORY OF THE PRESIDENCY. 1788–19
By Edward Stanwood. The Houghton Mifflin Comp
$6 8½ x 5⅜; 2 vols.; 586+543 pp. *Bos*

This book was first issued in 1884, and has si
gone through several editions. The last edition
Mr. Stanwood appeared in 1916. He died in 1923, a
the present edition, which brings the narrative do
to the last campaign, is the work of Charles Know
Bolton. The title of the book is something of a m
nomer. It is not really a history of the presidency, b
rather of the presidential campaigns. The writing a
thinking in it are those of a second-rate Washingt
correspondent; nevertheless, it is full of useful inf
mation regarding candidates, conventions and pl
forms.

Continued on page xliv

Books for Gifts

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THE FINE ARTS

THE BON VIVANT'S COMPANION, *or, How to Mix Drinks.*
By Jerry Thomas. *Alfred A. Knopf*
$3 8¾ x 5½; 169 pp. *New York*

Professor Thomas was a native of Connecticut, born at New Haven in 1825. He became at maturity one of the most celebrated bartenders ever heard of in America, and his fame still lingers in New York, though he has been dead for many years. His greatest contribution to the armamentarium of his art was the blue blazer, a drink now obsolescent, but he also greatly improved the cocktail, and left permanent marks upon it. His "Bon Vivant's Companion" was first published in 1862, and immediately went into many editions. For twenty years it was the leading text on its subject. But after Prof. Thomas's death it was corrupted by redactors, and so passed out of esteem. Here the original text is reprinted verbatim, with an introduction by Herbert Asbury, who contributed a study of Prof. Thomas to THE AMERICAN MERCURY for December, 1927. It is a veritable encyclopedia of the bartender's art, and in the index no less than 500 mixed drinks are listed. There are many illustrations from contemporary prints, including some portraits of old-time bartenders.

MAN-SIZED MEALS FROM THE KITCHENETTE.
By Margaret Pratt Allen & Ida Oram Hutton.
The Vanguard Press
$1.60 7½ x 5; 149 pp. *New York*

A cook-book simplified for the needs of the very small kitchen. The first chapters describe the essential equipment of the kitchenette and give general rules for the preparation of soups, sauces, meats, eggs, fish, vegetables, salads, fruits, desserts, pies, cakes and hot breads. The latter chapters contain carefully planned menus and meals: the combined breakfast and lunch; fifteen- or twenty-minute meals; meals to be prepared ahead of time; hot weather meals; and party menus. Particularly instructive are the suggestions for meals to be cooked on one burner, and oven meals. The book is clearly and succinctly written. There is an index.

A BOOK OF FRENCH WINES.
By P. Morton Shand. *Alfred A. Knopf*
$3.50 8¾ x 5½; 247 pp. *New York*

Mr. Shand's previous work, "A Book of Wine," is well known and justly esteemed. Here he expands one of its sections into a full-length treatise. His knowledge of French wines appears to be enormous, and his pages are full of interesting and curious matter. He has a low opinion of sauternes, though with prudent reservations in favor of Château Yquem, and roundly

Continued on page xlvi

NEW OXFORD BOOKS

THE OXFORD HISTORY OF THE UNITED STATES

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denounces the white wines of Alsace, which the French are now trying to sell in competition with German white wines. His book very sorely lacks an index. It is to be followed by a similar volume on German wines.

THE QUESTING COOK.
By Ruth A. Jeremiah Gottfried. *Washburn & Thomas*
$3 7 x 5; 380 pp. *Cambridge, Mass.*

All cooks, save those preparing food for a reducing household, should find these recipes from foreign kitchens of great help. With it before her, not even the bride who boasts, "I can't even boil an egg," need fumble over minestra, true Irish stew, *Speck und Eier* or paprika chicken. Mrs. Gottfried carefully assembles all the ingredients first, and then, step by step, gives detailed instructions for making delightful dishes of them. There are three helpful indexes—an alphabetical one, one by courses and one by chief ingredients.

PHILOSOPHY

THE PHILOSOPHY OF SPINOZA.
By Richard McKeon. *Longmans, Green & Company*
$5 9¾ x 6¾; 345 pp. *New York*
THE CORRESPONDENCE OF SPINOZA.
Edited by A. Wolf. *The Dial Press*
$5 8¾ x 5½; 502 pp. *New York*

Dr. McKeon has written the first comprehensive study of Spinoza to appear in English. It is a thoroughly good job. There is nothing new in it of opinion about the man; it is purely an expository account. Dr. McKeon, however, does stress one fact which is usually overlooked: Spinoza's great interest in the scientific experimentation and speculation of his day. He himself made important contributions to optics and hydrostatics, and was in communication with some of the leading contemporary scientists, including such men as Robert Boyle, Huygens, and Leibniz. The book of Spinoza letters, edited by Dr. Wolf, who is professor of philosophy at the University of London and one of the world's greatest authorities on the man, bears out this point. Of the eighty-four letters included in it at least three-quarters deal with purely scientific subjects. Incidentally, they also give the lie to the legend that the colossal Jew of Amsterdam was all ice and logic. There was much warmth in him, and also the utmost courtesy. The Wolf book is heavily annotated, and contains a long introduction in which the editor argues, with plausibility, that Spinoza was a far greater philosopher than Descartes, and deserves better of posterity than the ignorant adoration that has plagued his memory since Goethe burst into none too intelligible rhapsodies about him.

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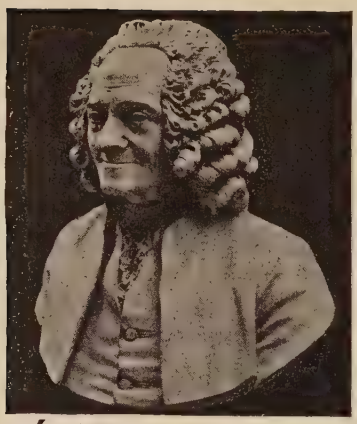

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THE MEANING OF SELFHOOD AND IMMORTALITY.
By Eugene William Lyman. *The Harvard University Pre*
$1 7⅛ x 4⅝; 47 pp. *Cambrid*

The contents of this book were delivered as th lecture on immortality for the current year on th Ingersoll Foundation at Harvard. As a piece of phil osophical thinking the work has no value whatever Dr. Lyman, who is professor of the philosophy o religion at the Union Theological Seminary, write very badly, and it is not at all easy to make out wha he is trying to say. He is a firm believer in the im mortality of the soul, and his argument for that be lief apparently is this. The self, as manifested i memory and anticipation, can be nothing else bu "super-physical." As such it is "expressive of th deeper nature of reality." And the deeper nature o reality, he is convinced, is "the Cosmic Moral Will," which is immortal. The self is thus an element of thi Will, and therefore immortal also.

SCEPTICAL ESSAYS.
By Bertrand Russell. *W. W. Norton & Compan*
$2.50 8¼ x 5½; 256 pp. *New Yor*

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REPRINTS

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RÉMY DE GOURMONT. *Selections from All H Works.*
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Continued from page xlviii

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By Marie-Henri Beyle (Stendahl). *Boni & Liveright*
$2.50 7½ x 5; 282 pp. *New York*

An excellent translation of this first book of Stendahl, belonging to a definitive edition of his works, published by Boni & Liveright in America, and Chatto and Windus in England. It is attractively printed and uniform with the other volumes.

THE HISTORY OF HERODOTUS.
Translated by George Rawlinson. *Lincoln MacVeagh*
$5 9¼ x 6¼; 544 pp. *New York*

The complete text of Herodotus, with a minimum of explanatory matter, a brief biographical note, a bibliography and an index. The book is beautifully printed on watermarked rag paper and bound in vellum cloth. It belongs to the Library of Living Classics, edited by Manuel Komroff.

THE ROMANCE OF LEONARDO DA VINCI.
By Dmitri Merejkowski. *The Modern Library*
95 cents 8½ x 4¼; 637 pp. *New York*

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Continued in back advertising section, page lxxii

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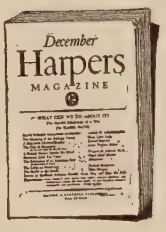

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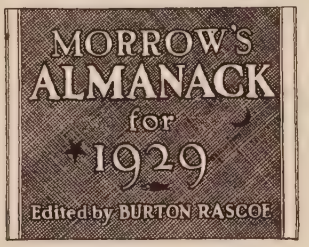

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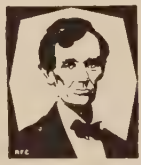

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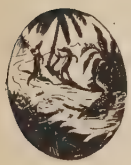

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THE PSYCHOLOGY OF PROHIBITION

BY RAYMOND PEARL

I WAS born and spent my childhood in a small New Hampshire village. A long time before I appeared upon the scene the State had enacted a prohibitory law which remained in force from 1855 to 1903, at which latter date I was twenty-four years old. So all my earliest remembrances are of living under legal Prohibition. The subject was then a lively one, exciting great local interest and discussion. My parents were at the time ardent Prohibitionists, and personally teetotalers. No form of alcoholic beverage, even the mildest, was kept or used in the house. At the ripe age of six I was inducted by my Sunday-school teacher into the Loyal Legion, and made to sign a pledge never to ingest alcohol during my lifetime. I kept this pledge rigidly until I was twenty-five years old, even at the cost of what must have been, as I now look back upon them, some rather unfortunate social *gaucheries*. In truth the signing of the pledge made a deep impression on my mind. So much so that when I was ordered by my physician, some twenty years later, to take a modest mug of beer with my dinner for my health's sake, it was with a real spiritual wrench that I broke the vow that an entirely innocent and trusting child had been inveigled into signing. I came eventually to realize, however, that my signature had been obtained under what amounted to false pretenses, and that the bargain could not therefore be regarded as binding.

What I wish to make clear is that I grew up as a boy under Prohibition, and the impression left upon my youthful mind was that it was the normal and proper legal status for any self-respecting community of decent people. At the same time there was stamped upon my mind another equally strong impression. This was that saloons were a normal and presumably necessary part of the environmental equipment of such a community. In the town of which I write, and at that time, there were said to be thirty saloons running openly, or approximately one for every hundred inhabitants, of all ages and both sexes. I cannot vouch for the exact figure. I never personally counted them. But there must have been something like thirty, because I personally knew the location of a great many, and passed some of them every day on my way to and from school. The largest and most high-toned saloon of the town was located on the main street, on a principal corner. The ground floor of a good-sized frame building was entirely devoted to its purposes. The upper story furnished living quarters for the family of the proprietor. The saloon was well appointed, by the best traditional standards. A polished mahogany bar ran the length of the room. Behind it were the appropriate great plate

glass mirrors, paintings, etc. Double swinging doors gave upon the main street.

The head bartender, who was a famous character about town, and although originally of Irish extraction, a yodler of great talent and power, had his neat and well-kept home, where he lived respectably with his wife, in a quiet part of town. The proprietor of this foremost saloon in our little world, and his wife, both belonged to families resident in the community for generations, and, as families, of the utmost respectability. His daughter, as well as the children of several other saloon-keepers in the town, were schoolmates of mine. While the saloon-keepers and their wives undoubtedly labored under some social handicaps and disabilities in the community because of their line of trade, these did not extend at all to their children. Nor were they particularly serious for the parents, provided their behavior was otherwise respectable.

Furthermore, the customers of the better saloons of the town were by no means drawn solely from the riff-raff. Indeed, there was very little of any social element in the community which could properly be so designated. There were no foreigners in the town whatever. Virtually all the inhabitants were honest, hard-working New Englanders whose ancestors had lived there, or thereabout, for a century or more. But every day it was possible to see, and I often did see, some of the leading citizens of the town, bankers, merchants, lawyers, and the like, go into the best saloon and drink at the bar.

There was a great deal of public drunkenness, as compared with what one sees anywhere nowadays. It occurred chiefly on Saturday afternoons and evenings. The contributors derived from two sources. There were first the village drunkards—chronic alcoholics, real dipsomaniacs. The number of these was not large, but they were regular and dependable in their performance. On Saturdays their ranks were augmented by farmers who drove in from the surrounding country to sell their produce and get their supplies. A good number of them were earnest and purposeful drinkers. By four or five of a Winter afternoon they would have taken aboard a cargo of alcohol of such magnitude as to be beyond the capacity of any human being to manage. Then any one of several things might happen. The least disturbing event socially was for the happy individual, with the help of obliging and soberer bystanders, to unhitch his horse from the post in front of some store on Main street, get on to the seat, and start the intelligent and unalcoholized animal toward home. Then at the top of his voice the master entertained the village with song. At the other extreme of behavior was a street fight. Some of these were very vicious indeed. They furnished vast entertainment and thrills to the small boys of the town, but otherwise were perhaps to be regarded as deplorable, though they never seemed so to me at the time. Perhaps I had subconsciously adumbrated William Graham Sumner's famous thought that when a drunken man is seen lying in the gutter he is seen in his proper place.

My purpose in recounting all these details at such length is to make clear my boyhood impressions. At one and the same time I saw a community living under legal Prohibition and patronizing saloons. As a community the people were unquestionably in favor of the Prohibition law to an overwhelming degree. But also they not only tolerated but accepted, as a normal part of community life, open and numerous saloons, alike operated and patronized without any serious loss of prestige or respectability in the community on the part of either operators or customers. Children are notoriously clear and rigorous logicians. Until many years later I never even thought of the possibility of questioning the conclusion which fixed itself in my mind from the factual premises which I have related. That conclusion, quite simply, was that the people of my town, at least, *wanted to have at the same time both a Prohibition law and ready facilities for the pro-*

curing of alcoholic beverages. Years of later experience over various parts of the country, and long and rather intensive study of the problem, have led me to the mature conviction that not only was this childhood conclusion correct for the particular community to which it related, but also that it correctly expresses a profound generalization regarding the societal psychology of the American people as a whole. They want both a Prohibition law and liquor.

II

I come now to the real purpose of this paper, which is to examine the question of the possibility of deriving sound conclusions as to the societal psychology of a large group of people, a population in short, by statistical methods, using objective official statistics as the material of the inquiry. Specifically there will be set out what such objective statistical evidence has to say regarding the thesis stated at the end of the preceding section.

As a first step it will be well to examine the statistical relations which have existed in the United States between the total and the *per capita* consumption of alcoholic beverages, on the one hand, and the magnitude of the population living under legal Prohibition, on the other hand. The objective statistical facts here are unimpeachable, I think. From an early date to the enactment of national Prohibition in 1919, it was the custom of the government authorities to publish annually the official data as to the domestic consumption of alcoholic beverages in the United States. The data were derived from the Federal internal-revenue tax returns. No sensible person would question their substantial accuracy. While there was, of course, always a certain amount of illicit manufacture and consumption of "moonshine" liquor, the whole of such untaxed and therefore unrecorded consumption, in proportion to the total consumption in the whole country, was infinitesimally small. The consumption data for alcoholic beverages are, without question, statistically more accurate than corresponding figures for any but a very few other commodities. In order that there might be no possibility of mistake, the basic figures here used were obtained personally from the Commissioner of Internal-Revenue. They are published in convenient form in the Statistical Abstract of the United States.

Concerning the other variable, the dates of enactment of State Prohibition laws are matters of public record, about which there can be no doubt. Furthermore, the population of States which had Prohibition laws, as well as those which did not have such laws, is known for each census year, and again the figures are official public records. The population figures for the year 1917 (the last entry in the table), which was not a census year, are taken from the official estimates of intercensal populations published by the Bureau of the Census.[1] The data on the legal status of the different States relative to Prohibition which are here presented were derived from the excellent history of Prohibition legislation in the United States, set forth in the Anti-Saloon Year Book for 1919.

Table 1 presents the basic facts. The first six columns (A-F) require no explanation. The seventh column (G) gives the census figures for the total population, in census years, of those States which in the indicated year were under State-wide prohibitory laws, either in the constitution or the statutes of the State. These figures are arrived at by adding the populations of the several States fulfilling the stated condition. It should be clearly understood that these figures *understate* by a considerable amount the number of persons at each period living under prohibitory laws, because they do not include the dry portions of States having local option laws. No attempt has been made to indicate the exact course of the population under State-wide

[1] Sloane, C. S.: "Estimates of the Population of the United States by States and Cities, 1910 to 1923 and Area July 1, 1922"; Washington, 1923; p. 140.

Year	Consumption per head of population of				Total consumption of alcoholic beverages (gallons)	Population living under State-wide prohibitory laws	Population not living under State-wide prohibitory laws	Percentage of population living under State-wide prohibitory laws
	Wines (gallons)	Malt liquors (gallons)	Spirits (gallons)	All alcoholic beverages (gallons)				
A	B	C	D	E=B+C+D	F	G	H	J=100G/G+H
1870	.32	5.31	2.07	7.70	296,876,931	1,186,306	37,372,065	3.08
1871	.40	6.10	1.62	8.12	—	—	—	—
1872	.41	6.66	1.68	8.75	—	—	—	—
1873	.45	7.21	1.63	9.29	—	—	—	—
1874	.48	7.00	1.51	8.99	—	—	—	—
1875	.45	6.71	1.50	8.66	—	—	—	—
1876	.45	6.83	1.33	8.61	—	—	—	—
1877	.47	6.58	1.28	8.33	—	—	—	—
1878	.47	6.68	1.09	8.27	—	—	—	—
1879	.50	7.05	1.11	8.66	—	—	—	—
1880	.56	8.26	1.27	10.09	505,845,038	679,277	49,476,506	1.35
1881	.47	8.65	1.38	10.50	—	—	—	—
1882	.49	10.03	1.40	11.92	—	—	—	—
1883	.48	10.27	1.46	12.21	—	—	—	—
1884	.37	10.74	1.48	12.59	—	—	—	—
1885	.39	10.62	1.27	12.28	—	—	—	—
1886	.45	11.21	1.28	12.94	—	—	—	—
1887	.55	12.24	1.21	14.00	—	—	—	—
1888	.61	12.78	1.26	14.65	—	—	—	—
1889	.56	12.73	1.32	14.61	—	—	—	—
1890	.46	13.67	1.40	15.53	972,705,175	4,901,426	58,046,288	7.79
1891	.46	14.84	1.43	16.73	—	—	—	—
1892	.43	15.24	1.49	17.16	—	—	—	—
1893	.48	16.19	1.52	18.19	—	—	—	—
1894	.32	15.32	1.34	16.98	—	—	—	—
1895	.30	15.13	1.14	16.57	—	—	—	—
1896	.27	15.85	1.01	17.13	—	—	—	—
1897	.53	14.94	1.02	16.49	—	—	—	—
1898	.28	15.96	1.12	17.36	—	—	—	—
1899	.35	15.30	1.18	16.83	—	—	—	—
1900	.39	16.09	1.28	17.76	1,349,732,435	3,239,336	72,755,239	4.26
1901	.36	15.98	1.31	17.65	—	—	—	—
1902	.61	17.18	1.34	19.13	—	—	—	—
1903	.47	17.67	1.43	19.57	—	—	—	—
1904	.52	17.91	1.45	19.88	—	—	—	—
1905	.41	18.02	1.42	19.85	—	—	—	—
1906	.53	19.54	1.47	21.54	—	—	—	—
1907	.65	20.50	1.58	22.73	—	—	—	—
1908	.58	20.26	1.39	22.23	—	—	—	—
1909	.67	19.07	1.32	21.06	—	—	—	—
1910	.65	20.09	1.42	22.16	2,045,353,450	15,602,935	76,369,331	16.96
1911	.67	20.66	1.46	22.79	—	—	—	—
1912	.58	19.96	1.44	21.98	—	—	—	—
1913	.56	20.62	1.50	22.68	—	—	—	—
1914	.52	20.54	1.43	22.49	—	—	—	—
1915	.32	18.24	1.25	19.81	—	—	—	—
1916	.46	17.59	1.35	19.40	—	—	—	—
1917	.41	17.95	1.60	19.96	2,095,535,005	36,036,775	66,136,070	35.27

TABLE I

Data as to the consumption of alcoholic beverages in total and per capita, by the total population of the United States, together with data as to the population under State-wide prohibitory laws in census years

Prohibition during intercensal periods. To do so would entail a degree of refinement unnecessary for the present purpose, and would not change the general trend of the figures. The eighth column (H) gives the rest of the population not included in Column F—that is, the number of persons *not* living under State-wide Prohibition. Column J gives the percentage which the figures of column G are of the total population of the United States in the census years given in Column A.

The table stops with the year 1917. Early in that year the United States entered the World War. The conditions which developed out of the country's active participation in the war involved, among other things, special restrictions regarding the manufacture and usage of foods and beverages. Furthermore, no one will question, I think, that the societal psychology of the American people was altered in a number of ways by participation in the war. It seems desirable not to complicate the present analysis by the inclusion of these temporary and abnormal variables.

The more important facts of Table 1 are shown graphically in Figure 1. In this diagram the data for 1870 as to (*a*) per capita consumption of alcoholic beverages, (*b*) total consumption of alcoholic beverages, and (*c*) population under State-wide prohibitory laws, are in each case taken as unity. Then, for successive census years, the lines show how many fold each of these variables has increased with the passage of time.

The theory which underlies the enactment of prohibitory legislation is that the consumption of alcoholic beverages by the population will be reduced, both in total and per capita, as a result of the legislation. Theoretically, the reduction should be to zero. But this is a practical world, and presumably no one has ever seriously maintained that prohibitory legislation would completely stop the consumption of alcoholic beverages by the population to which it is applied. On the other hand it is reasonable to suppose, on the theory

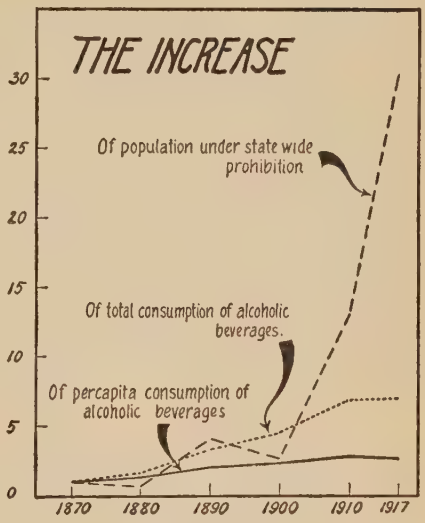

FIGURE 1

The figures at the left indicate the fold increase. Thus 5 shows a five-fold increase, and so on

which is held to justify prohibitory legislation, that the total and per capita consumption of alcoholic beverages ought to diminish as more and more of the total population is brought under prohibitory laws, provided the underlying psychological motive behind the prohibitory legislation is a desire to diminish the consumption of alcohol in the population.

The facts are that in the period between 1870 and 1917 inclusive the number of persons in the United States living under State-wide prohibitory legislation *increased* over thirty fold. But during this same period the total consumption of alcoholic beverages by the whole population of the United States did not decrease at all. On the contrary over *seven times more* beverage alcohol was consumed by this population in 1917 than was consumed in 1870. But, it will be said, the whole population increased greatly between 1870 and 1917. So it did. But it did not increase seven-fold. It did not even increase three-fold. There were only 2.65 times as many people living in the United States in 1917 as in 1870. But

they drank seven times as much liquor. The result was, of course, that not only was the total consumption of alcoholic beverages greater in 1917 than in 1870, *but also the consumption per capita of the whole population was in 1917 more than two and a half times greater than it was in 1870.*

It appears to be a reasonable conclusion from these facts, which need not be further labored, that, during the forty-seven years from 1870 to 1917, the people who made up the population of the United States wanted both prohibitory statutes and access to alcoholic beverages, in constantly increasing degree in both cases.

III

Since nation-wide prohibitory legislation went into effect in 1919, there are, unfortunately, no statistics regarding the consumption of alcoholic beverages in the United States. There are, however, certain data available which indirectly throw some light upon the societal psychology of the population regarding the matter. Of these ancillary figures probably the most significant and reliable are those relating to the death-rates from alcoholism (acute and chronic). Happily not every one who drinks alcoholic beverages dies of alcoholism. But, on the other hand, it is certain that everyone who is recorded in the official vital statistics as dying of alcoholism has been a drinker of alcoholic beverages. Therefore, while it is impossible to make any valid estimates of the total or per capita consumption from the death rates recorded as due to alcoholism, still the secular trend of this death rate is not without interest as an indicator of societal psychology relative to alcohol and prohibition.

In Table 2 are given the death-rates for alcoholism (acute and chronic) for the years 1910, and 1917–24 inclusive, for certain demographic groups of the population of the United States. These groups are, first, the Registration Area as a whole, which, of course, somewhat changed in composition all the time by accretion; second, the Registration States of 1900, which is a demographic group of unchanged composition throughout the time period discussed; and finally the cities in the Registration Area as a whole. Of these three groups the second gives the most reliable information in the sense that the figures have to do with the same population throughout. The first group is the largest. The exhibit closes with 1924 because that is the latest year for which official death rates have been published by the Census Bureau.

Area	*1910*	*1917*	*1918*	*1919*	*1920*	*1921*	*1922*	*1923*	*1924*
Registration Area	5.4	5.2	2.7	1.6	1.0	1.8	2.6	3.2	3.2
Registration States of 1900 . .	5.6	6.4	3.0	1.8	1.2	1.9	3.3	4.4	4.5
Cities in Registration States .	6.7	7.1	3.5	2.2	1.3	2.2	3.5	4.8	4.6
Percentage of population under State- or nation-wide prohibitory laws	16.96	35.27	—	100	100	100	100	100	100

TABLE 2

Death-rates per 100,000 estimated population from alcoholism (from "Mortality Statistics," 1924, p. 55)

The data of Table 2 are shown graphically in Figure 2.

These figures exhibit the following relations:

1. In the period from 1900 to 1917 the death-rates from alcoholism maintained a substantially stationary level in all three demographic groups considered. In two of them the rate increased a little, and in the third it declined slightly, but in no case

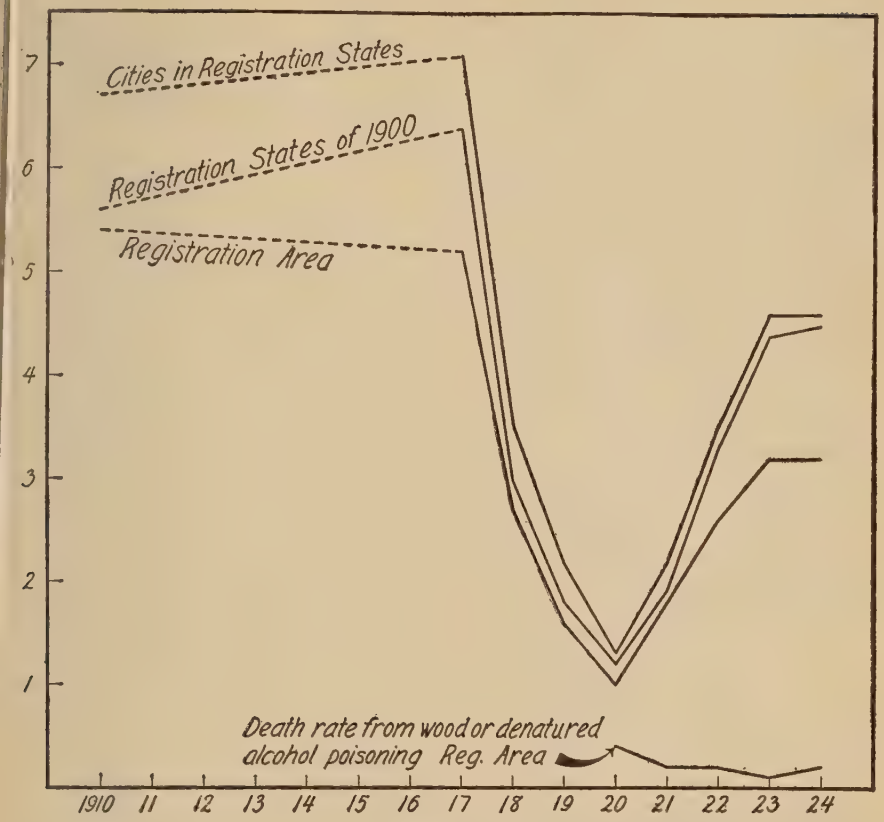

FIGURE 2

Here are shown the course of the death-rate from alcoholism from 1910 to 1924, and the death-rate from wood and denatured alcohol poisoning from 1920 to 1924

was the change considerable. This fact is of interest in connection with the fact that in the same period the proportion of the population living under State-wide Prohibition laws was increasing. During these years increase of the extent of legal Prohibition plainly did not diminish the mortality from alcoholism. Furthermore, the relative constancy of the death-rate in this period suggests that increase of the extent of territory and population under prohibitory laws did not materially alter the drinking habits of the populations of the demographic units here considered.

2. In 1918 came the disturbed conditions incident to participation in the war, and with them various nation-wide restrictions on the production and consumption of alcoholic beverages. The death-rate from alcoholism dropped sharply in 1918 below its 1917 figure. That there was reduced consumption generally in that year is, I think, an indubitable fact.

3. In 1919 the entire population of the United States came under the national prohibitory law, and has so continued since. The sharp decline of the death-rate from alcoholism observed in 1918 continued

through 1919 and 1920. In 1920 the rate reached its lowest value. *After that year the death-rate from alcoholism rose steadily, until in 1924 it was nearly at the 1910 level, in spite of the fact that 100 percent. of the population was living under a national prohibitory law.*

There is a popular notion of some prevalence that this increase in the deaths from alcoholism since 1920 has been due to the specifically poisonous character of the illicit alcoholic beverages consumed since the passage of the national Prohibition Act, on the theory that because some persons have been poisoned by bootleg liquor all such liquor is probably poisonous. There is no evidence that the increase in deaths from alcoholism can be accounted for in this way. Separate account is kept of the deaths due to wood alcohol and denatured alcohol poisoning. The rates from this class of causes constitute only a small fraction of the rates from alcoholism, as is shown by the following figures, and by the lowest line in Figure 2.

Year	*Death rates, per 100,000 estimated population, from wood or denatured alcohol poisoning. U. S. Registration Area*
1920	0.4
1921	0.2
1922	0.2
1923	0.1
1924	0.2

As a matter of fact, it appears that the death-rates from the drinking of specifically poisonous alcoholic beverages tended slightly to *decline* in the period from 1920 to 1924 inclusive.

Taking all the evidence together, it once more appears that the only official recorded cause of death which can be indubitably and directly associated with the consumption of alcoholic beverages[2] indicates by its behavior since 1910 that the fundamental element of American societal psychology regarding Prohibition is that the people want both a prohibitory law and liquor too.

[2] In the popular mind cirrhosis of the liver is also so associated. But cirrhosis of the liver is known to be caused by a variety of different etiological agents, and the extent to which alcohol is to be regarded as one of them has never been clearly determined. Some pathologists doubt that alcohol is a factor of any importance whatever in causing cirrhosis. In any case, the official statistics of mortality include under one single rubric all the etiologically different varieties, and hence this death-rate has no value in any discussion of problems relating to the consumption of alcohol.

IV

Any attempt to describe or objectively evaluate the psychology of a group, as such, is bound to be a difficult matter. And yet every one knows that there is such a thing as a societal psychology—a point of view of the group as group, a reaction pattern which characterizes the group and differentiates it from other groups. There are two important reasons why no one can expect general agreement to any conclusion he may draw regarding any particular aspects of societal psychology which have real interest. The first of these reasons is that any such question of more than purely academic interest is sure to involve a matter about which nearly everyone has emotions and prejudices all his own, which consciously or unconsciously color his views about anything said on the subject. The second reason is that societal psychology lacks a critical, time-seasoned, objective methodology.

It is obvious that no subject could be chosen at this moment more certain to fall under the first of the disabilities mentioned than the one dealt with in this paper. No matter what one's conclusions are about anything remotely related to the subject of Prohibition, they are sure to be violently attacked by persons who feel differently about the whole subject. This is unavoidable, and does no harm. It has nothing to do with either science or reality.

It is in relation to the second of the disabilities of societal psychology that perhaps this paper makes a modest contribution, namely, to an objective methodology or technique of the subject. Any sort of group biology, using the term biology in the broadest sense, must be dependent upon statistics. Statistics form the basic observational data for groups. It is by putting

statistical data of different sorts, each in a different way pertinent to the subject under investigation, *into relation with each other*, that there lies the hope of building up a critically sound science of societal psychology, as it seems to me.

Concerning the particular subject of this paper, American societal psychology relative to Prohibition, I can see no escape from the conclusion that its chief and most important characteristic is the desire to have both prohibitory laws and reasonably easy access to alcoholic beverages. Throughout the history of the subject all the evidence points in this direction. The extent of the territory embraced in prohibitory legislation ever widened, until finally the whole country was included. No competent student of group psychology, informed as to the facts, would affirm for a moment that this spread of prohibitory legislation was contrary to the wishes of the people. To do so would be silly. One still occasionally hears the statement that national Prohibition was "slipped over," against the wishes of the people. This is nonsense. The growth of prohibitory legislation in this country was a slow, gradual, orderly evolutionary progression. If anyone doubts this it only means that he is unfamiliar with the history of the subject. For well over a half century at least, the people of this country, as a whole, have in ever increasing degree wanted more and more prohibitory *legislation*.

At the same time it is equally clear that they have wanted alcoholic beverages to drink. This is demonstrated with completeness and finality by the statistics of consumption, up to the time of the enactment of national prohibitory legislation, which unfortunately (from the point of view of the student) as one of its consequences made it impossible to collect such statistics any more. Since that time, however, ancillary data point clearly to the conclusion that there has been no change in the desire of the American people to have alcoholic beverages where they can get at them handily. One such body of indirect evidence has been discussed. Many others point in the same direction. Is there any doubt as to the meaning of the fact that whereas, in the ten years from 1910 to 1919, the number of grape-vines in California was practically stationary (decreasing slightly from 183.6 millions to 174.6 millions), in the five years following national Prohibition, from 1919 to 1924, there was an *increase* to 280.6 millions, an increase of 61% over the 1919 figure? What may be supposed to be the reason why implements and materials designed to facilitate the making of alcoholic beverages in the home are everywhere offered for sale and eagerly bought?

As a matter of fact, the present situation, realistically viewed, is that the United States is under a regime of local option relative to the sale and consumption of alcoholic beverages. In communities and regions where a majority of the people want easy access to alcoholic beverages they have it. In regions where the majority want the access difficult they have it so. The only essential realistic difference between the present situation and the legalized local option system of former times is that the present equivalents of the license fees of former times are paid to other recipients than the government. Psychologically, however, this is a fundamentally important difference. Under any form of legalized license of the sale of alcoholic beverages the government itself, local or national as the case may be, is itself formally and overtly a partner in the liquor traffic. Psychologically such a position is not congenial to the American people as a whole.

Here we arrive at the real essence of the societal psychology of the Prohibition question. To call our people names, and accuse them of hypocrisy because they want both prohibitory legislation and liquor too is the favorite attitude of Europeans generally, and of a good many persons in this country as well. But this attitude is based upon an incomplete understanding of the psychology of the matter, and overlooks

the soundness of the old proverb that to understand is to pardon. The societal psychology of every people seems to others to be in some respects hypocritical. The American psychology regarding Prohibition is basically only a form of the sort of make-believe and dressing-up that every child indulges in. No one would think of calling a child a hypocrite because he dresses up as a cowboy or a policeman. Other peoples are, in other respects, just as child-like and naïve in their psychology as the Americans are about Prohibition. For example, consider the problem of why Englishmen wear silk hats. (They still do.) It is apparent to the meanest intelligence that a silk hat, considered as hat, is a poor and ridiculous thing. It is uncomfortable, it is ugly, it is easily damaged by the elements against which it is supposed to be a protection. Why then do Englishmen generally, and American undertakers and politicians in particular, wear it? For a simple reason. The silk hat is a symbol of respectability. Expensive as silk hats are, they still offer the cheapest of all known ways to achieve the outward semblance of respectability.

In a precisely similar way national Prohibition is the silk hat of the American people. It ensures our respectability and has never so far interfered with the desired consumption of alcohol. We are psychologically not a realistic people, but on the contrary a naïvely idealistic folk. Make-believe is, as every child knows, a lot more fun than dull, sordid, cold reality. Legalized license of the sale of alcoholic beverages is a realistic thing. Our country—the country of Washington and of Lincoln; in point of fact, God's own country, if the truth must be told—actually makes money out of the vile liquor traffic under any form of legalized license. Can such a thing be tolerated?

Certainly not, when it is such a simple matter to have a law which proclaims to the world that we, as a people, prohibit absolutely anyone in our midst from engaging in such a loathsome trade. But there is no evidence that this noble piece of make-believe either has been or will be allowed to interfere seriously with any desired use of alcoholic beverages. We shall have a Prohibition law for a long time to come. But we shall also have liquor to drink, unless there occurs in the basic psychology of the American people a profound change from what it has been during the past half-century.

THE BISHOP IS TIRED

BY LEONARD HALL

THE bishop was dog-tired.

Fully vested, he sat in the dusty dimness of his robing-room in the Cathedral of St. Simon, built to his order and the greater glory of God by a half dozen lords of steel.

It had been a brutal day, this twentieth anniversary of his consecration, and he was feeling it in his old but well-padded bones. His temples throbbed, and his soul was a dull gray. Not even the Apostolic Succession could keep a bishop spry at sixty-nine.

At eight that morning he had said prayers for the servants in his own oratory, remembering especially the good wife that had gone on. Then, still fasting, he had gone to his cathedral church for an anniversary Eucharist at ten.

A thousand fluttering women in the great Gothic nave. Three pallid curates fidgeting around the sanctuary and getting in his way as he pontificated. With his own hands he had given the Bread of Life to long lines of kneeling faithful.

"Anyone who thinks a parson has an easy life should communicate a thousand people," mused the bishop, his eyes on the execrable oil portrait of the Rt. Rev. Israel Barnard, Father in God to the Diocese of East Chester, 1836–1847. One old soldier safe in the Everlasting Arms!

Then there had been a luncheon, with India-rubber chicken and bad speeches at $10 a plate. Later, a reception at the Union Club, where he had been lovingly pawed and verbally kissed by leading laymen. He had tried to look benign and happy while his feet hurt, his high collar cut grooves in his pudgy neck, and his soul recoiled.

A hurried dinner, and here he was back at the cathedral, all trussed up once more for the thanksgiving service in honor of his life and labors. Twenty years among the lost sheep of the house of East Chester—a bawling diocese in the Middle West, its cities dominated by Roman Catholics and its hamlets horrid with the howling of Methodist hymns.

Keane, junior curate and nippiest member of the clergy staff, poked his head in at the door. He looked like an alert terrier.

"About five minutes, bishop," he said. "Great congregation, sir. Do anything for you?"

"No thanks, Joe," said the bishop, and closed his eyes.

Joe Keane. He'd confirmed the boy, wangled him through college and seminary, ordained him, given him a job at the cathedral. One of these days he'd get a call. Then he'd be a parlor parson, run garden parties, yes a bulldozing, stupid vestry, wheedle the women, rag the men.

"Eager lad, Joe," thought His Grace. "But a light-weight. Just one of the empties, that's what Joe is. Like all these young whippersnappers the seminaries turn out. All spectacles, pallor and palaver. The clergy aren't what they were in my time."

The bishop shut his eyes very tight. Pictures danced in his mind. Forty-five years in God's army, and twenty a field officer!

He'd been a pink tea curate, too—born sucking a golden spoon. Plump and boyish looking, and handy with cups and cakes. Yes, his early ministry had been sweet and

soft. Hadn't been long till he had a good rich parish in New York, with fifty magnates snoozing through morning sermon, and the second richest man in the world passing the plate at offertory time.

The bishop smiled as he thought of the day the potentate had tripped on a chancel step and fallen prone on his nose, spilling a clinking torrent of silver up and down the aisle.

It made the bishop think of the money changer in the temple. It made him think of the needle's eye. But he hadn't in those days.

Twenty years of it!

God knows he hadn't wanted to come to East Chester. He'd had his eye on a fat Eastern diocese, with its short distances, its fine churches and its filled coffers. Old Perkins, the diocesan, was in his dotage at the time.

But East Chester would have him. The ore barons, rattling helplessly around in frontier Anglicanism, demanded him. They wanted a regular, gold-plated, gem-studded Eastern bishop, with a broad A. And they got him. They bought him, stock, good-will and fixtures. Spoiled rotten, that's what he'd been. A silken soldier of the Cross. But correct—eminently correct. One, two, three, four, by the numbers. The bishop sighed.

Twenty years!

A rusty confirming machine. that's what he was!

He thought, his spirit in tears, of the nights of wind and rain at the lonely, God-forgotten mission stations, of deadly buggy rides to Cobb's Corners in the noonday heat, of dispatching faithful numbskulls to threatened sectors where the Devil raged unchecked. He realized that he hated them all, God forgive him! The oxlike clerics, the pusillanimous laymen.

His sick mind saw unending rows of empty young faces looking trustingly up at him from the altar rail. He heard his own voice saying over and over, "Defend, O Lord, this Thy child, with Thy Heavenly Grace——"

Over and over and over, in confirmation, for twenty bustling, futile years. Heavens! He must have sent 40,000 boys and girls out against the enemy in two decades.

"I have tried," thought the bishop, squirming involuntarily as though touched by the ferule of the King. "I *have* tried to be a shepherd and not a wolf!"

He had tried. He drove this thought mercilessly against his weariness and doubt. And yet, even as he fought, he felt the dead hand of defeat upon his spirit. What business had he preaching Christ crucified now? He'd never missed a meal, nor felt the sting of shelterless rain.

Had his faith stood against the things that were Caesar's? How tightly had he held the truths delivered to the Saints? Dying parishes, petty bickerings over ritual, whining clergy, ridiculous laity. He'd quit, more than once. The bishop tried to hurl the thought away.

He even thought a confused, troubled little prayer—that seemed to halt half way to Heaven.

Not even the coming of his assistant had helped. Frightful ass, Banks! Good enough sort, but trying to hog the whole diocese and wear the silk hat all the time. Too pasty and ascetic for this rough and tumble see. Needs a good stiff five years on the East Side. Has a hand like a limp fish, too.

His Grace knelt at a litany desk.

"Lord," he tried to pray. "I know I am no Paul. But I have tried to fight a good fight and keep the faith. I believe. Help my unbelief."

Even as he knelt he heard the voices of the poor whose hovels pressed against the sandstone sides of St. Simon's. Two thousand years thick, those walls.

The bishop pulled himself wearily to his feet. Young Keane, glowing, popped his head in again.

"We're ready, sir," he said, beaming.

Automatically, a habit of years, the bishop adjusted his doctor's hood, picked up his purple prayer-book and hymnal and went into the ambulatory.

II

The organ was pumping thunder through the huge church as the procession started. The music rolled and tumbled from wall to wall—up to the groined ceiling and back to earth again.

> The Church's one Foundation
> Is Jesus Christ her Lord!

A noble hymn. They'd sung it at his consecration. Twenty years ago.

Through half-closed eyes the bishop watched the long procession as it took up the slow march to the chancel.

He felt curiously apart. A sense of detachment came over him. He was merely an onlooker at a glamorous pageant of churchly pomp. He only knew that when his turn came he'd fall in and walk along—alone in grandeur at the tail of the parade. His spirit was numb.

The crucifer, his boy face a white mask, passed, and the sixty cherubic choir boys, and the twenty men, bleating tenors and booming bassos.

From the nave came the voices of five thousand people. The bishop noticed that some of the aisles in the transepts were filled with chairs.

> From Heaven he came and brought her
> To be his holy Bride—
> With His own blood he bought Her,
> And for Her life He died!

Came seventy of his parish priests. First the shavelings just out of the seminary; then the white headed veterans.

Amusing how these old fossils fought over precedence! Once Udel and Parsons had nearly come to blows at an ordination, just because Parsons, '73, had tried to sneak into line behind Udel, '71.

Almost time now. Here were five of his Right Reverend Brethren in God, a little rickety on their pins.

Poor old Ainsworth of North Swansea. He can't last long now. Looks like death. Another slab in the crypt of St. Matthew's.

At last old Freeman, his chaplain, swaying like a prematurely withered sapling under the weight of the crozier, fifty pounds of oak and silver and precious stones.

The bishop fell in behind and began the long march. He faltered a little. Gone in the legs, he thought to himself.

Suddenly he was being devoured by 10,000 eyes—the central figure of a drama. He felt himself shrivelling inside, though he knew that his portly figure loomed as large as ever, and that he was walking by the numbers as he had for forty-five years. One, two, three, four.

The bishop looked up into the vault of the huge tower at the crossing.

"The bishop prays!," thought the 5,000.

But he wasn't praying. Aloof, and moving mechanically, he mused.

In memory of Frank Matson's father, that tower. Frank Matson. Fearful old buccaneer, that fellow. Cost him four hundred thousand, that Gothic dream of stone and glass. The windows had been brought over from an abbey, cradled in cotton. "Biggest and Costliest in the Middle West," the cathedral press-agent had written. Well, it was something *ad majorem gloria Dei*. Four hundred thousand dollars.

The bishop was hardly conscious of the earlier part of his greatest service.

On his dais in the sanctuary, he knelt and prayed, rose and sang—a pink, pudgy old automaton. The storm of voices beat upon him as winds whip an aged oak—sturdy and game to the last *Nunc Dimittis*.

Divorced from the holy fanfare, he was a man alone, face to face with his fathers' God. He dimly felt that he had an account to render, but the figures were muddled in his head, and good set terms eluded him. There was an ache in his bones and in his heart. He felt all of 169, he thought, as he rose for the Psalms.

Twenty years of baptism, confirmation, marriage and "Dust to dust." Twenty years of fighting the wind—of sounding the brass and tinkling the cymbal.

Thousands of mouths hungry for the Bread of Life. What had he fed them? He wondered, childlike, looking for a sign.

III

At last he found himself on the topmost step of the sanctuary, facing the high altar.

His eyes were fixed on the cross given in loving memory of some oil pirate washed under by the Rockefeller wave.

Behind him were ranged, in ordered ranks, his fellow soldiers of the Cross.

At his heels, and just below, a small huddle of his brother bishops, flanked by the national colors and the purple standard of his diocese.

Then his clergy, and the choir, filling the chancel with white and purple and upturned faces. He could feel thousands of eyes piercing his back.

Beyond, dim in the long narrow nave, his people—his sons and daughters under God.

Suddenly the organ roared, and voices took up a triumphant song.

It was the solemn *Te Deum* for his ministry of twenty years. A thunderous song of thanksgiving for his long life and faithful labors.

"We praise Thee, O God—we acknowledge Thee to be the Lord!"

The bishop felt gone at the pit of the stomach. He shivered, and then wondered if the bishops had noticed. If Ella were only back there in the third pew on the left!

"Heaven and earth are filled—with the majesty of Thy Glory!"

The surge of the music seemed to lift him almost to the altar, and then plunge him, battered, to the marble of the sanctuary floor.

"The glorious company of the Apostles—praise Thee!"

There, the central figure on the great reredos of lacy stone, stood the figure of his Commander. A cold, expressionless face. The living Christ, indeed! All this was pretty middling dead.

"The noble army of martyrs—praise Thee!"

Twenty years. He was so tired, and old. The heads of those Apostles are positively black with soot. That's the worst of these downtown churches. Impossible to keep them in order. He must speak to the verger about it in the morning.

COSSACKS

BY FREDERICK WOLTMAN & WILLIAM L. NUNN

We have had to imitate some of Russia's methods and forget what we learned in school about the Constitution.

—Prosecuting Attorney Paul V. Waddell, of Belmont county, Ohio.

At 10 P.M. on May 8 the Save-the-Union Committee informed the Pittsburgh branch of the American Civil Liberties Union that it would conduct mass picketing the next morning at the Delmont Mine, in White Valley, Pa., and that it expected the usual police violation of the civil rights of the pickets. At 5 A.M. of May 9 one of us (Woltman), accompanied by Anthony Smith and Helen Cashdollar, posted himself along the William Penn highway on the property of a grocery-store across from the entrance to the Delmont mine. In a short time a picket line of not more than forty-five strikers, at least half of whom appeared to be from twelve to twenty-five years old, marched cautiously down the road in pair formation. A few weeks before, under similar circumstances, they had had a disastrous encounter with the Pennsylvania State Police. Possibly this accounted for the mildness of the remarks made by the pickets to the scabs (some of them colored) as the latter entered the mine property.

"Say Buddy, come out and help us!"

"Don't stay in there, come on out!"

"Abe Lincoln freed you. Don't be a slave now!"

The picketers continued to march up and down the road in perfect order. A passing motorist shouted, "The cops are coming!" The march continued.

Four mounted troopers, fortified with revolvers, steel helmets, and yard-long hickory maces, pranced up and halted before the line. As their leader, one John G. Russell, advanced, his subordinates magnificently drew their maces and, with a sweeping gesture, settled them on the pommels of their saddles. "This is no picket line; this is a mob. I can see your women hiding up there with bricks." The remark was directed at Anthony Minerich, leader of the line. Minerich answered with his customary good-natured grin that the pickets were causing no trouble. Russell shouted to them to disperse and the four troopers bore down on the front of the line. As they reached it, all had fled but the leader. They struck viciously at him until he fell to the ground; one leaned over his horse and continued to beat him. By this time the other officers had charged away after the fleeing strikers.

Meanwhile, in order to get the number of the trooper who was beating Minerich, Woltman approached along the side of the road. Noticing him, one of the returning troopers reared his horse, charged, and began to strike out madly. After one thud on the head Woltman's arm shot up automatically, catching the second. The third, a terrific blow, swished past his ear. Then, running back of the horse, he escaped to the porch of the grocery-store.

After Minerich staggered away and everything quieted, the four troopers came trotting down the emptied road, whereupon Woltman walked over to talk to them. The same trooper who had previously attacked him hesitantly approached and ordered him to leave; and, when he began to talk about constitutional rights the cop's mace swung again. By jumping over a ditch, Woltman eluded it, only to

find Russell waiting on the other side. To escape from him, he ran again for the porch, on which some twenty women and children were screaming hysterically. Up came Russell, his horse pawing the steps for a foothold. The terror-stricken women rushed to the door to avoid his blows, but not before the horse's hooves had severely injured the proprietress.

Mr. Smith, who had been snapping pictures of the entire episode, next drew the attention of the gentlemen on horses. As Russell lunged, Smith threw the camera at Woltman, but a trooper caught it. Russell, collaring Smith, thrust him into the coupé of a local constable. When Woltman followed to protest against this action, Russell ordered the driver to "take them both for a ride." By the time they returned, Russell had received instructions from headquarters to arrest both of them.

They were taken to the Greensburg Barracks and held there until eleven o'clock. During this interval they were seated at opposite corners of the sergeant's office and refused permission to communicate with anyone. After a while Smith was led away and Woltman began to write an account of the morning's events. The sergeant came in, snatched the paper from his hand, and started to revile him. The sergeant insisted that the two men were in the pay of Lenin, and when informed that Lenin had been dead for some years, he attributed the source of their income to Trotsky. The denial of any financial connection with the Civil Liberties Union or any other such organization seemed to afford him amusement. Then Captain McLaughlin, commander of Troop A, appeared, and blustered for at least half an hour. The burden of his talk was this: Communists, that is, I. W. W.'s, members of the Save-the-Union Committee, and anyone else that the State Police dislike, have no rights under the Constitution. (He triumphantly drew from Woltman the admission that Communists are not mentioned therein.) Furthermore, anyone who upholds their rights is as bad as they are and equally an enemy of the government. After the captain had talked himself hoarse and the two men had been photographed, finger-printed, and subjected to the Bertillon system, they were further lectured, reviled, and insulted.

At three o'clock in the afternoon they were released from the Westmoreland county jail under bail of $500 each on the charge of inciting to riot. Specifically it was charged that they

> did then and there unlawfully, riotously and routously assemble and gather themselves together to disturb the peace of the said Commonwealth and then and there make a great noise, aggravate riot, tumult and disturbance, and then and there continued together making such noises, tumults, and disturbance, to the terror and disturbance of peaceful inhabitants and of all the citizens of said Commonwealth there residing or being and passing and repassing in and along the public street and common highways there situated.

That evening, at a private conference in the office of Squire Walton of Greensburg, Captain McLaughlin offered to drop these charges if the defendants would promise to take no action against him and to engage in no further activity in behalf of the Civil Liberties Union in Westmoreland county. On Woltman's refusal, McLaughlin let the charge stand against him as "pending indefinitely," and promised to rearrest him and press it if he attempted any more personal observations along the public highway.

A suit for $50,000 has been brought against trooper John G. Russell by the American Civil Liberties Union in behalf of Woltman.

In this manner the Pennsylvania Cossacks treated the observers of the strike. How did they treat the participants?

II

> What are the first essentials required of an officer of the Pennsylvania State Police? . . . To know the law exactly. To do your whole duty and do it quick. To be gentle and courteous always. And never take anyone's bluff.
>
> —Katherine Mayo: "The Standard-Bearers."

Although it is reported from a reliable source that one of the high officers of the

Pennsylvania State Constabulary has actually studied law in a correspondence school, it would be a grave error to assume that the other members are equally erudite. On the contrary, not only do they appear to know little about the law and the Constitution; they seem to care even less. Persons suspected of "radicalism," according to their theory, don't come under the protection of the Constitution at all. Aye, even less loathsome creatures are taboo. As a sergeant of the Greensburg State barracks pronounced the unmerciful indictment on a Chicago Ph.D. who was asking him some questions, "You must be an I. W. W.,—or a social worker!" And, as Corporal Pierce said while breaking up a local convention of the insurgent wing of the striking miners in Avella, "You can't hold a meeting; you don't belong to the United Mine Workers."

In other words, the State Police throughout the whole of the coal strike have interpreted the Constitution in their own way. When the fiery Pat Toohey, in a Renton speech, diverted attention for a moment from the coal-fields to Nicaraugua, the coppers stepped up and arrested him, incidentally giving him a stiff and premeditated punch in the jaw for good measure. Why? Because they had warned speakers not to criticize the government. On innumerable other occasions they have broken up meetings, scattered pedestrians, ridden down picket lines, and cracked skulls, not because the law was being violated or the safety of the community jeopardized, but simply because the objects of their maces were "radicals." Assert to any officer in the Greensburg Barracks that the Constitution applies to soap-box orators as well as to respectable Kiwanians and he will be astonished and outraged. When the sheriff of Westmoreland county, confronted by an overcrowded jail, instructed the State Police to break up all mass picketing without making any arrests, *i.e.*, by violence rather than by the legal procedure of hailing the alleged offenders before a court of justice, even the embryonic sense of justice of a local constable whom we know was injured to the point of profanity. But did the mounted lads recoil from such high-handed tactics? Not at all. Where "radicals" are concerned, maces are far more conclusive in Pennsylvania than constitutions, and police uniforms than judicial robes.

Even a correspondence school course in law might have saved Sergeant Malany from embarrassing Squire Lloyd. Malany picked up Adam Getto as he was standing with two companions at a street-car stop in Bentleyville. When Getto, arraigned before the squire's court in a coal company house, denied the charge that he was inciting to riot and refused to pay a $10 fine, even the good squire saw the absurdity of Malany's complaint and changed the charge to the even more ridiculous, though technically correct one, of unlawful assemblage.

Not infrequently, it must be confessed, the State Police are gentle and courteous—especially to their horses. But who could meet a picket-line at 6 A.M. and remain gentle and courteous? On a cold morning last April, a group of them drove into Export, leaped from their cars, and started clubbing right and left among some returning pickets. Among the casualties, we learned, were J. A. Martinsek, an automobile mechanic, and Lawrence Sloan, a rotund dry goods clerk, who didn't run fast enough.

For clubs, of late, they are substituting tear-gas bombs. It is a humane change. A few tears cause less suffering than a broken head, and a gas bomb tossed among miners and their wives does the job without producing martyrs.

III

> I want to say that the coal and iron police of the Pittsburgh Coal Company are as fine a group of men as you can find.
>
> —S. L. Young, Ph.D., ex-college professor, and now vice-president of the Pittsburgh Coal Company, in charge of its coal and iron police.

According to Mr. John P. Guyer, of Governor Pinchot's investigating commission

of 1923, "the Pennsylvania employers' private army has long been a source of trouble for the citizens of industrial communities. Commissioned by the State, this army is recruited from whatever source it is possible to secure men of a character which permits them to viciously club and shoot men who are entire strangers,—peaceful pickets. The majority of those encountered by the workers in time of strike are of a type which the commission found had been recruited from resorts in Chicago, Cleveland, Pittsburgh, and other cities which produce gunmen and union-wreckers."

Pennsylvania is the only State in the Union which still commissions thousands of employés of private corporations with police power and permits them to receive their pay from their employers and to be responsible only to their employers. Because of the lack of State control over these men the total number of them cannot be ascertained. Discrepancies between the reports of the Governor's office and reports from the individual coal companies have run as high as 300%. In other words, the State exercises little check on these deputy sheriffs and coal and iron police, upon whom it delegates its sovereign powers.

The outrages, brutalities, and wholesale violations of civil rights committed by them are common knowledge to persons living in the coal area. Thus Mrs. Clarissa Englert testified before the indignant Senate Committee:

> He hit me on the back of the head with a blackjack or something that knocked me out. . . . When I came to myself again he was on my stomach and I could feel the handcuffs going around my wrists. And he called for help to another coal and iron policeman to come there and he came. Then I was taken to the railroad track. . . . Everything was dust or smoke in front of me. When they got me up there he twisted the handcuffs up on me, on my hands, and twisted them until the blood ran out . . . and when he seen the blood run out he twisted them tighter than ever. . . . I was pregnant and eight days afterward I gave premature birth and was very sick for two weeks. . . . I have been troubled with my back and also have dizzy spells.

Again, there is the story of the coal and iron policeman who, while walking through the business section of Pittsburgh, spied John L. Lewis, president of the United Mine Workers of America, standing in front of the Wabash Station. Recognizing this enemy of his employer, he proceeded forthwith to place him under arrest! Says the report of the Senate Committee:

> Everywhere your committee made an investigation in the Pittsburgh district, we found coal and iron police and deputy sheriffs visible in great numbers. . . . They are all very large men; most of them weighing from two hundred to two hundred and fifty pounds. They all are heavily armed and carry clubs, usually designated as a blackjack. Everywhere your committee visited they found victims of the coal and iron police who had been beaten up and were still carrying scars on their faces and heads from the rough treatment they had received. . . .

When Rudolph Dipiazza, a striker, was badly beaten on the main street in Bentleyville by four police under the leadership of Sergeant Kranz, he attempted to retaliate by criminal action. But, although he produced before the grand jury five eye-witnesses and the two ends of a mace which had been broken over his head, the case was dismissed and Dipiazza had to remain in jail for a week until he could raise the costs. When another coal policeman of Bentleyville shot Steve Zilka and his wife, crippling both permanently, a prominent attorney in Washington, Pa., gave this discouraging opinion:

> In our case the coal company did not direct the coal and iron policeman to investigate, arrest, or do anything in connection with his acts which injured you and your wife. The officer acted on his own accord and without direction and our case would have to be against him alone. Such a case would undoubtedly cause a large verdict to be placed against the officer, but we could not collect a dollar.

IV

> Senator Wagner: Did you have to have a permit in order to get in?
>
> The Rev. Father Fehrenbach: Oh, yes, we all have to have a permit to go inside the company lines.
>
> —From the Senate Committee's report.

Winthrop D. Lane once described the company town in these words:

> Everything is owned by the company that is extracting the coal. . . . The store, the movie theatre, the amusement hall, the little bank, if

there is one, the café, the ice cream parlor, are all run by the company.

The school is often a company-built project; and so is the church; sometimes the company supplements the salary of the teacher and helps to maintain the minister. Roads leading through the town are private property.

In the little community of Luxor, Pa., the local coal company has furnished the house for the pastor, supplied him with coal, redecorated his rooms, built him a garage, laundered his clothes, repaired his car, and paid most of his salary. Sometimes even this benevolence to the shepherds of the flock fails to bring the desired results, as in the case of a friend of ours, the Rev. Mr. Nowell, of the Fawcett Methodist Episcopal Church, who insisted on attending meetings of the local union at Montour No. 4. The following is from his written statement:

During the first week of the strike, H. M. White, field manager of the Pittsburgh Coal Company, called me into the mine office and wanted to know my stand on the industrial question, advising me to keep out of it entirely and to view the matter from the company's angle. . . . [Later] He gave me a choice between two things: that I should remain neutral in discussion and keep out of the affair altogether or else forfeit any favors the Pittsburgh Coal Company had bestowed upon me up to the present time. . . . I was given ten days to leave my house and the company property.

The control of the companies over the towns is absolute. At least one company in Fayette county requires each tenant to sign a lease agreeing that the occupant may not receive anyone except physicians attending his sick family, draymen moving him to and from the house, or undertakers. Other persons may enter by permit only. At least one constable was prohibited by the coal and iron police from serving a warrant in Moon Run precinct.

And there are quite a number of cases whereby individuals, in no way connected with the recent coal strike, were either not allowed to enter the post-office for mail or were allowed to enter only at certain times, depending upon the discretion of the employés of the company. A typical company town is Mollenaur, Pa., surrounded entirely by an uneven, unpainted board fence, twelve feet high!

V

I wish the miners wouldn't use women on the picket-lines. You know you can't use tear-gas bombs and clubs and things like that on the women. But you can club hell out of the men.

—A deputy in the office of Sheriff Ody C. Abbott of Washington county.

An attorney in one of the western counties of Pennsylvania has this to say:

This county is controlled by the coal company. The judges, the police, the prosecutors, and the attorneys are completely sold out. During the 1922 strike, arrests were made by the hundreds without any warrant in law. I defended the cases for the United Mine Workers and carried a number of the issues into the higher courts. This course should always be followed—force the decision into the hands of a higher court and you are more likely to get justice. Even at that, the courts of Pennsylvania are so controlled that you are unlikely to get justice. I have attempted to break the control of the company towns and finally succeeded in getting from the Supreme Court of Pennsylvania a decision which allowed a trader to ply his trade (soliciting orders and making deliveries) in a company town. You cannot get a decision against the companies in this area. One judge on the bench is an ex-attorney of the coal corporation. The rest are about the same sort.

Rarely does one find so frank a servant of the people as Prosecuting Attorney Waddell, custodian of the keys of Belmont county, Ohio, an important part of the Eastern bituminous field. This paragon of Americanism threw fifty-one women into jail. We discovered him blinking before the glare of the nation's righteous indignation, his feathers ruffled and his beak pecking timorously in self defense. Said he:

The guardsmen and deputies had mounted and loaded machine-guns, tear bombs, steel helmets, and revolvers. Two lines were formed through which the women were marched. The guardsmen closed in from behind. The jail door was locked after the women had entered. They were kept there for four days. The first day they raised hell. The second day they weren't quite so bad; the third day they were weakening; and the fourth day they were a beaten crowd. Then I called them all in and talked with them and allowed all but two to sign their own bonds. And they were told that if they behaved well the charges would probably be dropped against them when the grand jury met. I said, "If you go out and raise any trouble, I will call the grand jury immediately and get a conviction."

To which we add the testimony of Mother Guynn, the leader of the marchers:

> Among the ones arrested there were five who had nursing babies. The babies were brought to the jail that evening; it was not until the next day that they were allowed to be taken to their mothers. This caused much suffering, especially in the case of Mrs. Lynch, whose breasts were badly swollen. Twenty-one of us were placed in one cell-block, consisting of three sleeping cells and one larger cell. The block contained only four cots. In one sleeping cell eight of us slept on the floor and two on a cot. The women made me sleep on the cot. We had only two blankets. The jailers made insulting remarks, "Like a lot of damn hogs." "I'll see you in hell before I give you any sugar." "Grub too damn good for you." The jail was full of cockroaches and rats, and we found cockroaches in a dish of corned beef and cabbage.
>
> We had one good time looking out of the windows watching a fight between a deputy sheriff and a jailer. We shouted, "Round one! Round two! Round three!"
>
> When my son and daughter came to visit me, they were not allowed to come in. They were told that I was "a bad woman!"
>
> A deputy asked my boy if he had ever seen a tear-bomb. When he said he hadn't, the deputy let him hold one for a minute.

Although Waddell's frankness cannot be duplicated, many other county officials have scrapped the Constitution in the same way. Practically everywhere since the beginning of the coal strike, mass picketing has been prohibited by them or under their orders, not because it interfered with traffic or endangered the public safety, but simply because it was mass picketing, *i.e.*, because it was an effective weapon against the operators. In some cases there are definite sheriff's proclamations; in others, vague orders that are given from day to day. Of the definite orders, some allow as many as eight pickets; and some none whatever. The proclamation issued by Sheriff Braun of Allegheny county is described in a Scripps-Howard editorial as being, "an all-embracing document susceptible to construction in whatever spirit one wishes to read it." Not only may it be applied to pickets, but to any groups that the officers don't like. A little band of clergymen, making a tour of inspection in a community adjoining the city of Pittsburgh in connection with the Methodist Conference on Coal, was among those groups. A deputy-sheriff noticed the divines standing on a street corner and ordered them to disperse. They did.

In some instances, no proclamation is made and the policy of the sheriff is not given out, even to the men on strike. In others, it is fairly well defined. One sheriff, when asked by the strikers for his policy, answered:

> Not even one picket. If an angel flew down from heaven, I wouldn't let him fly over the mines as a picket.

Although the decadent United Mine Workers of America has, in general, submitted to this suppression of picketing, and in many cases has won the approval and protection of the officers because of its meekness, the insurgent group within its ranks, recognizing the suicidal effect of conducting a strike without pickets, has been violating the orders against picketing. For that reason it has received a great deal of condemnation in some quarters. But, as an attorney of Fayette county said to us:

> This may be a peculiar thing for a lawyer to say, but as I see it about the only way this Save-the-Union Committee can get anywhere is to violate the injunctions in mass, try their mass picketing, hold meetings, and when the jail is crowded, additional arrests will not be made.

This procedure was tried in Westmoreland county, where forty-seven men and women were arrested for picketing and crowded into the Greensburg jail. The county officers overcame the difficulty by the simple expedient of beating the remaining pickets into submission instead of arresting them.

The bulwarks of Fascismo in the coal fields are the lords of the back-room courts. It is a favorite device of the local officers, after arresting a striker, to railroad him to a squire perhaps fifteen or twenty miles away, adding both to his bewilderment and to the costs that he must pay. When a striker with only a slight knowledge of English confronts a squire who is both incapable and prejudiced and, in many cases, over-awed by the presence of a coal company attorney, God pity the Bill of Rights! To quote from the Cleveland *Press:*

> In these hearings Justice of the Peace Brady Bradfield has ruled consistently for the prosecution. In one instance Bradfield ruled that evidence showing a man opening a window in a hall where

the women sympathizers had congregated was sufficient cause for the defendant to be held for the grand jury. In another case the evidence introduced by the State showed that a speaker, at a protest meeting . . . declared, "There are almost a hundred in jail and there will be that many more there." This was deemed sufficient to hold the defendant for the grand jury.

One squire said to us:

"Well, boys, don't worry about this case. There ain't nothing in it for you. In fact, I haven't decided yet what I'm going to do with these girls. You know, I'm kinda sweet on the wimmen. I may fine them a dollar, but I ain't sure I'm gonna do that."

This squire, with his shirt opened most of the way down the front, an untied strip of green ribbon twisted in front of his collar, and a wrinkled suit holding more hairs than the horse he had curried, graciously postponed his weekly visit to the barber-shop, discharged a wad of chewing tobacco, wiped his chin, and gave us the above information.

Later he declared the prisoners guilty and fined them $12 each. An uproar arose and higgling began. The girls said they simply couldn't pay $12. The squire's heart was touched and the fine was reduced to $2.50. The charge against the girls? They had called a scab an African bull.

The actions of the lesser lights of county officialdom are not always of so frivolous a nature. One case stands out strikingly. Mrs. Calegari, a widow, spent the money she had earned by keeping a lodging house in maintaining a soup kitchen for the children of the striking miners. This, along with other strike activities, such as picketing and soliciting food for the fifty or sixty children she was feeding, brought her in disfavor with the local officials. Consequently they petitioned the court to take her own two children from her. The petition was not granted, but the gesture caused her to drop her strike activities. Most of these lesser cases are presented before and settled in the jurisdiction of such donkeyish officials. The striker, unaware of the constitutional guarantees and unable to appeal his case, submits to the fine, jail sentence or other imposition, and curtails his future activity. Thus are strikes broken.

VI

Senator Wheeler: Are you interested in mines?
Judge J. N. Langham: Yes, but I'd like to sell out now."
—From the Senate Report.

When the members of the Magyar Presbyterian Church of Rossiter, Pa., found themselves with leisure on their hands as a result of the strike, they felt it would be both appropriate and instructive to hold daily services. The time for these services, they felt, would most suitably fall at 6 A.M. and 3 P.M. But it so happened that these hours coincided with the time the scabs passed to and from the pit, and so the devout flock was told that "the singing intimidated the miners who were going back and forth to their work." The Clearfield Bituminous Coal Corporation, which owns almost everything in the town except the church, found that the music was having a most profound effect on the efficiency of the strike-breakers. Consequently, it secured an injunction in the court of Judge J. N. Langham restraining the congregation from assembling, not only in the church, but on the church lot. Now the congregation may only pass the church and, in passing, observe a padlock on its portals. The injunction enjoins the members from

attempting by any scheme, combination or conspiracy among themselves or with others to annoy, hinder, or interfere with or prevent any person or persons from working for the plaintiff, . . . from picketing or parading in, upon, or through the public roads, streets, alleys, bridges, railroads, and other places, past, near or in the vicinity or in the neighborhood or leading to the Rossiter Mines . . . from congregating on the Magyar Presbyterian Church lot, . . . from singing song or songs in the hearing of the employés of the plaintiff. . . .

The Pittsburgh *Press*, said of this astounding injunction that, "no legislative body would dare go so far in restricting the conduct of any group of persons as has this individual member of the bench . . ." and the Senate Committee characterized it as "the most un-American legal instrument" any of its members had ever heard of. Almost as drastic was the injunction which Judge

J. B. Sommerville granted the Elm Grove Mining Company. It enjoined the defendants from

> combining, conspiring, or attempting to interfere with the employés of plaintiff for the purpose of unionizing plaintiff's mines without plaintiff's consent, . . . from . . . establishing a picket or pickets of men, . . . interviewing or talking to any person . . . with the intention of inducing or compelling them by threats, violence, intimidation . . . or persuasion . . . to refuse or fail to accept service with plaintiff, . . . from congregating at or near the premises of plaintiff, and from, either singly or collectively, going to the homes or boarding houses, for the purpose of intimidating . . . them to leave the plaintiff's employment.

One sympathizes with the poor striker who says that the only civil right he has left is that of "peaceful breathing." The reports from the Bentleyville area to the effect that strikers taken by coal and iron police are placed in a steam-filled room, so that they must lie on their stomachs, belie even this.

VII

On viewing this appalling spectacle of government gone Berserker the out-raged devotee of fair play inquires what has been done about it, what steps have been taken by Pennsylvanians to restore the Constitution in their State. The answer is not reassuring. The sob-stuff of the Hearst purveyor of gore in Pittsburgh has doubtless given rise to many a dining-room indignation meeting, and the eloquent pleas of the Scripps-Howard *Press* have probably caused those who think to grow more thoughtful. Investigations, reports, and studies abound. But of an organized, aggressive movement against official lawlessness there is practically no evidence at all.

To be sure, a programme for solving the problem has been formulated by that august body of liberal clergymen, professors, and lawyers, the Constitutional Rights Committee of Pittsburgh. As a result of many years familiarity with the work of the State Cossacks, the leaders of this group have evolved what they term the Pittsburgh Plan, whereby offending employers and government officials, on invitation, talk things over around the dinner table. After devoting six months to perfecting a constitution, the committee decided that a scientific, unbiassed investigation of the facts was necessary before any opinions could be drawn or any action taken. Rejecting the studies of the American Civil Liberties Union, of Governor Pinchot's special investigating committee, of the Senate investigating committee, and of the Federal Council of Churches, the committee decided to hire an expert investigator to tabulate the facts and submit them to it for approval. Unfortunately, however, Summer came, and the members returned to their respective watering-places.

Quite in contrast stands the American Civil Liberties Union. This defender of Ku Kluxers in Boston and evolutionists in Tennessee has introduced a more virile programme into the strike. Its method is to arrest officers who violate strikers' rights, to appeal significant cases, and to flood the country with publicity. It has been faced with great difficulties. Pennsylvania attorneys are timid,—unless the fee justifies courage. One young graduate, the paint still wet on his shingle, demanded a $1000 retainer fee before he would take a defense case. Even after Louis Kossuth Porter, an old warhorse of Knights of Labor days, turned all of his Jeffersonian enthusiasm to the work of the Civil Liberties Union, not a great deal could be done. The district officials of the United Mine Workers failed to coöperate with Porter. So the Union has been forced to carry on most of its work in the unorganized fields and in the fields dominated by the insurgent wing within the miners' union. Notwithstanding these difficulties, it is the Union which has, perhaps for the first time, called the attention of the local administrators of justice to the fact that strikers as well as coal operators and public officials have rights under the law.

EDITORIAL

With this issue The American Mercury completes its fifth year. Its friends, no doubt, will be glad to hear that it comes to this interesting age in the best of health, and with every hope of afflicting the right-thinking for a long while to come. It has paid off every cent of the capital invested in it, it has no debts, and it is showing a profit—not large, but still safe, steady and sufficient. Its circulation has now gone beyond that of any save a few magazines of its class, and its readers show a charming disposition to stick to it, so that the turnover is small. That portion of its circulation which is represented by annual subscribers continues to grow, both absolutely and in relation to the total monthly sale. Its advertisers, having discovered by experience that it reaches a class of readers who want things of merit and are able to buy them, patronize it faithfully, and many of them increase their bookings of space. In brief, the position of the magazine is sound and satisfactory. It does not presume to rival *True Stories* or *The Saturday Evening Post*, but within its own field it is well fortified, and the hopes of those volunteer morticians who have so often announced or predicted its failure seem doomed to disappointment. Several flattering but naïve imitations of it have appeared, and it has obviously influenced the format and contents of more than one of its elders, but so far there is no sign that its readers fail to distinguish between the simon pure article and the second best.

The basic programme of the magazine continues to be as it was at the start. Its appeal is not to the great mass of Americans, but to the minority which stands clear of the prevailing national superstitions. It has no desire to organize the members of that minority in any way, either as to ideas or as to acts; it simply aims to give them accurate and realistic news of what is going on in the country, with as much good humor as possible, and to entertain them pleasantly with competent writing. Because of the fact that many of the men and ideas it has brought to autopsy enjoy the protection, in the general press of the nation, of somewhat formidable taboos, the impression has gained some ground that it is engaged in a lofty campaign of iconoclasm, or, as the barbaric phrase now goes, debunkification. In this there is a considerable inaccuracy. The American Mercury is not dedicated to reforming the United States or to saving the human race. It believes, indeed, that most reformers are frauds, and it has given over a great deal of its space to setting forth the evidence against this or that one. But it holds that even reformers have human juices in them, and so it has tried to exhibit their fraudulence, and that of the other varieties of quacks, without indignation, and above all without any bawling for the police.

In this benign work it has covered a considerable range, and tried to proceed with a reasonable impartiality. The chiropractors and the Socialists, the Holy Rollers and the homeopaths, the pacifists and the spiritualists have all taken their turns upon its operating table. It has exhibited, mainly in their own words, the dreams and imbecilities of the prophets of high-powered salesmanship, vocational guidance, osteopathy, comstockery, and pedagogy. It has brought to notice, in the chaste, dispassionate manner of the clinic, the hallucinations of Rotary, the Gideons, the D. A. R., the American Legion, the League of American Penwomen, the Meth-

odist Board of Temperance, Prohibition and Public Morals, and a multitude of other such klans and sodalities, many of them highly influential and all of them amusing.

Its theory is that quacks give good shows, and offer salubrious instruction, if only in the immemorial childishness of mankind. Nor are all of them clad in obvious motley. They exist within the circle of the American Medical Association as well as under rustic flambeaux, and in the great universities as well as beneath the banners of Communism, Kiwanis and the New Thought. To these austerely respectable quacks, in particular, loving attention has been given.

Naturally enough, there have been outbursts of rage against this free-and-easy flouting of idealists, and sometimes that rage has gone to the extent of reprisals. The wowsers of Boston, offended by certain animadversions upon their chicaneries, tried to bar the magazine from that great city, and when their effort failed sought the reinforcement of the Postoffice Department, with its crew of pious Coolidge men. But the magazine continues to circulate in Boston, and to go through the mails.

The Methodist brethren, characteristically, have turned for revenge to lying: their various *Christian Advocates* lately announced that the magazine was on the rocks and for sale. But it continues to be printed and to prosper. Rotary and Kiwanis began by hinting broadly that it was backed by Russian gold, but of late their orators have invented the doctrine that what they call its "attacks" are sanitary and hence to be welcomed—that the effect of "Americana" will be to purge all the tin-pot luncheon-clubs of folly and false pretenses, and so make them bigger and better.

This last is an unkind cut, but The American Mercury will survive. It surely has no desire to improve Rotary. The lily is gilt enough. All it asks is that the brothers do as well hereafter as they have done in the past.

II

But this business of setting forth pleasantly the aims and achievements of the national zanies, æsthetic, commercial, patriotic, political, scientific, military, theological and philosophical—this business, after all, has been one of the least of the magazine's concerns. It has given a great deal more space to something quite different, namely, to introducing one kind of American to another. It has ranged the country for interesting men and women, and it has let them, when they were articulate, tell their own stories. Not many of them have been persons of any prominence, and very few of them have had any previous experience as writers. They have run the whole scale from visionaries to criminals, from heroes to poor fish. But all of them, writing out of their own lives, have written with that earnest simplicity which is beyond all art, and some of their papers have been among the most interesting and moving things the magazine has printed.

The case of Mr. James Stevens is in point. His first contribution dealt with his adventures and observations as a lumberman in the Northwest. He was working at the time in a lumber-mill, and there was a sharp reality in his story that no professional writer save the most adept could have hoped to match. The response of readers was immediate, and he was encouraged to try his hand further. Presently he was retelling the legends of Paul Bunyan, the fabulous hero of the Western lumberman, and those legends, a bit later, made a book. It was a substantial success, and since then he has written other books, and shown marked and rapid progress as a writer. But when he made his first appearance in The American Mercury it was as a workman in a lumber-mill.

The magazine, since its beginning, has steadily sought out such unspoiled and amusing men, and has not hesitated to employ spies to track them down. Several of its most interesting contributors have been gentlemen suffering imprisonment for lam-

entable crimes. One of them, Mr. Ernest Booth, is serving a life sentence. His first article, "We Rob a Bank," was a fascinating and brilliant piece of self-revelation. More effectively than a hundred somber tomes on crime and its causes, it threw a light into the mind of the professional criminal. It was not only a good story; it was a capital piece of writing. Mr. Booth followed it with several other excellent articles, but is unable to go further because of a rule adopted by the California prison authorities, forbidding prisoners to send out MSS. This rule has also greatly damaged another man of promise, Mr. Robert J. Tasker, whose two articles, "The First Day" and "A Man is Hanged," will be remembered. But Mr. Tasker had finished his first book, "Grimhaven," before the rule was promulgated, and it has just been published.

Many other personal narratives have been printed. They have ranged from a charmingly philosophical essay, by a country doctor, upon the difficulties and compensations of his modest situation to a poignant paper by the daughter of an evangelical clergyman, discussing realistically the pains of life in a Southern parsonage. Mrs. Sanger, the birth controller, has described her adventures with the Puritans who have sought to put her down. An architect has told of his encounters with prehensile union leaders. Mr. Owen P. White has recalled the Texas of his youth, now standardized and gone. Mr. Walt McDougall, the veteran cartoonist, has done the story of the old Park Row. Men of business and affairs—for example, Mr. Dane Yorke, and Mr. Henry Tetlow—have discussed the arts and mysteries they know. Mr. Gregory Mason has contributed the gay reminiscences of a Chautauqua lecturer. Bishop Charles Fiske has discoursed gloomily upon the sorrows of his exalted office. Messrs. Jim Tully and Henri Tascheraud have told their barbaric tales of the road. Mr. Herbert Asbury has shaken the adherents of a great communion and delighted the rest of us with his "Up from Methodism."

The roll is a long one, and it will be extended hereafter. Despite the ironing-out process, life in America continues to be infinitely various. There are thousands of back-waters that remain to be explored. There are many adventures that have yet to find their bards.

III

The American Mercury has not neglected *belles lettres*, but it makes no apology for devoting relatively little space to mere writing. Its fundamental purpose is to depict and interpret the America that is in being; not to speculate moonily about Americas that might be, or ought to be. It would print more short stories if more good ones could be found. But not many are being written in the United States today. There are, or would seem to be, two reasons for this. One is that the form is probably in decay—that all of its potentialities have been worked out, and nothing remains save to chase tails. Various ardent experimentalists try to overcome or evade its natural limitations, but none of them, so far, has solved the problem. The other reason is that the market for bad short stories is so wide and lucrative at the moment that only romantic idealists try to write good ones. On the one hand there is the demand of the magazines of huge circulation for standardized stuff that will interest their vast herds of morons and offend no one—in other words, for trash that may be turned into movie scenarios. And on the other hand there is the demand of the innumerable all-fiction magazines for trade goods on an even lower level—stories, indeed, for readers who are just able to read at all.

These markets offer good livings to multitudes of diligent hacks. They inevitably lure and debauch the young writer, save he be of extraordinary resolution. He may get ready money for any MS. in the guise of fiction, however bad it may be; if he is

able to put a certain low plausibility into it he may get a very handsome honorarium. Thus the flow of stories of any honesty and dignity is less than it used to be, and it seems doomed to be still less hereafter. The American Mercury prints good ones when it can find them, but finding them is not an easy task. Of a hundred that come to it from volunteer contributors, not five are even second-rate; yet many of them appear later on in other magazines—sometimes in magazines of considerable pretensions—, and apparently they are consumed with satisfaction. But The American Mercury is not addressed to the sort of reader who consumes them.

In the field of poetry there are similar doldrums. An immense mass of verse is being written, but not one percent. of it has any merit whatsoever. The poets, after a long and bitter battle over forms, now devote themselves mainly to pawing over the debris of the combat. At intervals a thing as sound and brilliant as Mr. James Weldon Johnson's "Go Down, Death," makes its appearance, but the intervals seem to grow longer. There was a time, nine or ten years ago, when poetry appeared to be enjoying a renaissance in America, but the promise of that time has not been fulfilled. The new poets who were then thrown up did all their best work in the swing of the movement; the moment it began to lose momentum they took refuge in formulæ, and of late little of any interest has come from them.

But in this direction The American Mercury still cherishes certain hopes. Poets are always the forerunners of a literature. Its first lispings are done in numbers. Thus an effort has been made to induce some of the poets of yesterday to experiment in prose, and not infrequently the result has been very gratifying. Meanwhile, the later bards, in so far as they show any skill at all, are accorded a certain hospitality—perhaps rather more than they deserve. The magazine, more than once, has printed passable poetry. It will print better when better is written.

IV

The five years have been busy ones, but amusing. The charm of the grab-bag is in every editor's daily toil. For weeks he plows hopelessly through heaps of dull and depressing stuff, and then, on some gloomy morn, there arrives the pearl of great price. It may come in wholly unheralded, or it may come in as the end-product of long months of effort and negotiation. Not uncommonly an article is rewritten four or five times before it takes on a pleasing shape, and even then it may need a great deal of editorial work before it is ready for type. Worse, it may be rewritten four or five times, and grow progressively more hopeless. Such are the hazards of an editor's life. Its compensations come when a new note, clear and charming, is sounded in the office—when there appears out of nowhere the ever-enchanting marvel of a new writer who has something really interesting to say, and knows how to say it.

The American Mercury has been more fortunate than most magazines in this respect. Its departures from the old formulæ have naturally attracted to it a great many contributors with novel and striking ideas. Some of them have been old hands and some of them have been novices. It owes its substantial success to their collaboration. It has tried to repay them by finding a civilized and highly intelligent audience for them, sufficiently large to get them something approaching general notice.

The response of its readers has been hearty and generous. They have borne its occasional vagaries patiently, and they have supported it with extraordinary fidelity. I can only assure them, at the end of five years, that there is no letting down of the original striving. Plans of improvement are in contemplation, and they will be executed as the chance offers. The American Mercury will be a great deal better magazine hereafter than it has ever been in the past.

H. L. M.

PRECEPTOR SENATORUM

BY WILLIAM C. MURPHY, JR.

The senior Senator from Ohio, the late Frank B. Willis, LL.B., had declared boomingly that the then Attorney-General, the Hon. Harry M. Daugherty, LL.B., was "as clean as a hound's tooth." Democratic Senators, always ready to scoff, had expressed doubts as to the accuracy of this characterization. The Senate was about to vote on the Wheeler resolution calling for an investigation of the Department of Justice; it was the beginning of the twilight of the Ohio Gang.

There arose on the Republican side of the Senate chamber a frail, inconspicuous, unimpressive little man whose voice trembled with earnestness as he began his maiden speech in the Senate. With patient sorrow, like a teacher of algebra explaining the binomial theorem to a class of backward pupils, he proceeded to tell the Senate that it was becoming hysterical in the matter of investigations, that it was losing its dignity.

He was not angry when he started his speech; had it not been for other Senators browsing over their after-luncheon newspapers while masticating toothpicks or plug tobacco (smoking is forbidden on the Senate floor), it would have been easy to imagine that he was a pedagogue addressing his class in some bucolic high-school. His index finger rose and fell rythmically. But after several rather irreverent interruptions the tempo was increased, while his face became red and his voice ascended in pitch.

"I am not speaking as a partisan of Mr. Daugherty," he said. "As those who know me best know and those who do not know me so well will learn, I have never been one of the great admirers of Mr. Daugherty; but I have never doubted his honesty, I have never doubted his probity, I have never doubted his integrity, and, as far as I can, I shall go to the limit to see that he be given a fair trial."

Thus did the Hon. Simeon D. Fess, A.B., A.M., LL.B., LL.D., then the junior Senator from the great State of Ohio, begin his career in the Senate of the United States. The appreciation with which his advice was received by his fellow Senators was summed up a few moments later by the caustic Dr. Caraway of Arkansas, who interrupted his slovenly peripateticism long enough to remark:

> One shudders to think what would have happened to the Senate if the distinguished Senator from Ohio who has just taken his seat had not come here. All intelligence and all decency reside with him. All sense of propriety he possesses, and both sides of the Senate are devoid of the dignity they should have and the sense of justice that should actuate them, and therefore, like the schoolmaster, he reads the Senate a lesson.

After which the Senate, with only one dissenting vote (Mr. Elkins of West Virginia), adopted the Wheeler resolution. Dr. Fess himself was one of those voting for its adoption; so was Mr. Willis.

When Dr. Fess made this profession of faith in the martyred Daugherty he summed up the philosophy that has guided his entire career as a statesman. He has never doubted Mr. Daugherty's honesty or integrity; he has never doubted the divine inspiration of Harding and Coolidge; he has never doubted the god-like wisdom of the Republican party or the fitness of Republican office-holders to keep their hooves in the trough. The Senator is a

political fundamentalist. He believes in Republicanism as a Tennessee school trustee believes in Genesis and ducking for sin. Early in his career of sacrifice for the Republic, he took his stand upon the rock of 100% Republicanism and, like his patron saint, famed in hagiography for having spent thirty-seven years on top of a pillar, without a bath or a shave, he has never budged from his lofty and patriotic position.

Whatever he is today, he is what he has made of himself and, therefore, presumably, he is satisfied. He started without prospects, being one of a large family born in the wilds of Allen county, in northwestern Ohio, of parents who were pious, but anything but wealthy. His birthplace was hard by that of Jim Tully. Most of his boyhood was spent in remote country places, and when he was old enough to go to college he entered Ohio Northern "University" at Ada, Ohio. This choice of a college was a momentous factor in determining his career. Ohio Northern is a Methodist plant designed for the training of youths who yearn for learning, but cannot afford the more expensive and aristocratic atmosphere of Ohio Wesleyan. It is a sprawling kind of institution where a boy who is willing to work can obtain what it offers in the way of education at practically no expense.

Such a youth was young Simeon D. Fess. It happened that he was matriculated during the régime of the late Dr. Henry Solomon Lehr, who, as founder and president of the "university," devoted himself to the instillation of political ambitions in his students. So successful was Dr. Lehr in this respect that at one time three of his alumni held seats in the United States Senate: Dr. Fess, the late Dr. Willis, and the celebrated Dr. Arthur R. Robinson, of Indiana. After young Simeon had been graduated from Ohio Northern, he remained there as an instructor, became head of the department of American history, director of the College of Law, and, finally, vice-president of the "university." After an absence during which he combined teaching and study at the University of Chicago, he became president of Antioch College, Yellow Springs, Ohio, one of the progeny of Horace Mann. He was president of Antioch from 1907 to 1917, retaining this position for five years after he was first elected to Congress.

No doubt it was at Ohio Northern that Dr. Fess acquired his firm and touching belief in Prohibition. This belief has stuck with him throughout his subsequent career, and is as sacred to him today as his unquestioning acceptance of the virtue of Warren G. Harding and Albert B. Fall. So devoted, indeed, has he been to the holy cause that the Anti-Saloon League has always been able to count on his support without the stimulation of the honoraria with which it was wont to cross the palm of his late colleague, Dr. Willis. True, the League has always given him loyal support in his campaigns for public office but he has deserved it richly. It is not everyday that a moral organization can find a servant in Congress who does not demand his hire in the hard coin of the realm.

Dr. Henry Solomon Lehr was wise in his generation. He looked about him and saw signs of decay in the evangelical churches. He foresaw that it would not be long until the revival boys would be demanding that their waning power over their customers and the public generally be bolstered up by the club of the policeman. So his pupils were trained in the new order of Christian statesmanship, that combination of pious fervor and practical politics which blesses the land of the free today. Fess, Willis, and Robinson, all products of this school, sat in the Senate together, *Pater, Filius et Spiritus Sanctus* of the modern American theology.

But Fess has never accepted a tip from the Anti-Saloon League, nor has he ever held public office, like a certain pious colleague, by the grace of an ex-Grand Dragon who progressed in natural and due course to the State penitentiary.

II

In 1912 the Christian Commonwealth of Ohio was in the throes of revising her Constitution and a convention was called for that purpose. From Antioch College came President Fess as a delegate from Greene county and he was elected vice-president of the convention. The president was the Rev. Herbert S. Bigelow, an evangelical clergyman who later achieved considerable notice for his pacifist activities during the war. These activities culminated when a group of patriots, presumably 100% pure, kidnapped him, took him across the Ohio river into Kentucky, and there gave him a horsewhipping as an object lesson in the American love of fair play and free speech. In 1912, however, it was not Pastor Bigelow's attitude toward war that was disturbing to the powers that be in Ohio; it was his reputed leaning toward those radical devices of the Devil known as the initiative, referendum and recall, together with such other heresies as direct primaries. Dr. Fess became vice-president of the convention, and in that office was in a position to serve as an anchor to windward on the Rev. Mr. Bigelow.

Having accepted the call to Service and found it to his liking and profit, he was in something of a quandary when the Constitutional Convention ended. He was torn between a desire to become superintendent of schools of Cleveland (a lucrative position, then open to him) and a yearning to run for either the governorship of Ohio or Congress. He chose to run for Congress. God favored him and he was elected, thus beginning a term of service in the lower House which lasted until he retired in 1923 to take his seat in the more august and puissant Senate.

It was during the period when Dr. Fess was president of Antioch that his serenity was first disturbed by the political shadow of one who had formerly been his pupil at Ohio Northern, the late Dr. Willis. While Fess was still a member of the faculty of Ohio Northern and while Mrs. Fess was teaching Latin in the same institution, young Frank Willis came there as a student. Willis studied under both Mrs. Fess and the Doctor, and for a time roomed in the Fess home. Later, after he had been graduated and was himself an instructor at Ohio Northern, another embryo Senator, Robinson of Indiana, came thither in quest of learning and studied under both Fess and Willis—a circumstance which the statesman from Indiana made the excuse for some characteristic sneering during a Senate debate with Dr. Fess on the McNary-Haugen bill two years ago.

Dr. Willis, with his stentorian voice and towering figure, progressed more rapidly in Ohio politics than did his erstwhile instructor. He was elected to Congress in 1910, served two terms, and then was elected Governor. Fess was not elected to Congress until 1912.

Back of Willis' race for Governor in 1914 there was a bit of political maneuvering which, inadvertently, changed the complexion of national party affairs and, because of its bearing on the fortunes of Dr. Fess, is worth recounting here. The eminent Theodore Elijah Burton, LL.D., was nearing the end of his term in the Senate in 1914. He had been elected by the Legislature, but during his incumbency the amendment providing for popular election of United States Senators had been engrafted on the Constitution. To make matters worse, Ohio had adopted the direct primary. Dr. Burton was very suspicious of these newfangled ideas. (He has become more reconciled to them of late.)

In the Summer of 1914 the up-and-coming Willis was preparing to run for either the gubernatorial nomination or for the Senate, but he did not want to oppose Burton if the latter decided to stand for reëlection. Burton was non-committal and finally Willis, unable to stand the strain any longer, announced his candidacy for the governorship. A few days later Burton announced that he would not run for the Senate. Warren G. Harding was then in retirement, but he was exhumed from the

offices of the Marion *Star* by Mr. Daugherty and others of the Ohio Gang, and made the race for the Senate. Harding's election made possible his candidacy for the Presidency six years later.

At this point the trails of Dr. Fess and Dr. Willis began to tangle in earnest. Harding's term in the Senate was to have expired on March 4, 1921. If he wanted to run for reëlection he had to file his papers with the Secretary of State at Columbus in June, 1920, and it happened that the last day on which he could have filed was the day on which he was nominated for the Presidency in Chicago. Both Fess and Willis were eager to make the race for the Senate in the event that Harding was nominated for the Presidency. But Willis, as the event demonstrated, was more foresighted than Fess; he made out his papers before he went to Chicago to aid Harding's presidential aspirations and left the signed documents with a friend in Columbus. The instant Harding was nominated, Willis rushed to a telegraph office and wired to his friend to file the papers.

Fess, who had not taken the Harding presidential movement seriously and hence had neglected to leave any papers of his own in Columbus, was much distressed. He even went to Willis and pleaded with him to withdraw, telling him that he could not hope to win the nomination over Walter Brown, Harding's preconvention manager in Ohio and the favorite of the nominee. But Willis knew his Anti-Saloon League onions, and he declined to withdraw, nor did he change his mind when Harding himself hinted that the nomination of Mr. Brown would be most pleasing. Whereupon Dr. Fess, ardent dry and staunch member of the Old Guard, declared his preference for Mr. Brown, a wet who had followed Roosevelt into the Bull Moose corral in 1912!

But Willis was nominated and elected, and he took his seat in the Senate in 1921, thereby beating his former instructor to the upper House by two years, as he had previously beaten him to a seat in the House of Representatives. Dr. Fess came to the Senate following the election of 1922, in which he defeated Atlee Pomerene after the latter had gone out of his way to denounce union labor in a public address just before the election. The unions didn't like Dr. Fess either (he was the only Ohio member of Congress who voted against the Adamson Act), but they chose him as the less objectionable candidate and he was elected by a majority of 50,000.

Even when he reached the Senate his tribulations with his former pupil were not ended. Seniority looms large in the Senate, even when the margin is only two years, and Willis had taken over all the desirable committee assignments which were open to Ohio Senators. Moreover, he was still seeking more and because of his seniority he got them—including an assignment to the Committee on Foreign Relations, which Dr. Fess was particularly eager to have for himself. Fess had to be content with assignments to the Committee to Audit and Control the Contingent Expenses of the Senate (a glorified bookkeeper's job), to the Committee on Public Buildings and Grounds, to the Committee on the Library, and to the Committee on Interstate Commerce. The last named is the only important committee among those mentioned.

Then there was the question of patronage. Willis had come in on the Harding landslide and had reaped the fruits of the general housecleaning of Democrats in the days when an Ohio license tag on an automobile in the District of Columbia gave the driver immunity from all traffic regulations and many other laws as well. Most of the plums were gone.

But in justice to Dr. Fess it must be said that he is not a patronage hunter, as such fauna go in Washington. He seems to have scruples regarding the fitness of appointees for minor offices. He is also aware that for every successful applicant for a job there are at least a dozen unsuccessful ones who are likely to swear vengeance. At the same time he did not relish the idea of allowing

Dr. Willis to use the Federal patronage for the construction of a personal machine in Ohio. It was not long before a deadlock developed over an impending appointment of a Federal judge. Willis won that fight; he was coming up for reëlection at the time and the powers listened to his frantic pleas for help.

But the friction between the two alumni of Ohio Northern did not really come out into the open until Willis announced his candidacy for the Presidency. Dr. Fess was somewhat embarrassed. It was all very well for Willis to chase rainbows in a year when he was not up for reëlection to the Senate, but Fess himself *was* up for reëlection. A few days after Willis announced his candidacy, Fess was quoted in the papers as saying that either Mr. Hoover or Mr. Dawes appeared to him to be the most probable choice for the Republican nomination—always assuming that Mr. Coolidge still did not choose to run. When the news of that interview reached Washington it was a long time before quiet reigned along the Potomac. A few days later Dr. Fess announced that he would support Mr. Willis in the latter's contest against Mr. Hoover for the Ohio delegation. Then Willis died, and became, at one stroke, both an angel and a statesman.

III

In his public life as I have said, Dr. Fess is unfailingly orthodox. The platform of the Republican party is to him as the Ten Commandments, or even the Methodist Book of Discipline. In all his career of ten years in the House and six years in the Senate he has never broken with the leaders of his party on any important issue. He goes along because he believes that that party is unfailingly the repository of all conceivable political wisdom. Every attempt to question its course or to criticize the policies of a Republican President fills him with anguish unspeakable, and finds him ready to leap into the breach in their defense. He opposed the Teapot Dome investigation. He voted against the resolution calling for the resignation of Secretary Denby and against a motion to transmit a copy of that resolution to the President. He fought against the appointment of the Reed Committee, which uncovered the campaign orgies in Pennsylvania and Illinois in 1926. Subsequently, he voted to seat Smith of Illinois and Vare of Pennsylvania at a time when many of the Republican stalwarts, alarmed by the public uproar, joined with the Democrats and Progressives in the *auto da fé* which deprived Illinois and Pennsylvania of their equal representation in the Senate.

Let an unregenerate Democrat or an insurgent Republican speak slightingly of the Grand Old Party and Dr. Fess is on his feet instantly. Worming his way between Senatorial desks, his professorial forefinger shaking in reproach, he advances toward the center of the Senate chamber. He shouts defiance at the foe in a voice surprisingly voluminous for a man of his small stature. As the debate grows warm, perspiration rolls from the bald spot on his head and his face becomes the color of a ripe watermelon. Nor will he heed the entreaties of even the Republican leaders that he desist from his furious defense long enough to permit the transaction of Senate business. More than once in recent years the majority leaders have felt that the less said about a particular situation the better it would be for the party; they knew when they were licked and didn't care to advertise the licking. But not so Dr. Fess. He loves to go down fighting. And he does so frequently, to the amusement of the ribald opposition and the chagrin of the elder statesmen on his own side.

Apart from his official life, Dr. Fess is a mild, inoffensive, rather likable man. His personal habits do credit to his godly training. He neither smokes nor drinks, being one of that very select and restricted group of Senators who really regulate their personal habits by their votes on Prohibition. In appearance he is neat but never gaudy, his usual attire being a dark sack

suit which sometimes shows that it has been worn before, but is never unpressed or spotted. His is the kind of sartorial make-up which would become an executive of an impecunious college eager to talk with wealthy alumni about the welfare of the institution. On occasion, however, as when he is scheduled for a set speech, the Doctor appears in the Senate in full morning regalia. He wears it with a slightly shy and conscious dignity.

He is a member of the Methodist Church and regular in his attendance upon its services and ceremonials. He is frequently called upon to speak at evening services, meetings of men's church organizations, and gatherings at the Y. M. C. A.

He is an indefatigable worker. He likes to be busy about many things and is never happier than when he is entrusted with some mission for those in high places and is thus in a position to become the spokesman for the administration. He likes the rôle, although he usually denies modestly that he is acting in that high capacity. Because of this liking for reflected glory he is frequently allowed to be the spokesman when doing so means to oppose what seems to be the more popular course. The record does not disclose any instance in which he could be suspected of having absented himself from the Senate in order to avoid casting an unpopular or dangerous vote. He could not imagine any unpopularity or danger in any vote cast in support of a Republican measure.

The Doctor's own personal hero was the late Dr. Wayne B. Wheeler, that consecrated man. He admired Wheeler's great breadth of understanding and keenness of intellect, coupled, as it was, with moral courage of a sort rare since the Apostolic Age. In a conversation since the great man died, he once declared, "I always liked to ask Wayne Wheeler's advice on any question. He was a man of great intelligence and courage and an absolutely square fighter."

Contrary to what might be expected in view of his other predilections and some of his political associations, Dr. Fess has never bowed the knee to Imperial Wizards. When he was chairman of the House Committee on Education the Klan was striving mightily for the enactment of a bill to create a Federal Department of Education. Although he has long been associated with the National Education Association, which was the official sponsor of that bill, Dr. Fess did not manifest any enthusiasm for its passage, and the fact drew down upon him the scorpions of the *Fellowship Forum*, the official organ of the Klan. But he didn't change his attitude; not even when the Klan carried his home county against him in the 1922 election. Of course, the proposed Department of Education was not an administration project.

IV

The Doctor's inability to see evil in anything designed to advance the sacred cause of Republicanism was never more strikingly illustrated than by the circumstances surrounding his famous rebuke by President Coolidge, evoked because of his too ardent advocacy of another (third?) term for the strong, silent, powerful thinker from Vermont. Dr. Fess called at the White House during the Summer of 1927 and on emerging from the throne-room confided to the gaping newspaper men that Dr. Coolidge was considerably vexed because he (Dr. Fess), in some then recent public statements, had expressed the conviction and hope that the President, whatever his yearnings for retirement, would be the Republican candidate in 1928. This was some weeks after the famous "I do not choose" ukase from the Black Hills. The reporters who saw Dr. Fess on this occasion described him as being somewhat red-faced, and embarrassed, and perturbed.

But let Dr. Fess himself tell what happened in his own words, chosen after several months, during which he could collect his thoughts and speak with the precision becoming a pedagogue. On February 9, 1928, on the floor of the Senate, he said:

Upon leaving [the President's private office] I said to the President, "I hope that my frequent references to your being called in 1928 are not embarrassing to you." Then he frankly let me know that they were embarrassing to him. While I insisted that there was no ground for it, that the people did not believe that I was talking with his approval but upon my own responsibility, he said, "The difficulty is the people will likely think you are talking with my approval," and I found that the President felt somewhat embarrassed. I said to him, "If you really think that, I will clear it up immediately." Senators know what happened. When I got out to the newspaper boys, I said to the boys, "Make it perfectly clear that when I am talking about the President being drafted next year I am talking on my own responsibility—I am not talking with his approval." Then I added what was not true, but I wanted to get it across: "I find the President seems to be greatly displeased with what I have said." . . . It was all amusing and while it was getting the thing across that I aimed to put across, I did not mean to pay the price for it that I had to pay by having it said that I was rebuked, or that I was censured or reprimanded, for there was not an element of that in it whatever.

This account of what had happened at the White House was, seemingly, a shock to other Senators, who could not, apparently, conceive that one of their number could be guilty of even the slightest deception. At any rate, the bellicose Senator Robinson, of Arkansas, demanded:

"The Senator said a moment ago that he stated what *was not true* when he declared that the President was displeased?"

"I said," Dr. Fess replied, "'I find that the President is greatly displeased'. I have just said that I found nothing of the sort."

After he had made his formal confession of mendacity the debate roared on.

"May I ask the Senator," inquired the suave Pat Harrison, official baiter of Republicans, "if in his nomination speech today of the President for a third term, he does not feel that he is doing an injustice to his colleague from Ohio (Mr. Willis), who is a candidate for the Presidency?"

"No injustice whatever," Dr. Fess replied, eager for a dig at Willis. "I am speaking upon my own responsibility and, I hope, with the approval of my colleague."

Followed then the sardonic Jim Reed, who inquired why Dr. Fess was so insistent that Mr. Coolidge ought to become a candidate again. (The debate, theoretically, was upon the LaFollette resolution holding that the anti-third term tradition should be observed.)

"It seems to me that is the doctrine of despair," said Senator Reed. "I protest against that. I protest in the name of the Senator's own colleague. I protest in the name of the distinguished leader upon the other side of the Senate (Mr. Curtis). I protest in the name of that great English statesman, Mr. Hoover. I protest in the name of that great dirt farmer, Mr. Lowden. I protest in the name of the great Republican party; for with all its faults it really does seem to me that it is not absolutely forced to nominate one man because it has not any other man capable of filling the position."

"If Ohio can nominate the candidate, he will be an Ohio man," said Dr. Fess.

"Which one?" demanded Robinson of Arkansas.

"Willis," answered Fess, without a twinkle in his eye.

It was during the course of this debate also that he entered a solemn denial that he was the White House Spokesman.

"I have been conjuring in my mind for the reason why the Senator so persistently keeps before the country the idea that the President will really run to succeed himself," said Senator Reed, "and I am wondering if the Senator is the duly appointed or if he is only the self-annointed John the Baptist of the savior of the Republican party. I followed with great interest a large number of stories in the press of a few months ago attributed to the White House Spokesman. We all wondered for a long time who the White House Spokesman might be. As I have thought of this conversation in the Senate today, I have wondered whether the Senator from Ohio is really the White House Spokesman on this occasion."

To which the Senator from Ohio replied with great dignity:

"Upon no occasion am I the White House Spokesman."

V

Whether Dr. Fess was spanked at the White House or not, he stood his ground in advocating another term for Dr. Coolidge. Delivering the keynote speech as temporary chairman of the Republican National Convention at Kansas City he concluded with a fulsome eulogy of the President, including two sentences of *obiter dicta* (Mr. Vare of Pennsylvania, Mr. Butler of Massachusetts, the Anti-Saloon League bosses, and the boughten Aframericans from the South having declared in favor of Mr. Hoover), as follows:

> After five years and seven months of leadership in our nation, he leaves office by his own fiat, which appears to be final, and is so interpreted by many of his friends, in spite of the fact that his nomination and election would be a foregone conclusion did he not forbid. This hold upon the confidence of the American people of every name, class, and creed, without regard to partisan feeling, makes Calvin Coolidge the greatest personal and political force in the world today.

It is a source of irritation among those who are thrown with Dr. Fess that his sense of humor does not seem to be as other men's. It is not that he is soured on the world; he is kindly, deferential to those in high place, and courteous to those who hold positions less exalted than his own. But frequently he seems much amused when others see nothing laughable at all; and even more frequently he sees nothing amusing in occurrences which convulse his fellow Senators. He never joins those groups which are wont to congregate about the Hon. J. Thomas Heflin, of Alabama, when that distinguished clown relieves the tedium of Senatorial debates by *sotto voce* accounts of the idiosyncrasies of Southern niggers. Although the exigencies of his war with the Pope have somewhat hampered his activities as jester to the Senate, the Alabaman is still by all odds the champion raconteur in the upper House. But Dr. Fess sees no humor in him.

Perhaps, it was by reason of this peculiarity that he was chosen to deliver the keynote speech at the Kansas City conve tion. It is the duty of a keynoter to recou the glorious achievements of his party the past and to promise things of equ glory for the future. Thus it became t duty of Dr. Fess to elaborate eloquent upon the significance of the Republic triumph in 1920, when Elder Will H. Ha greased the road to victory with funds su sequently replaced by Mr. Sinclair's bond Again, as the keynoter, Dr. Fess was giv an opportunity to laud the rugged pione honesty of Mr. Fall in the matter of t naval oil reserves, and the sterling, fa seeing patriotism of Mr. Denby and you Teddy Roosevelt in connection with tho same reserves.

To him was also given the stimulati chance to dwell prayerfully upon the fea less and impartial administration of justi under the guidance of Messrs. Daughert Jesse Smith *et al.;* and upon the tend solicitude with which the Veterans' B reau under Mr. Forbes, late of Atlant cared for the wreckage of the World Wa It was a glorious opportunity; and here how Dr. Fess rose to it:

> By the greatest majority ever given in the history of elections the Republican party under the leadership of Warren G. Harding was called to the task of restoration, and at once grappled with the peace problems quite as difficult as those of war. The manner in which the problems have been handled, first so well begun by the administration of our beloved and late lamented Warren G. Harding and then by that of Coolidge, is too well known for further comment. All our people have some knowledge of the number and most of them some idea of the complication of these problems. Very few will deny the complete success in the effort of solution.

Thus spoke Dr. Fess to the crowd th filled the Kansas City convention hall; a he did it with head erect and looking h audience squarely in its collective fac Before he was chosen temporary chairm of the convention the position was offer to Dr. Charles Evans Hughes, who has normal sense of humor behind his whis ers. Dr. Hughes declined.

CONFUSION AMONG THE LIBERALS

BY ROLAND HUGINS

EVERYONE seems to agree that Liberalism in America is very sick, and that it may indeed be on its death-bed, yet curiously enough nobody seems to know who or what the invalid really is. Any precise formulation of the Liberal creed seems difficult, and the reason may be simply that the Liberals are fond of squabbling among themselves. Any discussion of current problems, such as Prohibition, the purport of Bolshevism, the proper social status of the Negro, or the League of Nations, will split any considerable group of liberal-minded persons asunder and hold them divided for hours. True, they may come to agreement on a few innocent minima, say, free speech and free trade. But on all controversial issues of the day they have diverse views, and some of them are sizzling hot in their repudiations of the opinions of the others.

A certain part of this confusion of mind among Liberals is perhaps obvious. But what is not so obvious is the fact that the post-war Liberals in America have split into several distinct groups. These groups cannot be separated one from another with a knife-like sharpness, but the divisions are sufficiently clear to be significant. In the Nineteenth Century one could speak of a Liberal with reasonable accuracy of meaning, and in the first decade of the Twentieth Century one could discuss neo-Liberals and neo-Liberalism and still know what one was talking about. This is no longer possible; and the first and most vital division which must be taken into account is that between the two large groups which we may designate as the Libertarians and the Humanitarians.

The Libertarians are those who place their emphasis on the liberty of the individual—that is to say, on civic and legal rights and in particular on that bundle of moral prerogatives which goes under the name of personal liberty. The Humanitarians, on the other hand, are not concerned about individual liberty (although they may speak of a "positive, protected liberty"); they are interested in economic and social improvements. They have abandoned the doctrine of *laissez faire*, and they seek to improve, by governmental action if necessary, living and working conditions and to establish higher standards of health, education, and the care of dependents. These two groups, then, the Libertarians and the Humanitarians, are the two main sections into which American Liberal opinion has divided. Later, when we come to examine more in detail the opinions, leadership and antipathies of these two groups, we shall find it convenient to refer to the Libertarians as the Liberty-Liberals, or Right wing, and to the Humanitarians as the Welfare-Liberals, or Left wing.

Unfortunately for simplicity, however, this is not the whole story. There are two other groups of present-day Liberals, of some prominence in this country, and of great importance in Great Britain. Both of these other factions are, in a sense, hyphenated or hybrid. Between the Welfare-Liberals and the true Radicals stands a section of opinion which represents an endeavor to combine "the best elements" of both Liberalism and Socialism. Persons of this persuasion we may call the Labor-Liberals. And between the Liberty-Liberals and the true Conservatives or Tories,

stands a faction which attempts to reconcile Liberalism with Conservatism. These, in deference to their social ideal, we may call the Efficiency-Liberals. Thus we have a fourfold grouping, which comprises, reading from Right to Left, the following segments: the Efficiency-Liberals, the Liberty-Liberals, the Welfare-Liberals, and the Labor-Liberals.

II

This classification may appear to be cumbersome and arbitrary. Liberals themselves often display a dislike of being labelled. They feel that they are too big, or at least too individual, to be pigeonholed. Doubtless there are persons so eclectic in their social philosophies, so insistent on keeping tentative toes in several divergent camps, that they escape all the categories. But these are the exceptions. The opinions of most people attain a considerable degree of coherence and consistency, not so much through any logical process of sorting and coördination, as through the impetus and focus of their emotions. Labels are, after all, but attempts to generalize about trends. They are the necessary tools of the observer. It would be difficult, for example, to discuss the state of modern psychology without recognizing that the psychologists have clustered into a number of schools: gestalt psychology, dynamic psychology, purposive psychology, reaction psychology, structural psychology, and behaviorism. Likewise, in dealing with political and social tendencies, we still have need of the basic distinction between Right, Centre, and Left, that is, between Conservatives, Liberals, and Radicals. But each of these three basic terms needs further subdividing; and if we want to find out what way the American world is going we need particularly to know what is happening among the Liberals.

There is a superstition among intellectuals that the Great War blasted Liberalism. According to this thesis, the Liberal parties were healthy and successful up to 1914, but during the conflict were betrayed and scuttled by their leaders, specifically such leaders as Grey, Asquith and Lloyd-George in England, Clemenceau and Briand in France, and Woodrow Wilson in the United States. By 1919, with the signing of the peace of vengeance at the end of the war to end war, this Liberal collapse is supposed to have become fully apparent to all, with the result that since then Liberalism, as an organized political force, has been crumbling away, with its former adherents moving either to the Left toward Radicalism and Communism, or to the Right toward Conservatism and Fascism.

This point of view has been emphasized even more strongly in Europe than in America. For example, there is the vigorous pamphlet entitled "From Liberalism to Labor," put out in 1921 by Charles Trevelyan, formerly Liberal member of Parliament and a minister in the Asquith Cabinet. In this pamphlet Trevelyan says:

> Those Liberal leaders in Britain were silent. Neither before, nor during, nor after the peace which condemns the world to a new era of national hatreds and armaments did they offer one bleat of opposition to the forces of reaction. Rather it was they themselves who had pointed out the course for the reactionaries by their Secret Treaties in 1915 and 1916. The truth is that by the end of the war Liberalism as a political force had ceased to function. . . . It is indeed difficult to trace any part of the policy of Liberalism which was not abandoned during the war, with the result that when the chance of a new start dawned for the world, reactionary ideas had an ascendency absolutely unchallenged except by the forces of labor.

It is true that the Great War did, by letting loose a flood of nationalistic passions, submerge Liberalism and Liberal ideals for the time being. Likewise on the Continent, both in the Allied countries and in the Central Powers, the war submerged Socialism and every form of radicalism. The real question is: Why did Liberalism continue to remain flattened out after the war? Why did it show so little resilience and power of revival? As a matter of fact, the war merely demonstrated how liable and ready liberalism was to crack. It revealed the presence

of unsuspected fractures and confusion. The Liberal leaders and the Liberal intellectuals divided in their views on the causes of the war and the significance of the conflict. This was the beginning of disintegration and feebleness. Had the war not started the splitting process, some later event would have done so. At one point in the pamphlet quoted above the author remarks: "Even without the war it is more than doubtful whether the mass of Radical voters would not have transferred their allegiance to Labor within a very few years."

In the United States the war produced a similar division in the ranks of the Liberals. In general, and with qualifications necessary because of cross-currents of opinion, it may be said that the Welfare-Liberals supported the war and President Wilson's interpretation of it, while the Liberty-Liberals were in opposition. And the same alignment, for and against, tends to persist in respect to the League of Nations. But in the United States there has been no Liberal party to disintegrate. Here opinion and partisanship do not necessarily run together. The method of electing Presidents prescribed by the Constitution, and particularly the necessity of capturing a majority of electoral votes by State blocs, has given the great traditional parties a cohesion and a continuity lacking in most other democracies. It is a commonplace that both the Republican and the Democratic parties contain within themselves reactionary and progressive elements, and that in any given election it is a gamble which element gets control. The intra-party differences between the two wings are often more important than the "issues" raised between the parties themselves.

And yet, in spite of all this, the United States is likely to remain the last great stronghold of Liberalism, in one form or another. Historically, Liberalism has been the creed and faith of the *bourgeoisie*. Europeans are fond of pointing out that in America we have no aristocracy (except perhaps our plutocrats) and no proletariat (except perhaps our farmers). The bulk of Americans belong in the middle classes, and have the middle-class point of view. On its idealistic side that point of view is Liberal. And hence it matters a great deal which brand of Liberalism, if any, is going to win out.

By separating into four factions American Liberalism has, of course, weakened itself, and has thinned and watered its faith. Each sector reflects but one aspect of the whole Liberal tradition. Furthermore, the various sections tend to war among themselves, and in part to nullify one another's efforts. Bad feeling is chronic, and just as orthodox Communists and Syndicalists reserve their most virulent disdain for the revisionist Socialists, so an American Liberal is likely to vent his choicest contempt on some brother Liberal in a rival camp. The reason for these mutual hostilities will be made clearer by a review of the doctrinal positions of the four groups. This review will be indicative rather than exhaustive. We shall proceed from Right to Left, beginning with the Efficiency-Liberal.

III

This particular straddler, this compromiser between Conservative and Liberal principles, is often found in professional and academic circles. You will know him by the qualifications he attaches to his convictions. He believes in democracy, but he adds that "in times of emergency" it may sometimes be necessary to resort to Fascism and the Iron Hand; he declares that he is pro-labor and against every form of economic exploitation, but he also thinks that there is a great deal to be said for "the new tactics of Big Business"; he stands for *laissez faire* and personal liberty, but he is quick to point out that "liberty is not license" and that measures like Prohibition may be desirable for purposes of "social control"; he favors free speech and the open expression of every kind of political and social thought, but he recognizes that restrictions on debate are necessary in war-

time, and that there are certain kinds of radical talk which are "subversive."

In all this the Liberal-Conservative is not insincere; he feels that he is merely interpreting abstract principles so that they will conform to modern realities. The Efficiency-Liberals are certain that the present organization of society, economic, political, and juridical, is fundamentally sound, and they believe that through the application of intelligence the weak spots in the system can be eliminated. They have profound faith in the social sciences and in research. Such problems as the business cycle, unemployment, lawlessness, and governmental incompetence will yield, they think, to the technique of factual study and statistical analysis. They have little awareness of the fact that in the social sciences, as in all kinds of intellectual endeavor, one's basic (and perhaps unconscious) assumptions are the really important matters. Their own assumptions center about the concept of social and national efficiency. This is no narrow ideal, but it is essentially pragmatic.

These Efficiency-Liberals, though numerous, have now no definite organization. A number of years ago an attempt was made to set up what was called the Liberal League. Although the platform, or declaration of principles of this League was vague, and its clientèle rather mixed, it contained among its members many men like Professors Thomas Nixon Carver and Irving Fisher—quite the type. A large number of college and university professors, of newspaper owners and editors, and of bankers and business men may properly be classed as Efficiency-Liberals. Together, they have enormous facilities for swaying public opinion in this country. Possibly their most typical organ is *The Saturday Evening Post*. This nationally-read weekly has not, of course, built up its huge circulation through the championship of a programme, but on the other hand it has never been at any pains to conceal its editorial opinions. And the *Post* is only one of several similar organs.

Next in line stand the Liberty-Liberals arrayed in defense of personal freedom Probably this group traces its lineage mor directly to the earlier, Nineteenth Centur Liberalism than does any one of the othe three groups. It really believes in individ ualism; it wants governmental regulatio and collective interference restricted to a narrow a range as is possible in an orderl society. It still finds refreshment in ol slogans, such as that the state is at best necessary evil, and that that government i best which governs least. It demands rea freedom to say and write what one pleases and insists on open options in persona conduct.

The Liberty-Liberals are, of course, hotl opposed to the prohibition of alcoholi beverages, to Comstockery in all its mani festations, to the censorship of plays, mov ing-pictures, books and schoolbooks, an to every form of gag-law. In moder America they have plenty of fights o their hands. So strongly do they resen every extension of governmental activity and so apprehensive are they of the danger of bureaucracy, that they have opposed number of measures of a humanitaria nature. For instance, they entered activel a few years ago into the opposition whic defeated the proposed constitutional amend ment for the regulation of child labor Furthermore, they are more than lukewarn to proposals for the shackling of monopo lies and trade associations, for governmen ownership or operation of public utilities or for the socialization of natural resources In brief, they are against anything an everything which cripples individual in itiative and freedom of choice.

Some of the Liberty-Liberals are olde men, like Nicholas Murray Butler, wh imbibed the pure milk of Victorian Liber alism in their youth. But most of them ar of a younger generation, and represent revolt against the restrictions and taboo of the post-war era. In many instances thes rebels got their resentments first, an their doctrines later. A considerable pro portion, though not all, of the people wh

upport such dissentient organizations as he American Civil Liberties Union and he Association Against the Prohibition Amendment are Liberty-Liberals. The group as a whole is articulate. Several monthly magazines put their major editorial emphasis on personal and moral liberty, and a number of the best daily newspapers in the country, including the New York *World*, the Baltimore *Sun*, and he St. Louis *Post-Dispatch* have carried on a valiant campaign to restore vitality to he guarantees of individual rights in the Constitution—guarantees which have been blithely ignored by both legislatures and courts in the last decade. These newspapers have endeavored to read a new and modern meaning into the old doctrine of States' rights.

IV

The fundamental fissure in American Liberalism is found, as I noted earlier, between he Liberty-Liberals and the Welfare-Liberals. The latter have a leaning toward blue-laws; they strongly favor Prohibition and the drastic suppression of every form of "vice."

They have been led in this direction by two considerations. In the first place they have come to perceive that *laissez faire* will not work under modern industrial and social conditions. It is necessary, they believe, for the state to take positive steps for the improvement of factory conditions, for the prevention of disease, for the control of sanitation, and for the regulation of industry. They are thoroughgoing interventionists.

In the second place, sumptuary laws seem to them a natural corollary to welfare projects in general, an integral part of their campaigns for such measures as the protection of women workers, the prevention of child labor, municipal housing, old age pensions, accident, sickness, and unemployment insurance, the elimination of tuberculosis and of blindness, the abolition of capital punishment, the reform of penal institutions,—and so on.

In a phrase, they have come to conceive of social control as a part of social hygiene. They do not, of course, admit that they are the enemies of liberty; on the contrary they insist that interventions and restrictions of the sort they approve, aimed at the abatement of poverty, hazard, and temptation, enhance rather than impair "real" personal freedom. Most of the Welfare-Liberals are pro-labor, and lean leftward in their economic convictions. Some of them favor the single-tax, some of them want nationalization of mines and water-power, and nearly all of them would like to see further extensions of government enterprise.

Social workers, almost without exception, can be blanketed among the Welfare-Liberals. The group includes many "advanced" thinkers among economists, political scientists, and public school teachers. Again, there are in the United States several scores of associations, societies, leagues, institutes, bureaus, and councils, endowed or publicly supported, which are devoted to educational or philanthropic endeavors, or to research in the social sciences. Some of the members of their staffs are Welfare-Liberals. And lastly, this faction embraces a considerable miscellaneous following known as Progressives. The leading, or at least the most representative, journal of this section of opinion is the *Survey*. The two able New York Liberal weeklies, the *New Republic* and the *Nation*, also belong definitely in the Welfare group, despite the fact that both these journals have attempted in recent years to face two ways on Prohibition.

The Labor-Liberals, the last group of the four, is the most radical. It seeks to snuggle up to Socialism without actually committing itself to wedlock. The reasoning behind this alliance, or compromise, has been stated with reasonable clarity. Oscar Jaszi has written (the *New Republic*, September 10, 1924) that "the most urgent ideal need of present day humanity is a just and reasonable compromise between those elements of classical Liberalism which constitute the indispensable conditions for

human progress (*e.g.*, liberty of conscience, liberty of the press, of free investigation, of free initiative, of unimpeded exchange, of unrestricted choice of vocation, free sexual selection, free social organization, etc.) and those elements of Socialism which would introduce order, justice and moral autonomy into the economic relations of the working community." Again, Harold Laski has declared (the *New Republic*, July 8, 1925) that: "Men have still to grow accustomed to the realization that the Liberal party is obsolete. They have still to make themselves face the idea of the Labor party as the inheritor of the radical tradition. . . . Liberal ideas, so far as they have relevance to the new age, must be realized through different institutions."

The two foregoing quotations reveal merely the aspirations of the Labor-Liberals. A detailed programme of action has never been presented by them, though doubtless one could be drawn. Such a programme, certainly, would include demands for many fundamental economic changes: proposals for the nationalization of at least all the key industries, including railroads, ships, coal and iron mines, telegraphs and telephones, and banks; and also projects for a vastly increased participation of workers, including the technicians, in the management of industry and commerce. These changes, it would be alleged, can be accomplished without any essential sacrifice of the Liberal principles of free thought, free speech, free enterprise, and free government.

The Labor-Liberals in this country are mostly of two sorts: intellectuals and active workers in the cause of labor. Both sorts earnestly desire that something substantial, something radical, be done to elevate the status of the toiling masses and to insure the workers a larger share of the social income; and yet they shrink from going as far as have the Communists of Russia in subordinating every other human value to a programme of proletarian control. For a number of years after the war the Labor-Liberals had a capable spokesman in the New York weekly called the *Freeman*, no longer published. Some of the labor dailies and union journals give expression, fitfully, to their point of view but they have at the moment no consistent exponent or champion.

V

Well, what can be done about it? On the assumption that the foregoing classification and analysis of the fragments of American Liberalism is fairly accurate, does any possibility of reunion and coördination suggest itself? Is there any way by which the diverse ideals and the conflicting aims of the four sectors can be welded into a harmonious and effective whole? So far no real attempts at reconciliation have been made, because the nature and extent of the divisions have not been recognized. A few Liberals, it is true, have sought to wave away all disagreements by maintaining that Liberalism after all is chiefly an attitude and a temper; and then have gone on to claim for themselves a monopoly of open-mindedness and of the "scientific approach" to social problems. This kind of thing will get Liberalism nowhere. Everyone claims to be scientific nowadays, and none more so than a certain type of realistic Conservative, and a certain type of doctrinaire Radical. Negative attitudinizing is futile. Liberals are persons with opinions —like everyone else—and many of their opinions have sharp corners.

There is, possibly, a way out—a way by which Liberalism could be saved, not from its enemies, but from itself. This would involve two steps. The first would be to cut away the two outer wings. The Efficiency-Liberals do not really believe in *laissez faire:* they believe in government support of existing property rights, quite a different matter. The Labor-Liberals are not really interested in private initiative or individual freedom: they are interested in a formula for the complete reorganization of society. Rid of these straddlers, the two remaining branches of Liberalism could

try to compose their differences; to combine, if possible, the Libertarian and the Humanitarian points of view; and to reunite tolerance with pity.

There is a chance that the reconciliation could be effected. There seems to be no ultimate reason why Liberty-Liberals, because they think a man should be allowed to take a drink or place a bet on a horse, should also be in favor of allowing children of ten and twelve years to work in mines and mills, or should be opposed to old age pensions. On the other hand, if the United States handled the liquor problem as does, say, the Province of Quebec, or if it adopted the lenient and enlightened methods of Denmark in dealing with sex irregularities, doubtless the Welfare-Liberals could go about their reformatory tasks quite as effectively as they do at present.

Let us hope that some such attempt at adjustment will be made. It would be rather of a shame if Liberalism actually were to disappear, and the world be offered a narrowing choice between reaction and revolution. Both Conservatism or Radicalism, when pushed to their logical extremes, become tyrannies, the first the tyranny of a caste, the second the tyranny of an idea. Possibly Bolshevism, with its economic Calvinism, may be a splendid thing for Russia, and possibly Fascism, with its employer Bourbonism, may be a splendid thing for Italy; but there are many of us left in the world who would hate to have to choose either as a way of life for ourselves.

AMERICANA

ARKANSAS

THE sad life of a pastor among the Missionary Baptists of the Malaria Country, as described by a rev. contributor to the *Baptist and Commoner* of Little Rock:

> You have preached that the just shall live by faith and that we walk by faith, etc., but when you take a stand at your post of duty, you find that your congregation has misappropriated your text; for judging by their actions, they seem to think that was addressed to the preacher only; at any rate, they are not out at the service. You find that Brother Jones went fishing; Brother Smith motored to a distant city to visit his wife's mother; and that your young people went to the frolic last night, and were in no mood to come as they were up late. Then Brother Lemm Patton got drunk, cussed and fought; and Aunt Lucinda Scrogans and a few other sisters keep up a perpetual uproar. You throw up your hands in despair; you want to quit, but you can't find the proper place to quit.
>
> One day your wife informs you that the grocery bill is past due; that the light man is pressing for pay; and that the house rent is due next week. You have to explain to her that they did not pay you anything this time, so "We'll just have to trust in the Lord and walk by faith." You go out again, and they pay you this time; that of course, will relieve the tension some, even if you don't get enough to pay your bills. You begin emphasizing more consecration and less vanity; you emphasize the fact that the workman is worthy of his hire and that the preacher should live of the Gospel, etc. They say you are able-bodied, and should earn your own living; then you act on that suggestion; you apply for a job; you get along nicely until the week-end, when you explain to your employer that you must have a little time off to fill your appointment; he gives you all the time you need; he dismisses you; he can't use you unless you can work steadily; you explain that matter to your congregation; but they can't help that; it's just your own hard luck. When you take an offering, you find a good sister doesn't have any change, so she sashaes around over the house to get a quarter changed so she can pay a nickel. (This is no joke; I know it to be a fact; it happened in one of my services, but I am not calling any name nor any place.)
>
> The tension gradually tightens; you get farther behind; you secure the aid of a few loyal members to help you investigate the extravagance of your people. You secretly find that Sister Jones and the girls bought five dollars worth of rouge, lipsticks, eyebrow pencils and vanity cases last Saturday. Yes, Brother Lemm Patton paid three dollars for a box of fine cigars for himself and the boys; Brother Smith bought a dollar and a half's worth of chewing tobacco and three packages of cigarettes; and in order to keep peace in the home, Aunt Lucinda had to have a thirty-cent bottle of snuff. But they were financially oppressed and just couldn't pay you but five dollars on Sunday. Your investigation revealed that the families represented in your congregation spent ten dollars last week for nothing but chewing gum, candies and cold drinks, which is scientifically proved to be the great outstanding factor in the present crime wave and low moral ebb.
>
> Amid your struggle your wife, who has suffered untold anguish to be loyal to you; to hold up your hands; to walk beside you, hand in hand with you through all the trying ordeals, meets you at the door. She places her hands on your shoulder, and squarely looks you in the face. With tears gushing into her eyes, she explains to you that the supply of provisions is exhausted, and that she has no money to buy more. She speaks with quivering lips and trembling voice, in spite of her efforts to conceal her emotion. Now what are you to do?

THE editor of the eminent Paris *Progress* makes a handsome *amende honorable:*

> In reporting the accidental death of Windel Crow of New Blaine last issue information given the *Progress* was erroneous. Young Crow was a son-in-law of Mr. and Mrs. G. M. Marshall instead of W. R. Marshall; he resided at New Blaine instead of Delaware; the small Crow lad riding the truck at the time was victim's cousin instead of brother; and the Rev. W. W. Walker of Prairie View instead of the Rev. Wade was in charge of funeral services.

CALIFORNIA

EDITORIAL note in the Gerber *Star:*

> Ten cents straight will be charged for all obituary notices to all business men who do not advertise while living. Delinquent subscribers will be charged fifteen cents a line for an obituary notice. Advertisers and cash subscribers will receive as good a sendoff as we are capable of writing, without any charge whatsoever. Better send in your advertisements and pay up your subscriptions, as hog cholera is abroad in the land.

THE Larger Life in Carmel, as described by a gifted contributor to the *Carmelite:*

WHAT WE THINK
ORAGE SAID

Mr. Orage's coming has resulted, for a group of us, in the aërating of our minds. As it were, a ploughshare sweeping through them.

The initiation of the process, of course, was shocking when, in order to bring us to a true state of innocence, nescience rather, we were knocked over like tenpins, our cherished ideals —intuition, imagination, art, religion, soul, consciousness.

Later, we learned that this was but a trick to transform us into that state of *little child*, from which standpoint all great teachers declare, great things to be possible.

So, for love of him or awe of him, we followed, even though we were demoralized, in a state of ruin.

We learned that there is no knowledge but personal experience; that the only thing we can know is our bodies; that by careful practice of a certain form of Yogi discipline, we shall not only balance and better the working of our threefold nature, but at the same time shall develop a new function, integrated from above and below, a producing together, by simultaneous evolution and involution a new entity.

Call it Soul!

CHRISTIAN endeavor in the great borough of Oakland:

To keep children from smoking them, members of the local W. C. T. U. have crushed with their heels more than 2,000 cigarette butts in the last few weeks, Mrs. Margaret Campbell reported to the convention of the organization here. The report was hailed with cheers.

FROM the celebrated San Francisco *Examiner:*

In tribute to the "greatest of all carpenters," the Rev. Arthur L. Pratt, pastor of St. Stephens Methodist Church, Oakland, preached yesterday from behind a carpenter's bench instead of a pulpit.

His sermon subject was "The Carpenter of Nazareth" and honor guests at the service were members of the thirteen trade organizations comprising the Building Trades Council. A men's chorus, garbed in white overalls, replaced the customary choir.

Their selections were supplemented by a special musical programme, played on saws and nail kegs by James McKenzie, 882½ Mead avenue, and Herbert Valentine, 2427 Twenty-third avenue.

The church was decorated for the occasion to resemble a huge carpenter shop.

ASSOCIATED PRESS dispatch from Los Angeles:

Although crippled and confined to a wheel chair, Miss Edna Percival, 30, was arrested today on charges of driving while intoxicated. The arresting officers reported that the woman created a disturbance by rolling her wheel-chair through the hallways of the rooming house where she lives, and by shouting.

DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA

INTELLECTUAL recreations of the princes of the press, as disclosed by an announcement sent to its members by the National Press Club:

NATIONAL PRESS CLUB
BE ON DECK WEDNESDAY!

"Strick" Gillilan, poet and essayist, author of "Off Again On Again Finnigan," "Me and Pap and Mother," and numerous other verses, will talk to us at luncheon. The hour is 12:30. It will be worth while. "Strick" gets big money for doing this sort of thing out in the sticks. All he gets out of us is a luncheon. He is one of us and you'll enjoy it.

Wednesday at 12:30 P. M.

ENTERTAINMENT COMMITTEE

GEORGIA

How free American citizens live in Dahlonega, as set forth by the Hon. W. B. Townsend, editor of the illustrious *Nugget:*

Dock Adams and his wife went over to visit relatives in Martin's Ford District during the last cold spell. One of his wife's brothers, wishing to select his sister a husband other than Dock, caused unpleasant relations between the brother and sister when she made her own selection and took Dock. Dock was told that his brother-in-law would raise a rough house if he happened to come home drinking. After retiring the brother-in-law came in pretty mellow and in some way learned that Dock was there. The unwelcomed visitor arose and just got one leg in a pair of overalls when the angry man entered the room. Dock leaped out at the window into the cold and off to the woods pretty fast as the empty overall leg answered as a sail, helping Dock move over the ground wonderfully. His wife was soon out after her husband with her dress on one arm and his clothes on the other telling him to stop, but he didn't take time to look back because he thought she was his antagonist and was running too fast to recognize any one's voice. Of course, the wife soon gave out. And Dock too had run until he was about out of wind, and not hearing any footsteps behind stopped at a house and asked to be taken in. He was given a bed and resting when Frank Hollifield, his brother-in-law, came into the house. Dock didn't take time to look for any overalls, and this time split the wind in his shirt-tail. A boy was sent out with Dock's clothes. But it was some time before he could deliver them, on account of being taken for Hollifield. After a while the latter left and the man and wife went to bed, and remained until

a while before day, when they arose and left for home. And for nearly a week Dock sneezed, spat and coughed up icicles nearly as long as a man's little finger.

PENOLOGICAL science as practiced by the chief executive of this marvelous State, broadcast to the nation by the United Press:

Governor L. G. Hardman maintained reticence today regarding his decision on the fate of Eula Mae Thompson, sentenced to the electric chair next Friday for the murder of a country storekeeper. Pictures of the young woman were handed the Governor for his perusal. Governor Hardman is a student of phrenology, and declined to grant a respite to Clifford Thompson, the condemned woman's husband, and Jim Moss, a Negro, two months ago, partly because, he said, a study of their heads convinced him they were guilty. Thompson and the Negro were executed.

ILLINOIS

THE progress of Christian *Kultur* in holy Chicago, as reported by the *Herald-Examiner:*

Anthony Czarnecki, Collector of the Port, is conducting a campaign of his own here for purity in art.

He announced that he had ordered seized and destroyed an entire shipment of Japanese *objets d'art* imported here by a Chicago Japanese establishment.

Mr. Czarnecki's criticism of the art was:

"I wouldn't even let my inspectors look at the stuff."

He also revealed that several days ago a prominent Chicagoan, just returned from China, almost lost all of his wardrobe because his trunk contained a bit of Chinese statuary.

SCIENTIFIC news from the University of Chicago, as gathered by the alert Associated Press:

If you chew your food until your jaws are weary, your weight is likely to fall off, but your chess game is likely to improve. Dr. Harold G. Holck, University of Chicago instructor in physiology, says so, reciting the results of a five-year experiment on himself. Dr. Holck's thesis on his jaw exercises and their varied results brought him a doctor of philosophy degree. At times he ate as much as he could, chewing first slowly and then swiftly. Again, he would stay on the verge of starvation for weeks at a time. His tests show that clarity of reasoning was the only benefit of arduous long-distance jaw exercises. Dr. Holck's weight decreased thirty pounds.

INDIANA

NEW world's champion discovered by the Jeffersonville correspondent of the Evansville *Courier:*

World's records may come and go, but Stephan Beck, sixty-five-year-old resident here, believes he has established one that will not be broken for a while. Yesterday a faithful collar button, which has served him for forty-three continuous years, broke due to "constant wear and tear."

IOWA

REFINED activities of the stalwart he-men of the Iowa American Legion, in convention assembled at Cedar Rapids, as reported by that great journal, the *Iowa Legionaire:*

A haughty woman who high-nosed a group of Legionaires on the Montrose corner got the jolt of her life when one of the fellows ran up, seized the head of a fox fur she was wearing, opened its mouth and squirted milk from a nippled bottle down its throat.

One comrade had a dressed wax woman he carried around with him. Bystanders who didn't know she was wax were horrified when he "beat up on her." One night the police were called when he was seen to start undressing her, putting in a wallop occasionally before an open window at the Roosevelt.

KANSAS

BUSINESS card of a tonsorial artist of Fort Leavenworth:

OFFICERS' CLUB BARBER SHOP

FOR

OFFICERS AND FAMILIES

Better service can be given if women and small children come in when officers and other children are in school.

An Up-to-date Sanitary Barber Shop

CHARLES MICHAEL, *Operator. Telephone No. 8245*

MASSACHUSETTS

THE sublime process of Law Enforcement in Springfield, as reported by the eminent Boston *Herald:*

Mersak Tattorian, of 92 Eastern avenue, paid $5 in district court today for putting a 10-cent shine on the shoes of Patrolman Stephen Webster of the vice squad while Lieut. Harley H. Blodgett, specialist in all cases of viciousness, watched the procedure. Tattorian failed to respect the law forbidding shoe shining after eleven o'clock on Sunday mornings. He applied the polish to the officer's shoes at 11:40 o'clock.

MARYLAND FREE STATE

ASSOCIATED PRESS dispatch from the grand old town of Hagerstown:

> John G. Nail, of Keedysville district, was such an uncompromising Democrat during his lifetime that when he died last night at the age of 87 his family requested that notice of his death not be published in Republican newspapers. Nail, who was the oldest auctioneer in Washington county, had been imprisoned during the Civil War in the Hagerstown market-house because of his Southern sympathies.

MICHIGAN

AMERICAN homiletics in the Coolidge Renaissance, as revealed by a news item in the Detroit *News:*

> A. Watson Argue, otherwise known as the swimming parson or the athletic evangelist, has opened a series of evangelistic meetings at the Berea Tabernacle, Fourth and Forest avenues. In his sermons the Rev. Argue assumes many and varied poses and undertakes difficult gymnastic stunts that include standing on his head and back flips. "The Meanest Man in Detroit," and "Hell Discovered Eighteen Miles from Detroit" will be the subjects of two of his sermons, and the others will be in a similar vein. The Rev. Mr. Argue is the whole show, he declares, when giving an evangelist meeting. He will even lead the singing with his slide trombone.

MISSOURI

CONTRIBUTION to the philosophy of Law Enforcement by the Hon. George J. Beaumont, of 1109 Chestnut street, St. Louis, as reported by the *Star:*

> The United States Army does not accept bribes and does not seek votes. Its honor is beyond reproach. Strict military law does not countenance bribery. Therefore it is the only instrument left with which the American nation can enforce its laws, and we must now place our faith in it to rid us of bootleggers. Lincoln resorted to the use of the Army to enforce a Federal law which the Southern slave owners disliked and disregarded. Lincoln's policy won, and today there is no slavery within the borders of the United States. Today we need another Lincoln at the helm of the ship of state, a President who will make it a point of honor to see that the Constitution is upheld. The new Lincoln should declare the country in a state of siege and issue a declaration that after a given date, say ninety days, any violation of the Eighteenth Amendment will be considered an act of high treason and be dealt with accordingly. Any person or persons found guilty by a court-martial of possessing, drinking, manufacturing or selling liquors of any description would be condemned to death and meet their fate before a firing squad within twenty-four hours after sentence and all their real and personal property would be confiscated and given to charitable institutions.

WANT AD in the eminent Kansas City *Times:*

> REFINED young lady wants transportation to California; will act as mother, helper, or companion; best of references. Address B, 1096 Star.

NEW JERSEY

MYSTERIOUS notice in the *Warren Journal*, of the rising town of Belvidere:

> Rumor has it that something big for the old town is due to break almost any time now. Rumor has been rife at various times for several years past, and each time rumor has faded away into a vacuum. But this time rumor appears to be backed up by signs or facts that give belief that what we have so long waited for is soon due to become an actual reality. Anyway, the next two or three weeks will tell whether rumor this time is correct, or whether it is to be kicked into the discard along with the others that have come and gone.

NEW YORK

COURSES currently offered by the Brooklyn Teachers' Association, "the largest teachers' association in the United States":

> THE SCIENCE OF VITALIC BREATHING. This mighty principle of life and health fully charted and demonstrated. Vitalic Breathing is the natural and true method of Conscious Breathing. Its daily practice prevents fatigue, nervousness and premature old age. THE BODY BEAUTIFUL. Glorify your body by getting rid of angularity, stiffness and unwieldiness. The art of body coördination, body balance and foot placement will be demonstrated and thoroughly explained. The seven master exercises. How to build a beautiful body in ninety days.
>
> POISE, RELAXATION AND STEADY NERVES. How to relax in mind and body. How to develop nerves of steel. How to dominate all circumstances and conditions. How to banish fear and worry and become gloriously self-confident. How to develop fearlessness and true courage. How to find joy and happiness in your home and business life. The laws of concentration.
>
> HOW TO DEVELOP MENTAL POWER. How to develop power of will. How to assume the victorious attitude. How to forge ahead by mind power. How to develop a good memory.
>
> *Personal Power*, SUCCESS AND A MAGNETIC PERSONALITY. The science of building a magnetic personality fully explained. The path to personal power. How to develop a pleasing compelling speaking voice. How to use the principles of VITALIC CULTURE in everyday life. Things you should know about yourself. How

to live a Creative Life. Laws of Personality Unfoldment and Scientific Life Building.

PSYCHO-PHYSICAL SELF-REJUVENATION. Mankind's mighty modern message. Astounding discoveries regarding mind and body. Fancies, fads and facts about healing. The false and the true. The practical path to personal power. *Cultivation of Energia-Second Step.* How to revitalize yourself. Old age in the discard. Buoyant health and youth. Nutrition. Foods that build up and foods that destroy. Some that pep up and others that slow down. The Energia way. Breathing the breath of life. Formula for keeping fit on five minutes a day.

A ROCHESTER social worker pours out her heart in the pages of the sublime *Journal:*

Not long ago I visited a cell-room in one of the police stations and I was shocked to find that it did not have fly screens on the windows. I talked with one of the prisoners, a dear appearing fellow who may not even have been to blame for being arrested.

"Flies and mosquitoes hang around me here like I was a molasses barrel," he told me.

Now, of course, the season is getting late, but we will still have many hot days. Wouldn't it be a splendid thing for the Flower City to place fly screens on the windows of the cell-rooms for the rest of the season? Then, we would have them for next year.

It is such little courtesies that make our city a pleasanter place for everyone to live in.

SOCIAL WORKER.

OHIO

EDUCATIONAL news from Cincinnati, as reported by the New York *World:*

The Cincinnati Board of Education is unable to agree whether auction bridge should be placed in the public school curriculum. At a meeting the Hyde Park Community Centre, an organization of the socially prominent, presented a petition for instruction in the game. Other community organizations, especially in the more select residential suburbs, are also said to favor bridge. They argue that it, at least, should be taught in the Night Community Centre classes sponsored by the Board of Education. After heated discussion the board turned over the question to Superintendent of Schools Randall J. Condon. One member suggested that this action might be considered as passing the buck. "Bridge is generally conceded to be a recreation, isn't it?" Mrs. L. C. Fillmore, only woman member of the board put in. "We ought to turn this matter over to the Public Recreation Commission. Then we wouldn't be passing the buck."

Dr. F. B. Dyer, another board member, went a step farther. "The point is, if we have bridge classes, ought we not to have poker taught too?" he inquired. "Poker is also said to be an interesting and recreational game."

SURGICAL note from the celebrated Toledo *Blade:*

Frank Hindman, 30, of Chicago, was accosted by a thug Wednesday night while walking in an alley near State street, and handed over $35. Then he yelled and started after the robber, who turned and fired at him. The bullet grazed Mr. Hindman's cheek, removing a wart of long standing.

OREGON

WANT AD in the Hood River *Oregon News:*

WANTED—Reliable orchard man for steady job. Don't have more than two children if you can help it. A. J. Grow, Phone 4073.

PENNSYLVANIA

PEP stuff sent to inmates of the Pittsburgh Y. M. C. A. by the Hon. A. D. Sallee, the gifted leader of the Corner Y's Club at the celebrated Smithfield Street M. E. Church, the Brimstone Corner fane of Pittsburgh:

'FRAID TO DIE? No! Wanna die? Omyno! How come? Not afraid, but still hangin' on? Hear a live bunch settle this "Fear of Death" Sun. A.M.

DO SINNERS DIE horribly? And saints slip away peacefully? Tell us what you have seen and heard. One who has died twice (may still be a "dead one") will tell the truth Sunday. Come out, live ones! Don't be afrrrraid!!!!!!

"IT IS APPOINTED unto man once to die." Heb. IX:27. "O death where is thy sting?" I Cor. XV:55. "If a man keep my word he shall never taste death." John VIII:52. "He that loseth his life for my sake shall find it." Matt. X:39. "What should a man give in exchange for his life?" Mark VIII:37.

TENNESSEE

THE *Baptist and Reflector* of Nashville on the sad decay of Christian morals in the Fundamentalist Holy Land:

Once we heard of a Sunday-school teacher who refused to play cards in order to have the respect of her class. The other day we heard of a teacher who plays bridge in order to hold the esteem of his class! Thus do ideas degenerate.

TEXAS

LETTER from a Texas chiropractor to a young woman who informed him that his diagnosis was in error, as reported by the *Journal of the American Medical Association:*

I thank you for your remittance. Your account with me is square.

It gives you relief to know that other doctors do not agree with me and the Laboratories. I

am mighty glad. It should free your mental anxiety, if no more. I trust that myself and the Laboratories are mistaken, though it is hope against hope; as, you surely have poison of some nature in your blood stream causing you trouble and this poison must have a source. Your Vitality is low 38. There is 8.6 ohmes of streptoxemia in your blood stream. This I do not doubt nor do I doubt but that it is composed of Influenzia Toxemia, Acidosis, Cholelithiasis, T. B., Coliasepsis, Bovine Syphilis, and a small sarcoma in area of gaul bladder. For your peace of mind and well being I truly hope it is all a mistaken diagnosis.

Wishing you health and more health with plenty of wealth to enjoy it.

UTAH

WANT AD in the Salt Lake City *Tribune:*

IF PARTY giving lady ride in Overland sedan Friday A. M. will return purse and keys may keep money. 156½ W. So. Temple.

WEST VIRGINIA

NEWS item in the celebrated *Advance* of Dunbar, stronghold of Cavaliers:

The Logan jail was the scene of a wedding recently, the principals being Emmett Russell and Mollie Dameron. Russell was occupying quarters in the jail because of his refusal to support a child born to Miss Dameron, and of which he was the father, but jail life becoming monotonous, he decided that marriage, even under the circumstances, was preferable, and so informed the officials, who had the lady come to the jail, where the marriage ceremony was performed by the Rev. Walter Thomas, a Kentucky licensed minister, who is awaiting his transfer to Moundsville to serve a two years sentence for moonshining. The bride and groom left the jail with the announcement that the baby, the cause of all the trouble, in addition to its other handicaps, would be named Al Smith.

SPECIMEN of the improving fiction supplied to young Baptists of the Hatfield-McCoy country by the eminent *Baptist Banner* of Parkersburg:

The battle raged without intermission, both sides using high-power rifles—the bullets from the officers' guns splintering and tearing to pieces the barricades over the windows, while the shots from the outlaws knocked fire from the rocks and bark from the trees as they struck all about the officers.

About nine o'clock the fire of the outlaws slackened and Malcomson was encouraged to believe they were planning to surrender or make a dash for liberty. He hoped it might be the former. His forces had suffered severely. Two brave deputies were already dead, two others badly wounded and several others slightly hurt. He would soon need reinforcements, and a doctor was badly wanted. . . .

Malcomson ordered a truce. The door was pushed open and Alonzo Whitfield stood before them, haggard, shoes and coat off, hair disheveled and blood trickling down his pale face.

"Boys," he said. "I quit! I can't go on. I kin fight the livin', but not the dead! I've bin fightin' agin' my dead boy an' the flag he fit an' died fur! I seed him last night hyar in the dark. He was all white, only whar blood streaked his face. He was a pintin' a bloody finger at me, scornful like, an' a shamin' me. Yer can't beat ther law o' Gawd A'mighty. It gits yer somewhar. I don't want ter die a fightin' my boy. I want to sur——"

Bang! Bang! Two shots rang out from the cabin, and Alonzo Whitfield lurched forward, falling on his face in the yard, shot through the heart by his own men. . . .

With the arrival of recruits, Malcomson and the sheriff decided to end the matter by rushing the enemy. Two men obtained a heavy piece of timber for a battering ram, a small guard was left at the rear of the cabin to cut off retreat, and the other officers formed for mass action. Pouring a terrific fire into the cabin with their rifles, they seized their automatic pistols and made the rush.

As the two men smashed the timber through the door, hurling it from its hinges, one of them dropped with a bullet in his leg, and the sheriff received a flesh wound in the arm. Only three men were found in the cabin able to stand, and even they were badly wounded.

A sickening sight met the gaze of the officers. The floor was a mass of blood. Five men were dead, in addition to Alonzo Whitfield. They also found a dead woman lying across the body of her husband, with an empty pistol in her lifeless hand.

WISCONSIN

NEWS item from the rising town of Neillsville:

A vacuum cleaner for chin whiskers which Floyd Hanson, a barber, recently invented, went on a rampage today and tore much of a long white beard from the face of Henry Warner, a farmer. The machine, designed to remove cement dust and grit from the whiskers of workmen and thus prevent razors from dulling quickly, was going well until Warner's beard became tangled in the suction fan. Before Hanson could shut off the power, a handful of whiskers and several square inches of skin had disappeared.

SPORT AND SNOBBERY

BY JOHN C. KOFOED

At the moment few golfers in the United States play as sound a game as George Voigt. He won sixty-three out of sixty-four tournament matches prior to the last national championship, gained the qualifying medal in that event, and went through to the semi-final round. Yet Voigt was not even considered as a member of the United States Walker Cup side for the international match with England.

Several years ago this dark-haired Washington boy was a typewriter repairman on the Washington *Post*, which is one of the possessions of E. B. McLean. Mr. McLean is so mad about golf that he built himself a private golf course, and hired Leo Diegel for his personal professional. As he reads the sporting pages of his own paper, he could hardly fail to notice that Voigt was winning all the tournaments in the District of Columbia. He became interested. Making inquiries, he discovered that George was on his payroll, and thereupon promoted him to a secretaryship—a sort of portfolio of golf. They played together at Newport, in Florida and at Pinehurst, presumably at Mr. McLean's expense, since the pace was far above Voigt's resources.

Certain folks declared that George was nothing less than a professional. He was barred by the District of Columbia Golf Association, but the national body could do nothing less than affirm his amateur standing, since proof of his forfeiting it was totally missing. An amateur is a man who receives "no pecuniary gain, either directly or indirectly, *from the game he plays*." No man who works for a living can fail to gain indirectly if he becomes a golf or tennis or polo star. If he sells bonds or insurance or automobiles he will find many more customers as a champion in any sport than he could as Mr. X. Conceding this to be true, and it is true beyond a doubt, then the only absolute amateur champion is the man of independent means.

Voigt had no wealth. When he left McLean and went to New York he became associated with a brokerage house and joined the North Hills Country Club. Probably the firm would not have hired him had he not been a star golfer, but that is a matter strictly between them and him. Should he penalize himself to a lifetime of cleaning the keys of Remingtons and Underwoods in the office of the *Post* merely that no hint of money-making might touch the impeccable skirts of the game? The objection of the golf solons is aimed, not at his better status in the world, but at the fact that it is a by-product of his excellent golf. If he had a million dollars and didn't need the job it would be quite all right.

T. P. Perkins, the British amateur champion and number one man on the British Walker Cup Team, went to the final round of the last American championship, where he lost to Bobby Jones. Perkins is a big, slow moving young man, with eye-glasses, prematurely thin hair and a rather worried look. Back in his native Warwickshire heath he is a clerk in a stationery store, and earns £250 a year.

On this visit to our shores Perkins had a glimpse of bigger and more interesting things. High-powered automobiles, champagne, unlimited necking and swank in general were paraded before his eyes. He thereupon decided that America and not

Warwickshire should be his battleground n the future. Why not? He can probably get a hundred dollars a week and expenses from a brokerage concern that goes in for that sort of thing without expecting its golfing hirelings to sell many bonds. Eventually he may be frowned upon by the United States Golf Association, but so were Voigt and Ouimet and Von Elm and Evans—and they have survived.

Von Elm was declared ineligible for a while, I think, on the ground that large sums of money were bet on him whenever he played. There was no question of his doing the betting, for in those days he travelled with a very light pocketbook. I have yet to hear that rich young men, who gamble as much as five thousand dollars on their own matches at the Westchester-Biltmore, are construed as having anything more than an academic interest n the game. Here again the class distinction seems quite plain. It may be noticed casually that Voigt, Ouimet and Von Elm are not members of Psi Upsilon and never were on the Vanderbilt dinner list.

It happens that I work for Mr. Cyrus H. K. Curtis, who owns among other vastly profitable publishing enterprises, the New York *Evening Post*. I put myself in Voigt's place. What if Mr. Curtis should ask me to play golf with him? He doesn't play, as a matter of fact, but Mr. John C. Martin, the general manager of his papers, does. What if I should be invited to dally through the gray Winter months playing golf in Florida at the boss's expense? Would I turn the proposition down? No more than George Voigt did—and yet I would be hard put to convince myself that I was even a semi-professional because of the trip.

The hinge of the matter seems to be that Voigt is a working-man; that he lacks those social antecedents in which British precedent has soaked the game of golf. Wouldn't it be embarrassing to ask Sir Ernest Holderness, for instance, to play a match with a former repairer of typewriters, and probably suffer the further humiliation of being beaten by him?

II

The British faced a situation very similar to this in 1924, and settled it in quite a British way. On their team was a young man named John Caven. You were not able to pick Caven out from his mates by any eccentricity of dress or manner or speech. He looked ruddy and well scrubbed, and his accent tended slightly toward the Oxonian. He played an exceptionally good game of golf, and held his whiskey-and-soda like a gentleman.

But his team-mates refused to have anything to do with him. He was never asked to make a fourth at bridge or join in a high-ball or even tell the time o' day. It nearly broke his heart, and he never competed in another international match.

His offense? John Caven was a clerk. He was not a university man, and he had to work for a living. Imagine the shock to the finer sensibilities of young golfing gentlemen who never had to work and never expected to work! The Selection Committee had to pick Caven,—just as it had to name Perkins this year—but the players themselves could discourage such forwardness in the lower classes. They did, thoroughly.

I hear the voices of the flag-wavers rising in protest. It may be true in England, but not here! Oh, certainly, not here! A man is accepted on the golf courses and tennis courts of America on the basis of his accomplishments—not because his father was one of the few who might talk to the Cabots. This, alas, is about as true as the belief that the Volstead Act is a functioning instrument.

I expect to have refutations thrown at me. I know very well that the young millionaire, Ellsworth Augustus, once played in a golf tournament match against his own gardener. I know that Izzy Zarakov, the son of a Jewish tailor, won a place on the Harvard football team and was elected captain of the baseball nine. I know that the parents of Bruce Caldewell, one of Yale's greatest athletes, worked in a mill to put him through college, and that Pol-

lard, once of Brown, is a Negro. These cases will be cited to prove that sport is democratic in America.

It is true, I admit, that in the college less social background and financial standing is demanded of candidates for teams. The influence of the Greek letter societies is palpably less than it was fifteen years ago. This is admitted, but the reason is sufficiently clear. College football has touched the realm of big business. Vast stadiums are erected and high-priced coaches retained. A winning football team is so essential that it is no longer necessary for a 200-pound fullback to have his name in the Social Register. Sometimes it isn't even necessary for him to know what subjects his class-mates are studying.

It is the interfering nose of business that has made these changes. Would Pollard be welcomed now in a tennis tournament at Southampton? Would Zarakov,—conceding he were a good enough golfer—be invited to the Gold Mashie tournament on T. Suffern Tailer's private links at Newport? These questions need no answer.

I have not found snobbishness to be a leading trait among the players themselves. Perhaps Augustus felt an air of superiority while competing against his gardener, but if he did he kept it well hidden. As a rule snobbery is not generated on the field of battle, but afterward.

Walter Hagen and his fellow professionals were barred from the club-house at Troon while playing in the British open championship. Those sacred precincts are only for amateurs. Professionals are on the other side of the fence—good fellows, perhaps, but not exactly gentlemen. If you are a crack amateur you may have a very enjoyable round with a professional, but afterward—Well, it is a bit like a captain and a private. Neither would feel at ease, would he, in social intercourse after the battle?

Suppose Tommy Armour, Bobby Cruickshank and Willie Hunter went back to England to compete in the British Open. They are professionals, and would be denied club-house privileges because of i Yet they once were amateurs, and we welcomed in British events. Cruickshan is an Edinburgh University man. So Armour, who was also a major in the Tan Corps, and lost an eye and part of an ar in His Majesty's service. Before they foun that they could earn better livings at go than at anything else they were M Cruickshank and Mr. Armour and M Hunter. When they turned professiona they lost the inestimable benefit of bein mistered.

Now for the flag-wavers. The Unite States Golf Association, which, in spiri is quite as snobbish as the Royal an Ancient, follows this system: on the entry sheets you see Mr. Bobby Jones an plain Walter Hagen. Probably our fin gentlemen get the same feeling of super ority from this that a small town merchan does when a waiter in the Astor calls hi Sir.

The Japanese have an even more tigh system. With them it is not a matter c professionalism or amateurism, but en tirely one of caste. So far, the little yello men have done nothing in golf, but fo years they have made a determined if frui less quest for the Davis Cup—that troph emblematic of international tennis suprem acy. Part of the blame for their failure ma be laid on caste.

Onda is one of the best tennis players i Japan, but his father, I believe, is a shop man, which bars him from playing wit the bluer blooded but less efficient Take icha Harada and Yoshira Ohta and Tami Abe. Better that the Empire should alway lose than that an Abe should demean him self by appearing on the same court wit an Onda!

This caste feeling is so evident that i makes ridiculous any talk of democracy i sport. There is no such thing. The idea i as silly as the belief that the Olympi games, the Walker Cup matches and othe international events make for amity be tween nations. Sport has never noticeabl decreased war. You may believe that Wa

rloo was won on the football fields of ton, but no one ever heard of a battle ing prevented by a golf match.

In the National Public Links golf championship held at the Cobbs Creek municipal course in Philadelphia last July two egroes, Robert Ball and Elmer Stout, appeared as contestants. Their entries were cepted and their five-dollar fees taken to the treasury of the association.

But when they appeared to play in the ualifying round it was common gossip out the grounds that they were to be disualified on some technicality—any technicality. The Southern players, as one man, serted they would default rather than mpete against colored men.

When Ball and Stout went out to play a zen men followed, watching for some ght violation of the rules that would arrant their elimination. When Ball rned in a score that was certain to qualify m in match play the officials of the nited States Golf Association went into nference. After some two or three hours, which the Negroes and the witnesses ere closely examined, it was announced at Ball and Stout had been disqualified r "an infraction of the rules."

It was a great joke to everyone but the egroes. I talked with Stout's caddie. He id that neither of the men had broken y rules, that they played as fairly as any lfers could. He denied that Ball dropped s ball in front of him instead of over his oulder after his drive went into the eek on the fourth hole—which was the ason advanced for his disqualification.

Anyway, the Negroes were eliminated, d the bugaboo that menaced the dreams the Golf Association was chased away. e reason for their fright did not lie in e Public Links Championship. This event for *oi πολλοί*—for those who cannot ford to belong to swanky private clubs. e real reason was that the four semialists become automatically eligible to ay in the National Amateur Championip, which is the holy of holies in golf. would be inconceivable that a meatcutter from the Chicago stockyards—particularly a colored one—should play with gentlemen. What if he should be drawn against Jones or Gunn or some other Southern star?

I hold no brief for these men personally, or for the Negro race as a whole. If it is the desire of the men who run the game of golf to hold that game exclusively for Caucasians, well and good. Let them write that into the rules. Let the bars be set up clearly for all to see.

There is no need for hypocrisy. It has no place in the code of real sportsmen. Why hide behind technicalities? Why not come out in a flat-footed way, and say candidly that Negroes are not wanted? They really are not, but to accept their money and then ease them out in the manner that was adapted at Cobbs Creek savors of cheapness. Such cheapness is very common in our amateur games.

III

Miss Mary K. Brown is one of the most charming and versatile women in sport. She is the only one who ever achieved national distinction in both tennis and golf. Miss Brown runs a millinery store in Cleveland, and writes for the United Press. She found it a bit difficult to earn a living and still compete as regularly as she was expected to. So, when C. C. Pyle offered her a very large sum of money to turn tennis professional, along with Suzanne Lenglen, Vincent Richards and Howard Kinsey, she capitulated. Undoubtedly she is now a tennis professional, but can anyone explain how that makes her a professional at golf? Her amateur standing on the links is unblemished, yet the U. S. G. A. will not permit her to compete in its sanctified tournaments. Is this retaliation because Miss Mary tried to organize another women's golf association, or does the governing body really subscribe to the theory that she is a professional golfer because she makes money playing tennis?

If so, why is Gene Tunney—the most

professional of our professional athletes—an amateur golfer; or Arnold Statz, the National League ball player, or anyone of fifty others who might be mentioned?

Tennis—in theory—is more purely amateur than any other sport. There are few professionals, and they mainly wear the garb of instructors rather than that of competing athletes. The amateurs are the backbone of the game. Matches between amateurs fill the stadiums of the West Side Tennis Club and of Wimbledon.

The paying public has been educated to a playing technique which can be attained only by constant application. No public in the world deserts a loser more quickly. A national championship without such stars as Tilden, Hunter and others of their standard would be a complete loss from a financial standpoint. The United States Lawn Tennis Association can hardly deny its interest in the gate. Nor can the clubs that have erected costly clubs and stadia.

That being conceded, what, then, of the player? If he does not happen to be as wealthy as George Weightman, for instance, is he supposed to starve and wear patched pants for the love of the dear old U. S. L. T. A.?

Bill Tilden, as I recall it, was brought up by an aunt in moderate circumstances. He worked for the Philadelphia *Public Ledger* on space—and anyone who has written on space for a Philadelphia newspaper must realize how far removed from affluence he was—before his tennis was anything but mediocre. When he became nationally famous the *Ledger* Syndicate broadcast his articles over the country, and I understand that his proceeds varied between $15,000 and $25,000 annually. As a student in Germantown Academy he developed some small talent on the dramatic club. When he became famous as a tennis player a producer offered him a leading rôle. From these and other sources Tilden's annual income is nothing to be ashamed of.

The Lawn Tennis Association has always resented him. He never said Sir, and tipped his hat. He meant more to the game than the Association did. It harassed hir and the impertinently obstreperous Vin cent Richards. The arbitrary play-write rule was passed as a direct blow at Big Bill It was eventually used to force him ou altogether.

The *Sportsman*, that Boston beacon c amateur purity, raised a hosannah of jo at his suspension. It said:

> There have been constant attempts by individuals to gain by their connection with the game, . . . by selling athletic goods, endorsing racquets and balls. Then well-known players were solicited to write articles for newspaper syndicates. . . . No one objects to a great player writing constructively about the game, but reporting a tournament is merely selling your name at a high price to do a job any competent reporter can do.

I may be singularly dense, but just wha moral difference lies between selling news paper articles and magazine articles i totally beyond me. If a young man can ge $2000 for a job at which a newspaper re porter earns $100, I see no discredit eithe to his intelligence or to his amateu standing.

The *Sportsman*, in its spirit of piety, con tinues: "Who cares whether Suzanne Len glen or Vincent Richards wins or loses Who does not care whether Miss Hele Wills wins or loses?" There were, in fact more spectators at the matches in whic Mlle. Lenglen played Mary Brown, an Vincent Richards opposed Kozeluh, tha saw the final round for the National Single championship between Hunter and Cochet

At Olympia Fields the heart of the gal lery was with Johnny Farrell, the profes sional golfer, when he played Jones, th amateur. Suzanne would have quite a bi of sympathetic backing should she pla Miss Wills again. Even the *Sportsman* wa deeply concerned over Lenglen's victorie before she decided that the French Tenni Association had made quite enough at he expense, and that she might as well tur an honest penny for herself. It even use to care for Tilden.

I personally don't give three hoots fo Big Bill. His airs and mannerisms and con ceit annoy me immeasurably. But, he ha

een tennis in America these ten years. He s a real sportsman, a good winner and a ood loser. In spirit he is the perfect amaeur, and he writes his own stories—which s more than can be said of other equally amous amateur athletes.

The Weightmans and Vanderpools and raylors have deeply at heart the sanctity f amateurism. They would outlaw every ct that might be construed as a capitalizaion of athletic fame. It would mean the eduction to an absolute minimum of exense allowances and an elimination of riting. It is beautiful in theory, but imossible in practise. It would permit only ich men to become champions as had sufcient incomes to support them in idleness. would immediately eliminate Tilden, on Elm, Voigt, and Paddock. It would e the perfection of that financial and ocial snobbery that has become so integral part of American sport.

IV

The spectacle of an over-solemnized body f tennis officials in conclave, charging, ulminating, spreading personal calumny ke nothing on earth but a school of cuttlesh emitting sepia, is disturbing to honest ortsmanship and distressing to the sense f humor." It is Sam Merwin talking. He oes on:

> Mr. Tilden is accused of writing for the press. What of it? He writes interestingly and well. With pen and racquet he has done more for the game than any other player or group of players that ever lived. . . . Taking the sport as we find it, I doubt if there is one among them all, players and officials, who approaches Bill Tilden's fine and enthusiastic amateur spirit, or one who has so wholeheartedly, or at such cost to himself, given his best to the game.
>
> Tilden is fair game, of course—has been for years—because he has had the courage to speak out for the mere players. Now the player is supposed to keep quiet and do what he's told. Certainly those who do, in spite of a thousand old and persistent and almost ludicrously obvious little facts, never find their amateur status in question. Or, if those others are even admonished it is done most inconspicuously. I have not known an instance in recent years.
>
> As it stands, those of us who follow and love the game may not have the pleasure of seeing the beautiful Tilden strokes in tournaments this year because a group of over-excited committeemen have got into the mud and sunk beyond their depth.

There is too much moaning about amateurism. Tilden worked like a slave learning to play tennis because he loved the game. Golden rewards were not in sight for years. Why, then, should he be denied some measure of the financial freedom that has come as an incidental but inevitable part of his success? The United States Lawn Tennis Association banned him on a ridiculous technicality. Would it have been quite so eager had Bill the social and financial standing of some of the solons?

That perfect amateurism alone is not enough for the rulers is quite evident in the case of Joie Ray. Ray has been a great runner for years. Of late he turned to the marathon, and made a better showing than any other American in the Olympic games. He never earned a penny through his athletic reputation, for he stuck to driving a taxi-cab in Chicago, and in a job like that an athletic reputation is just so much hogwash. Joie Ray was the 100% pure amateur for sixteen years, but was he held up to praise by the Amateur Athletic Union as Bobby Jones—a graduate of Harvard and two other colleges, and the owner of an enormously wealthy grandfather—is by the United States Golf Association?

I hear smothered guffaws, though Bobby's yearly income from writing articles about golf is as much as Joie will make by driving his taxi for ten years.

SUPERMAN

BY LOUIS ADAMIC

The Regular Army regiment stationed at Empire, in the Canal Zone, to which we—a detachment of several hundred recruits recently enlisted in the States for the duration of the war emergency—were assigned, was on maneuvers near La Chorrera, a town in the interior of the so-called Republic of Panama. Upon our arrival at the town railroad station we were met by a few non-commissioned officers who had been left behind, and anon there appeared on the scene an officer mounted on the biggest and most beautiful horse I had ever seen. Presently he dismounted and, turning the animal over to an orderly, strode to where one of the sergeants was putting us in formation.

His name, as I learned later in the day, was Captain Waldo Dana Blakelock. He was well over six feet tall, weighed in the vicinity of two hundred and thirty pounds, and was built, in agreeable proportions, of solid bone and muscle: a veritable engine of energy and strength, apparently without an ounce of superfluous flesh, although, as I discovered subsequently, he was in his mid-fifties. Before the war, promotion in the Regular Army was a tardy process. If one lacked the professional or personal qualities that were supposed to make a successful officer and gentleman, or (as I think was Blakelock's case) happened to be, in some vital respect, an unduly superior individual, one was apt to remain a captain till almost ripe for the retired list.

Blakelock appeared at least fifteen years younger than he actually was: indeed, the single indication that he was past forty was the graying hair on his temples, which, however, was cut so short, according to Army Regulations, that one scarcely noticed it. Perhaps the first impression that he gave was that of virile maturity. He was erect, supple, almost dashing-looking. There was a scantily perceptible horseman's bow in his powerful legs, but he moved freely, like a man accustomed to stride over plains and hills, with a slight restrained swank very unlike the average West Pointer's precise parade-ground bearing and movement.

His face was in complete harmony with his solid physique: a large, hard face, well shaped, with a few deep character lines which could not be mistaken for wrinkles. The tropical sun had burned the otherwise smooth, almost taut, skin to a rich bronze tint which glinted vividly whenever he tilted his head and his face came into the sunlight from beneath the wide rims of his huge campaign-hat. Under his close-clipped moustache was a regular mouth with lips of moderate thickness; his nose was straight, neither long nor short, slightly blunted at the end; and just below his eyes, clinging to the rather prominent cheek-bones, stretched a band of even deeper brown which at times seemed rusty-red.

His eyebrows, darker than his moustache or the hair on top of his head (which I saw later, with his hat removed), pencilled a straight line under his wide and unwrinkled brow, which was much whiter than his sunburnt cheeks. His eyes were wide-apart, their whites as white as could be, but with a reddish glint in the grayness of the pupils which gave his gaze a cool scrutinizing ardor. Now and then, as he talked, the gray pupils seemed to dilate

ill the whites of his eyes became scarcely isible, and the glint turned into a flame s of an algid, suppressed fire: a sardonic umor leaping discomfitingly with inudible laughter. From the flash of ivoryke teeth, his speech came with a strangely enetrating power in even the most faiiliar words. It had the deep, ear-filling ones that one logically expected to issue om that massive chest.

He was the most impressive animal I ave ever seen in human form—impressive the manner of a huge stallion, a powerful otor car, or a trim battle cruiser: and even efore he spoke to me I could not help feel at within his huge frame functioned cogitive powers to match it.

After we had been lined up, he made a ort inspection of the detachment, pausg here and there to speak to the recruits. s he neared me, I remember that I felt istinctly uneasy. I was a young gawk in y late teens, a foreigner rather self-conious of my imperfect English; besides, at e recruiting dépôt in the States we had een impressed with the idea that, so far s we were concerned at least, an officer of e United States Army was a cross beveen Beelzebub and Jesus Christ.

Blakelock stopped before the second an on my right. "What was your idea in listing at this time?" he asked, and the r vibrated with the energy of his voice. Tell me," he urged as the poor recruit ought to regain his speech.

"I—I want to make—to help to make e world safe for democracy, sir," the outh answered at last, idiotically.

"Ah so!" exclaimed Blakelock, and the azing pupils of his eyes seemed to expand s if with wonder. "And you?" he turned ruptly to the next man.

"Same reason, sir," quavered the reuit,—"to make—to—"

"—make the world safe for democracy," e finished it for him.

"Yes, sir."

"You too?" he asked me. I could almost ear something click, or perhaps I should y crackle, in his eyes as he looked at me.

"Yes, sir." I began to have a suspicion that the man was mocking me, all of us.

He turned to the recruit on my left—a fat little Jewish youth in a crummy, ill-fitting uniform, with tiny beads of perspiration standing out in great density all over his face. "My, what a splendid lad you are!" he exclaimed, and then he stared with mock benevolence for an endless moment, while the victim, the sweat beginning to stream down his flushed face, shifted the weight of his body from one foot to another. "How old are you?"

"Twen—twenty-three, sir."

"You're a splendid lad!" Blakelock repeated with great conviction, the devil turning gay somersaults in the cool blaze of his eyes. Then he stooped and with his huge, sunbaked hands felt the recruit's legs, posterior parts, and back and arms, ignoring, however, the slightly protruding stomach. "The Army is proud to have a promising young man like you!"

The non-coms behind his back were bursting with suppressed mirth.

II

At the mess-table that evening I overheard a conversation between a line sergeant and a newcomer who was a re-enlisted man and as such entitled to speak with an old-timer of the Regular Army. The sergeant, it seemed, had known Blakelock for years.

"A queer bird," he declared. "You saw the way he acted this afternoon. He's always like that when there's nobody that ranks him around to watch him. Sometimes he doesn't care if there is. That's his idea of having a good time, I guess—kiddin' the troopers, like the fun he had with that low comedy kike recruit. 'My, what a splendid lad you are!'—and then feelin' him up and down like he was a horse or a cow he was goin' to buy—tryin' to make the poor bastard think he looks like Benny Leonard! He's as liable as not to stop the dumbest-lookin' yap, congratulate him on his intelligent looks, and then ask him how much the moon weighs,

or some crazy thing like that. And if you say that you don't know, he'll tell you how to figure it out and require you to report to him in two hours and forty-two minutes with the answer. It's best just to make a guess; he takes your answer as correct anyhow.

"The old-timers 'round here are wise to him, but I bet he'll have lots of fun with these recruits. He's nuts. Been up before boards of medical officers examinin' his sanity I don't know how many times here and, before, in the Islands; but on the other hand, the man's too smart for the best of them to prove him crazy. They say that he's one of the smartest men in the Army. I heard it said by officers that he was too goddam bright for his own good. He's been in this regiment now for two years, and we never had a commandin' officer that would give him permanent command of a company. They keep him on special duty most of the time—post-exchange officer, provost marshal, or send him on some mappin' detail in the jungles. Now the old man left him behind to drill these recruits—and he the rankin' goddam captain in the outfit!"

After supper I took a walk through the garrison. Suddenly I saw a Brobdingnagian figure in white coming toward me out of the dusk. Seeing that it was Blakelock, in his tropical dress uniform, I thought of evading him, but it was too late. He returned my salute with a tremendous snap, stopped before me, and began to contemplate me with intense interest from head to foot. The white uniform and the gold insignia gave his dark face, with those incisive eyes peering at me through the half-darkness, a suggestion of weirdness, which sent a creepy feeling up my back.

"Ah so! a Slav," he said with great energy when, in answer to his question, I told him my name and nationality; and then, vastly to my surprise, he began to talk with me in a mixture of Russian, Czech and Serbian, which I had little difficulty understanding. He achieved heights of eloquence in praising my appearance. Was I by any chance descended from Kralyevich Marko (a Serbian legendary hero)? Well, even so, I was a fine, heroic lad, and America, the Land of the Free and the Brave, was proud to count me among her Soldiers of Democracy. His knowledge of Serbia amazed me; I did not know then, as I found out later, that he had been a military observer in the last Balkan war.

Then he felt my limbs and chest, and urged me, in the manner of a Bernarr Macfadden, to take care of myself, for a healthy body was a soldier's supreme asset. Did I play ball? Tennis? Did I run well? Ride horseback? Swim? What, I did not know how to swim! "I shall teach you!" And then and there he made me fetch a grocery-box that he espied nearby, assume a prone position on it, and go through the motions of swimming. "That is all there is to it!"

Changing the subject, he told me to uncover myself; then he took my chin in his fingers and, tilting my head this way and that way, looked at me with the air of a connoisseur contemplating an object of great interest and value. "You're a fine young man!" he went on in Slavic, his eyes snapping with a mocking sort of approbation, which made me extremely uncomfortable. "You see that brick building across the street?" indicating the post-office.

"Yes, sir."

"How many bricks are there in it, tell me."

I was confused, stumped; then I recalled the old soldier's remarks at the supper-table, a while before. I looked at the house a few moments, and answered: "Two thousand four hundred and twenty bricks, sir," or some such number: and tried to look amused.

Blakelock's eyes clicked; whereupon he looked at me for a long moment, while my mouth and throat became suddenly dry, and I longed for the ground to open at my feet and swallow me.

"That's right!" he said, and, assuring me again that I was a considerable asset to the armed forces of the United States, he left me standing in the dark.

III

During the next three weeks he put us, with the assistance of a few sergeants, through a strenuous programme of recruit drills, field games, swimming lessons, and hikes: constantly kidding or mocking one man or another, or all of us together; flattering us extravagantly, admiring our beautiful frames and intelligent faces, never reprimanding anyone, asking fantastic questions, venting his tremendous energy in many unique ways, and incidentally shaping the shabby lot of rookies—ex-farmboys, hoboes, petty criminals, factory hands, clerks and drifters, native and foreign-born—into fairly presentable soldiers.

Somehow I was unable to classify him as a mere nut; indeed, the more I saw of him, the more astonishing he grew in my young eyes. To all seeming there was nothing he did not know or was unable to do. I began to suspect that he was a genuinely superior person—woefully out of place in the Army, of course—to whom this collection of young soldiers was little more than a source of temporary amusement. With all his eccentricities, he never really jeopardized his dignity; indeed he steadily maintained what, to me at least, was a fascinating aloofness.

At times he positively awed me. One night he came by our barracks where a number of us sat on the steps, and after wishing us good-evening and bidding us remain seated, began to examine us in astronomy. The sky was close to the earth and thickly strewn with stars as it is only in Central America; and as none of the boys knew much about it, he asked those of us who wished to do so to come with him upon a hill nearby, where the view of everything visible above was unobstructed, and then kept us there for over an hour, pointing out the various constellations and single planets, telling us their size, weight and composition, and explaining how it was possible for scientists to determine these things. It was apparent that to him they were not mere facts; at the end of his lecture he recited a long poem, which I recognized years later when I read George Sterling's "Testimony of the Suns."

He not only spoke Slavic with me, but Swedish with Swedes, Italian with Italians and Yiddish with Jews. One evening I even heard him discourse in Chinese with the Chink waiter at the post-canteen.

He swam superbly and cut an impressive figure on horseback. The magnificent mount he usually rode was his own property. In a huge holster depending from his belt and tied around his thigh with a leather band he carried a weapon which was no mere side-arm, but a miniature machine-gun of his own invention and design, of which he owned the only copy, and with which he was able to hit without fail a baseball tossed in air.

When he walked the ground shook within a radius of fifty feet. His appetite was Gargantuan. One evening I saw him bolt down two regulation-size vegetable dishes full of *chile con carne* and beans, with a platter of boiled rice and a bowl of yams, which he considered capital food, and wash the whole mess down with seven cups of coffee by exact count.

One was told that ten years before, at the age of forty-five, when the sporting world of America was looking for a white hope to defeat Jack Johnson, Blakelock offered to meet the mighty coon, but that the War Department objected on the ground that to do that would be unbecoming an officer and a gentleman: he would have had to resign his commission, which, for reasons that I learned later, he was unwilling to do.

Stories and rumors about him were afloat from one end of the Canal to the other. He was unmarried, and extravagant tales of his amours, past and current, while for the most part, no doubt, untrue, were eagerly heard and repeated all over the Zone, in Panama City and Colon. One story concerned a magnificent yellow wench from New Orleans, formerly a maid servant in a colonel's family, whom Blake-

lock was credited with keeping in a mysterious cabin in the jungles beyond the Zone line. He was, it seemed, a tremendous lover, and his appurtenances were those of the blue bull blocking the road to the Wood of Elfhame, in one of Mr. Cabell's tales.

He was one of the four or five highest ranking captains in the Army, and he would have been a major years before had it not been for the fact that, at various times in his career, both at home and abroad, he had indulged in stunts which in the eyes of his superiors and subordinates alike had marked him off as an unmilitary and ungentlemanly, if not a downright crazy, individual—all of which, in the course of time, had a blighting effect upon his efficiency record and promotion. Moreover, he disdained officers' hops and bridge evenings, which in peace-time were integral parts of the life of every normal officer and his wife. He had been court-martialed three times, investigated and examined by all kinds of boards, and on several occasions demoted on the list by a number of files.

Then, too, he was given to frequent criticism of time-honored military tactics and customs. He had known and corresponded with the late Ambrose Bierce, and some of the latter's most acidulous remarks about the United States Army had been traced to Blakelock. A great part of the Army drill regulations he considered obsolete since the Spanish-American War. He had very definite opinions about West Point and the War College.

He had little respect for the code which permitted officers to use soldiers as servants for paltry remuneration or even without pay. He waxed satirical over the snobbishness of most West Pointers and their women, which before the war often manifested itself in many absurd ways; and when an enlisted man happened to win a commission—a rare occurrence prior to 1917—he usually took him under his wing, chiefly to annoy the prigs, male and female, in the Officers' Line. But if the new shavetail knew what was best for him, he soon began to dodge him and try to bow himself in among the ladies and gentlemen, attend the hops regularly, play bridge, get his name in the social columns of the *Army and Navy Journal*, and finally marry the cross-eyed daughter of the ranking major of the regiment.

In the *Army List* I saw that Blakelock was a native of Virginia and a graduate of West Point and the War College. From other sources I learned that soon after the Spanish-American War, in which he had participated inconspicuously, he had spent four years on a language detail in China; then, while still a lieutenant, he had served, between tours of line duty in the States and the tropics, as military attaché to the American embassies at St. Petersburg, Berlin, Rome and Constantinople; and more recently, when a captain, as a war observer in the Balkans, as I have mentioned.

It was widely believed that he was wealthy, and that during Republican administrations he had had a powerful friend in Washington, now dead—which accounted for the fact that, from time to time, he had been sent to desirable positions in foreign capitals and elsewhere, notwithstanding his eccentricities and the resultant unfavorable marks in his service record.

IV

One afternoon the acting top sergeant of the provisional recruit company directed me to report to Captain Blakelock at his quarters. Speculating with much perturbation on what might befall me, I approached his dwelling at the end of the Officers' Line—a huge frame-house intended to accommodate four bachelors: but it was no secret that Blakelock preferred to be by himself, which, on the other hand, coincided beautifully with the disinclination of most of his brother-officers to live with him under the same roof.

The building reverberated with the stac-

cato noise of a punching-bag, which ceased as I rang the doorbell. In a few moments Blakelock appeared to ask me would I care to be his striker for a week or ten days: his Chinaman had been taken ill and it probably would be that long before he recovered. He added that while working for him I would be excused from certain company duties and that he would pay me three times the customary fee provided by Paragraph 17, Sub-Paragraph E, of the Post Regulations. Motivated more by the desire to know the man better than to earn the extra six bits a day, I replied in the affirmative and became his dog-robber.

It was a typical officer's quarters except for the little gymnasium improvised in one of the rooms and the library. One day I was there while Blakelock was out and, having some time before developed an interest in books, I could not resist the impulse to examine the unlocked bookcases. One contained volumes on military matters in English, French, and German; in the others were publications in perhaps a dozen different languages, Western and Oriental, upon a great variety of subjects, with biographical studies of such characters as Bismarck, Napoleon, Justinian, Frederick the Great, George Washington, Garibaldi, Ivan the Terrible, and Peter the Great predominating. There were books and pamphlets by Shaw, Emerson, Nietzsche, and a few contemporary American writers. Perhaps half of the titles were in languages of which I was ignorant.

On a wall hung an immense and very detailed war map of Europe, with pins in several colors and tiny flags of the warring nations strung across the two fronts.

He often spoke to me, but always in that half mocking way, giving me all sorts of crazy problems and riddles to solve, warning me against the evil women of the notorious Coco Grove in Panama City, and reiterating his infinite confidence in my abilities as a soldier. Only once he ventured an apparently serious remark: he hoped the regiment would soon be ordered to Europe.

One morning I found about one-third of the books removed from the bookcases and piled up on the back-porch. My wonderment turned into astonishment when Blakelock directed me to carry the volumes to the incinerator and burn them. I did as I was told, unable to work up enough courage to ask him what it was all about. He seemed unusually abrupt and curt. In the evening he took me with him to a junk shop in Panama City, where he bought a large sackful of old Western, Pollyanna and detective novels, cook books, Bible commentaries, sermon anthologies, and a set of Elbert Hubbard's works for a few dollars, and asked me to lug the trash to his quarters and put it on the empty shelves in the bookcases. The whole thing struck me as very peculiar, but months later it was revealed to me an example of his sardonic humor. I was told by a man who was in his confidence—of whom more anon—that the day before I burned the books he had received a visit from a Department intelligence officer who, after putting him through a long cross-examination about his ideas of Nietzsche and the other Hun monsters, had ordered him, in the name of the commanding general, to get rid of certain volumes in his library without delay.

When our outfit returned from the maneuvers, we recruits joined our respective companies, and soon thereafter—it having, perhaps, occurred belatedly to someone at Department Headquarters that Hunnish spies might take a notion to put the ditch out of commission, which would not have been difficult—the regiment was ordered to scatter along the Canal and guard the locks and other important points.

Our company was sent to Darien, a wireless station midway between Colon and Panama City; but we weren't there a week when the regular company commander was unexpectedly ordered to special duty in Balboa and, probably because there was no other junior officer available, we were put in temporary charge of Captain Blakelock.

Soon after he took over the company, I noticed that he and our first-sergeant, Maurice Goldman, were together a good deal when their duties did not require them to be. Without hearing their conversation one could see that there existed between them a greater intimacy than was customary between officers and enlisted men of the Regular Army; but the older men in the outfit appeared to take this relationship for granted, and I was told that they had been friends for ten years or more; indeed, that Goldman usually managed to transfer to whatever station Blakelock was sent to.

Goldman was a rare phenomenon among professional soldiers: a Russian Jew, forty-five years of age, more than half of which he had spent in the Army; as fine a soldier as the old Regular Army had produced; in build almost as tall as Blakelock but of a looser frame. He had been heavyweight champion of the enlisted personnel in the Army, and it was as a boxer that Blakelock had first taken a fancy to him. As I have already said, Blakelock was a great fighter, and for years Goldman had been his sparring-partner.

Later I was thrown a good deal with Goldman—how and why, it would be irrelevant to tell here—and came to know him rather well. He took a liking to me and several times we sat up all night in his quarters or in some café in Panama City while he yarned interminately about his experiences in China, the Philippines, and various parts of the States. I became aware of an inordinately acute mentality. He had read books of which I had no idea unless it was that I had seen the titles in Blakelock's library. When slightly in his cups, which was not unusual for him, he was apt to recite Villon's "Testament" in an unexpurgated translation, Shakespeare's sonnets, or "Paradise Lost." He seldom mentioned Blakelock and their friendship, but it was evident to me that the two men had a lot in common.

One night—an ineffably beautiful moonnight—I was sentry on what was called the long post, which took me from one end of the reservation to the other. On my watch from eight to ten I saw and heard Blakelock and Goldman sitting and talking on a bench within the tennis-court near which I passed every fifteen minutes. They talked for nearly two hours: what about, I had no notion. Ten minutes before my relief came, I saw them rise and leave.

They parted. Goldman went to the camp, Blakelock came toward me. I presented arms, he returned the salute and—instead of asking me what I would do in such and such an emergency, as was his wont—said: "Gorgeous night, isn't it, sentry?"

I agreed with him; and after he had gone it occurred to me that his voice sounded strangely soft, with a vibrating intonation that seemed to go through me, yet was not unpleasant.

I was on post again from two to four in the morning, and saw a man on the same bench in the tennis-court. The moon had set and I could not see clearly; but I heard an unusual sound, and stopped to listen. The man on the bench was crying, sobbing. Then, abruptly, the sobs ceased, and I resumed walking. I knew it was Blakelock.

I speculated on what could be the matter with him. Had the beauty of the night affected him? Or was there a deep personal sorrow possible in such a man? Maybe it was an attack of some sort of *Weltschmerz*. I've never found out definitely. The man grew ever more baffling. When I came by the tennis-court again he was gone.

After breakfast the next morning I hung around the kitchen-tent purposely to see Blakelock come for his breakfast. But when he came he looked as usual. He ate his customary half-dozen fried eggs and platter of potatoes, drank four cups of coffee, and chided the mess-sergeant about the swarms of flies on the tables. The sergeant insisted that he was doing everything he knew, to subdue them. "Ah, get a lasso, sergeant," said Blakelock, his eyes snapping with all his customary vivacity. "Get a lasso and lasso them!"

Seeing me, he motioned to me.

"What relief were you on last night?" he asked. "From two to four, sir."

He looked at me a long time, trying to penetrate my mind; then he dismissed me.

V

By mid-Summer the United States appeared to have decided to raise a great army and many Regular officers were suddenly elevated in rank by two, and even three grades. In our regiment the colonel, a nervous, crabby old sister, was made a general and, along with most of the other promoted men, ordered to the States on the first transport.

Blakelock, now a lieutenant-colonel, remained and, as the senior officer left in the post, assumed command of the regiment, while the battalions and companies were, for the most part, put under newly commissioned former Regular Army non-coms. Sergeant Goldman was given a captaincy with orders to return to the States at once, but managed—I don't know how—to get the orders revoked and himself assigned to his old regiment, whereupon Blakelock immediately appointed him adjutant. A little later Goldman had me transferred to a semi-clerical position in the headquarters and I saw him and Blakelock almost daily.

Every now and then rumors started that the outfit would soon leave for the States or even that it would sail straight to France. Blakelock had everybody on tiptoe from morning till night, and he himself worked hardest. He spent an hour a day in the office, at the most; the rest in the hot sun or torrential rains, on the drill-field, or in the jungles. His energy was greater than ever. We were all made to feel not only that it was wartime, but that he was our commanding officer. Although the Regular soldier is a proverbially lazy and unambitious animal, the entire regiment, somehow, became infected with Blakelock's spirit, and there was comparatively little growling in the barracks or in the officers' mess. No matter how hard he drove us, there was nothing dull about our existence: into everything we were required to do he injected a suggestion of the circus.

Because he was our colonel, we became known as the Dizzy Outfit. The Department Headquarters, whose swivel-chair Napoleons felt, perhaps, that Blakelock possibly was a superior sort of individual but preferred to consider him daft, detailed his regiment to the hardest and most disagreeable tasks, or at least it seemed so. Someone would take a notion to have a strategic trail cut fifteen miles into the thickest jungle, and Blakelock was told to have his regiment do it; or the road to La Chorrera had to be repaired, and the Dizzies were ordered out with picks and shovels for two weeks. But even so, within six months Blakelock had one of the best-drilled, hardest-hiking, best-shooting, neatest and healthiest outfits in the Army, although perhaps few outside of the regiment would have admitted it. No doubt he knew his stuff; but at the same time many of us felt that if the regiment remained in Panama, cutting trails, doing guard duty and fighting mosquitoes, instead of being sent to Europe, it would be chiefly because of Blakelock, or rather because of his record.

In garrison, he would hold full-field inspections every Saturday as though he expected to take us to the front the next day. Thrice a week, at retreat-time, he would have formal parade-reviews, at which he required everybody to look his best, no matter how hard we had worked during the day: he himself looked neater than anyone else. Adjutant Goldman would line up the battalions facing the setting sun, with bayonets fixed on the rifles; then Blakelock, wearing his largest campaign hat, would dash up on his great horse, rein up suddenly at the prescribed distance in front of the center of the line so that the animal rose on its hinds and reared a bit, and then for several minutes, while we stood at rigid attention, blinking at the blood-red sunset, he would feast

his eyes upon his command—his living toy, the tool with which he meant, perchance, to excel himself.

After the review or inspection, sometimes he would have the companies gather close around him, and he would speak to us from the splendid height of his horse, in that superior - democratic, half - serious, half-mocking way—praising us in glowing terms, hinting at the time—"in the not too distant future"—when we would be afforded an opportunity to make our scratch on the pages of history.

But the rumors failed to materialize; instead, with the coming of another dry season the regiment was sent again on maneuvers in the interior of the Republic. We at headquarters knew how impatient Blakelock was at not being ordered at once to take the regiment to Europe, or at least to the States; but on the march to La Chorrera he appeared, none the less, at the top of his glory. He went afoot all the way while an orderly led his horse.

Before entering the town, he mounted and, with Goldman and the rest of the staff, rode ahead to the house of the *alcalde*, waving his hat, greeting the ragged, barefooted natives profusely in their own dialect as our noble allies—for soon after the United States, Panama too had declared war on the Central Powers.

Behind him came the regiment, the band playing a lively ragtime piece, while the men were urged by the company officers, in compliance with Blakelock's instructions, to wave their hats and shout greetings. The poor Spiggs, of course, were overwhelmed by this sudden cordiality of the *soldatos Americanos*, who hitherto had treated them, at best, with overbearing tolerance. I heard that Blakelock hinted to the *alcalde* that he had some Spanish blood in his veins—which possibly was true—and therefore felt a deep love for the people of the great Republica de Panama.

The regiment encamped two miles beyond La Chorrera. In the evening we were free to visit the town, and during those five weeks many a future citizen of the Panaman republic was given, literally, a start in life by Blakelock's men. Twice a week our band gave concerts on the *plaza* and Spiggs came from the jungle settlements for miles around to hear them.

The place was ours. But then an incident occurred that for a few days marred this happy relationship between the allies, and is worth relating principally for the manner in which Blakelock dealt with it.

One night a group of us soldiers happened to be sitting in a *cantina* kidding the Chorrera chief of police, who had invited himself to help us guzzle our white mule and beer. He wore his gaudy official uniform with epaulets, brass buttons and many medals, presenting the general appearance of a character out of comic opera. His English was too scant for him to understand our jibes, or else he pretended to overlook them for the sake of the drinks. At any rate, we had a noble time.

He took a special fancy to a young private from our company who, having imbibed too freely, began to boast of his various accomplishments and finally produced an Army pistol and commenced to explain to the chief how it worked. Suddenly the weapon went off and an hour later the Chorrera guardian of the law died with a terrible hole in his belly.

The young soldier, of course, was immediately arrested by an M.P. Blakelock restricted the regiment to camp for five days, caused a collection to be made in each company, and on the day after the funeral marched the whole command, the band playing, on to the *plaza* in La Chorrera and, amidst trumpet blares, presented the weeping widow two bags of gold and silver so heavy that she was unable to carry them. He then expressed the deepest sorrow of the whole United States at the unfortunate occurrence, assured the *alcalde* and the townspeople that the man who was responsible for the valorous chief's premature passing would be punished, and promised that, so far as it was in his power to prevent it, nothing of the sort would ever happen again.

On the sixth day the town was again open to us. There was no bad feeling. The new chief of police (the force, incidentally, consisted only of himself) wore the same uniform, now with a little patch over the stomach and the bloodstains not yet entirely removed; while not a few women, their imagination stirred by the widow's exquisite luck, hoped openly, and with a charming naïveté, that we might shoot their husbands, too.

VI

Finally the regiment received orders to proceed to a cantonment in Georgia; but we no sooner arrived there than Blakelock was relieved of its command and directed to take charge of a Negro labor battalion scheduled to go overseas at once.

Goldman, who stayed in the regiment a while longer, told me afterwards that, although Blakelock had half expected that they might take it away from him, the order sending him to a Negro labor outfit was for him a dose a bit too hard to take. He went hurriedly to Washington in an attempt to retain the regiment, but was told that unless he reported to his new command immediately he would be court-martialed for disobedience of orders.

I never saw Blakelock again. Two weeks after the Armistice I happened to see a casualty list. At the top of it was the name of Lieut.-Col. Waldo Dana Blakelock—"*killed in accident*."

Of Goldman, too, I lost track in the shuffle; then, unexpectedly, early next Summer I chanced upon him at Camp Zachary Taylor, Ky. We had a long talk about Blakelock.

"There's no doubt in my mind," he said, "that Blakelock was one of the biggest men, physically and otherwise, this Army ever had, and that he did not rise to a high command in this war is—while one, no doubt, can blame it upon fate—one of the bitterest commentaries on the way the Army is run. I think I knew Blakelock better than anyone else knew him. We were friends, and I believe that after the disappearance of Ambrose Bierce I was the only man in his confidence. He was *big*. His whole life was a vast gesture. So was his death: I'll tell you about it in a minute.

"Of course, in the army of a country like the United States he was S.O.L. I think it's significant that the 'outstanding heroes' on the American side are a major who blundered with his command into a trap and later escaped by a fluke, and an illiterate Tennessee mountaineer who stumbled on a mob of war-sick Germans eager to have it over and marched them in as prisoners. It is probable, of course, that Blakelock would not have been much happier in any other army in this war, except maybe the German.

"He should never have been an American officer. I don't know how much you know about him, but that he went to West Point was mainly due to family tradition; and that he stayed in after he discovered that Army life did not satisfy him was because he soon commenced getting a perverse sort of pleasure out of annoying his mediocre superiors with idiosyncrasies which he developed out of the abundance of his energy and the fullness of his unused talents; and because he felt that some day there might be a great war in which, somehow, he might get his big chance. That is why he did not resign to fight Jack Johnson. Then, too, he knew that outside conditions were equally unfavorable to a man of his make-up, unless he took to big business, for which he had little stomach. He was caught in a net of mediocrity.

"His great physical and mental energy would have expressed itself completely only in war or in ruling a great Empire. He liked pomp, power, efficiency. Remember how he got along with those Spiggs in Chorrera that time? He should have lived two hundred years earlier and been a King. The best thing that America could have done for him before the War was to make him Governor-General of the Philippines. In America, of course, such a man

was just plain out of luck: he became a nut."

I mentioned to Goldman the time at Darien, C. Z., when I heard Blakelock sob in the tennis-court four hours after he had talked with him. Goldman was unable to say what might have made him weep, but was not surprised: Blakelock was capable of almost any kind of mood, though the world at large knew but one.

"I remember," he said, "that his conversation with me that night was rather wistful. He philosophized on the meaning of life, the beauty of things, and so on. Downright poetic. I believe that possibly he might have developed into a great artist, although no doubt military genius predominated in him.

"His eccentricities were unfortunate, but of course not unnatural. Soldiering in peacetime was not enough for his powers. Then, too, he served long terms in the tropics, and the sun, perhaps, affected him. I know that it affected me: else how would you explain the fact that I have stayed in this goddam Army for twenty-six years?

"But to go back to Blakelock: when the War began in Europe, he thought his chance might be nigh. He admired the Germans exceedingly. I cautioned him on several occasions to keep his opinions to himself, which he did. As you know, he had been an attaché in Berlin. He was only incidentally interested in the issues involved in the War; what interested him deeply was war apart from anything else: war was his business, and next to fighting on the German side, he would have liked to fight as commander of a large body against them.

"He followed the operations on all fronts from the first shot fired. He seemed to know intimately every square meter of Europe. He thought that eventually the United States would get into it, and that then, probably, he would get his opportunity.

"Well, America got in and he attained to the command of a regiment. You know what a crackerjack of an outfit he made of it; and I know that he could have expanded it into a great division. But, instead—with that unfortunate peace-time record on file against him in the War Department, and he being personally known as a freak to many officers on duty in Washington—he was sent to France with a goddam colored labor battalion. They might just as well have put him as a straw-boss over a Mexican section gang.

"I wanted to join him, for he interested me more than the War: I was his friend—but there was no chance. All other officers in that battalion were Negroes. I went over with the Infantry.

"About a month before the end, I ran into him in Brest, where he had his two hundred shines unloading ships. He was still only a lieutenant-colonel, but hardly more than a shadow of the man we knew in Panama. His hair was all gray, his face flabby, and there was a hollow look in his eyes, a fatalistic note in his attitude toward things.

"I had but a few minutes in which to talk with him. I was on the way to the front, and my train was pulling out. I hardly knew how to get away from him with any sort of grace. Then it occurred to me to ask him to come to our sector some day soon and look me up; I gave him the name of my outfit and the description of the place on the map. He said he might do that; indeed, he seemed to brighten up.

"He came on the fourth of November. He appeared energetic and vitally interested in everything I said, but I thought that he was bluffing. He was sick—his spirit was down. There were rumors that the whole thing might soon be over, but he pretended not to hear me when I mentioned it.

"Taking him around, we came to an open spot where shells were dropping pretty thick, and I asked him to step into a dugout nearby for a while. In the dugout were a few American soldiers; and just as I entered I saw one of the men—a young kid, rather—handling a large hand grenade. I reprimanded him for it; he became confused, and in the excitement, trying to

put it back in the safety-container where it belonged, he pulled out the little safety-pin. Knowing that the thing would explode in a few seconds, the man dropped the grenade instantly. There was a shout: my instinct and training drove me to seek a possible cover, but before I could even turn around I was knocked down by a terrific explosion.

"The first thing that I thought of, lying in that smoke-filled hole, and with that awful din still in my ears, was how funny it was that it hadn't killed us all. Instead, there was a man—apparently alive—on top of me, and I heard voices and groans all over the place.

"Those of us who weren't hurt or stunned ran out and saw that, although without a cut, we were spattered with blood all over.

"I thought of Blakelock and was about to return into the dugout to look for him when one of the men began telling me that as the grenade had struck the ground, the officer who was with me—Blakelock—had thrown over it his steel helmet, and then hurled himself as quickly as he could on top of that. The whole thing happened perhaps in less than five seconds.

"We were smeared with his blood. He was the only one killed—blown to pieces, scattered all over the dugout."

THE ARTS AND SCIENCES

Psychology

THE DECLINE OF PSYCHOLOGY IN AMERICA

By Grace Adams

The first official laboratory of experimental psychology was established by Wilhelm Wundt at Leipzig in 1879. But five years before that date, William James, then lecturer in anatomy and physiology at Harvard, had equipped a private laboratory of his own. In it he worked out the first analytical problems of the new and independent science of psychology. By 1890, after he had become a professor and a year before the Harvard laboratory was officially opened, James completed and published the two volumes of his "Principles of Psychology." This was then the most thorough and lucid exposition of the aims and attainments of the new science in the English language.

One of Wundt's first pupils, and one of his most interesting, was another graduate of Harvard, G. Stanley Hall. In 1883, after he returned to America and became professor of psychology and pedagogics at Johns Hopkins, Hall opened the first official laboratory of analytical psychology in this country. But Hall's influence on the experimental method did not end in Baltimore. Five years later he was offered the first presidency of Clark. The conditions of this offer were such that he was able to make Clark virtually a school of psychology. So the third laboratory of psychology in America came into existence in less than ten years after the one in Leipzig was opened, and a long time before there was another in Germany. To meet the need of publishing the experimental findings of these American workshops, Hall had, while he was still in Baltimore, founded the *American Journal of Psychology*, and for many years he financed it from his own income. It was patterned after the *Zeitschrift zur Psychologie* of Germany and for many years, in the thoroughness of the researches it reported, was the only rival of that journal.

The impetus of these three laboratories was soon felt in the rest of the American universities. New workshops were equipped more rapidly than competent Americans could be trained to man them. In 1892 Harvard secured the services of one of the most brilliant younger men of Germany, Hugo Münsterberg, to supplement the growing work of James. The same year Cornell, on the advice of Hall, invited Edward Bradford Titchener, a young Englishman who had just received his doctorate at Leipzig, to take charge of its new department of experimental psychology.

Hall's cordiality toward Titchener and his Wundtian ideals of strict experimentation was marked. He immediately asked him to become associate editor of the *Journal*, which later he was destined to turn over to him completely. But from James there was absolute silence. This rudeness was inexplicable until it was recalled that during Titchener's student days at Oxford he had reviewed unfavorably and humorously a treatise on spiritualism which James had written seriously. Only once, during the eighteen years when they were teaching in rival universities and attending the same professional conferences, did James speak to Titchener. That was to say, "Titchener, you look just as German as I expected you would." This inapt remark, while it may seem trivial, formed a just criticism of both men and indicated a cleavage in psychology of which we are today seeing the complete result.

Titchener was, in a sense, too German; he never became a part of America. No psychologist who has ever lived here has had such an enviable international reputation—and few who have written so much as a textbook have had so little influence on the thought of the country. Titchener's works have been translated into more foreign languages than those of any other psychologist. His textbook is the only official psychological text of France—the only one the French have ever had. It was on his recommendation and according to his requirements that an independent school of experimental psychology was built in Moscow. Yet the American Psychological Association did not honor him with its high offices. In the attitude of most of the members of this society toward him there was something of fear or hatred—or both. The reason for this feeling is to be found in James' remark. Although Titchener died a British subject who had lived more than half his life in America, as a psychologist he was neither English nor American. He was an unqualified German. He had neither interest in nor sympathy with the new trends of American psychology. Under his editorship, the book reviews of the *Journal* were almost without exception concerned with German publications. His greatest contributions to psychology were the clarification and strict analysis of the ideas of his master, Wundt, and the exact researches which, with true Teutonic thoroughness, he forced from his students.

But James' remark was a criticism of himself as well. It indicated a weakness, if we are to consider him as a man of science, which had been latent during his early psychological enthusiasm, but which became immediately obvious upon the publication of his "Principles." After that widely heralded work he contributed nothing new to psychology. His only subsequent labor in the field was in simplifying the "Principles" into a "Briefer Course" and a "Psychology for Teachers." It must have been with something like relief that he finally abandoned psychology entirely and turned his attention to the problems of philosophy, religion and other less exact but more congenial subjects.

In the latter part of the Nineteenth Century the adjective German, used in connection with a science, signified a thorough skepticism coupled with exact experimentation. James' energetic interest in making psychology a science had fostered the belief that he was in sympathy with this attitude and method. But his remark to Titchener indicated, what his subsequent absorption in philosophy and religion proved, that such a point of view was foreign, if not actually repellent, to him. His native sympathy lay in subjects which could never be treated objectively.

By the turn of the century a similar change in Hall's attitude was apparent. In 1904 he founded the *Journal of Religious Psychology and Education.* Although he did not turn the editorship of the *Journal of Psychology* over to Titchener officially until three years before his death, the interest which he had originally taken in his first publishing venture was immediately transferred to his second. During the last twenty years of his life, the period in which he did the greatest part of his writing, Hall's few contributions to the quarterly he had established in the interest of experimentation were articles on genetic psychology and philosophy, and book reviews and notes endorsing the theories of Dr. Sigmund Freud.

Münsterberg did not desert psychology, but after he came to America he spent less and less time in the laboratory. Toward the end of his life all the time that was left from his pedagogical duties was taken up with making psychology interesting and useful to the masses.

The influence of these psychological pioneers did not end, however, with their lost interest in their laboratories or even with their deaths. James, by his charm, Hall, by his cosmopolitan interests, and Titchener, by his scientific integrity, had drawn many pupils to their respective universities. These pupils eventually became

the leaders of the departments of psychology which continued to arise throughout the country. It is impossible to deal with all of them in detail, but in the case of James' professional progeny we can trace an illuminating descent to the third generation.

In 1894 one of James' former pupils, James Roland Angell, became professor of psychology at the University of Chicago. He patterned his work there as nearly as he could along the Harvard lines. He established a well-equipped laboratory, but into his written work and his lectures crept something of James' vagueness and preoccupation with philosophic matters. After he had been at Chicago a few years the interest in comparative psychology became so widespread that he added an animal laboratory to his department. To this laboratory, from South Carolina, came John B. Watson, who, after he received his doctorate, became an instructor under Angell.

After several years of docilely teaching James' "Principles" to sophomores, Watson revolted. He declared that from the introspective generalities of those two volumes and his superior's lectures no exact science could ever come. He further maintained that the only hope of making human psychology truly scientific was to study the human mind as objectively as he was then investigating the animal mind. This was the birth of behaviorism. The robustness of Watson's assertions soon won him the professorship at the Johns Hopkins. He was acclaimed the savior of scientific psychology in America.

But within the past year, and before his fiftieth birthday, Watson has published what he states is the last book that he will ever write on behaviorism as a system of psychology. Many who were enthusiastic over his earlier researches think that he really wrote his last book as a scientific psychologist almost ten years ago. At any rate since 1924 he has been vice-president of a large advertising firm. It is to be assumed that he now finds business much too important to allow any time for the less lucrative task of experimentation. And Angell, since 1921, has been too absorbed in his administrative duties at Yale even to write his final psychological testimonial.

A few years ago Harvard tried to recapture some of the psychological glories of the early days of James and Münsterberg by inviting to this country one of the most famous lecturers of England, William McDougall. The American Psychological Association quickly and eagerly elected him its president. But there seems to have been some sort of mistake. Here was no second James who could fire his students with academic zeal, but a rather mystical sociologist who was greatly concerned about the immoralities of the younger generation. A rumor, apparently authentic, has it that the undergraduates, if not the trustees of Harvard, were not greatly downcast when Professor McDougall accepted an offer from the more righteous and equally wealthy Duke University of North Carolina.

We now come to the psychology of today. There can be no doubt about the present vogue of popular psychology in America. It shrieks at one from all the magazines and from the advertisements of innumerable correspondence schools. But this New Psychology in all its various forms is so far removed from the dignified science that was established here forty years ago that few enlightened persons take it seriously. Yet its prostitution of a creditable science is directly due to the lowered standards of American psychologists. The disrepute in which psychology now finds itself is due no more, if as much, to Münsterberg's popularization than it is to James' attitude that psychology was really much less important than philosophy, to Hall's conversion of his laboratory into a seminar of religious psychology and education, and to the implications of Angell and Watson that psychology is no more than a stepping stone to administrative eminence or business success.

All of the large universities and women's colleges, and many of the smaller denominational institutions, are now equipped with well endowed laboratories, but one should not be misled by either the size of the plants or the money that is appropriated for them. Hundreds of the busy workers at Columbia are intent upon learning which side of a magazine page is worth more to an advertiser. Others are laboring to determine what type of desk school children find the most comfortable. The undergraduate at Yale, mapping out his yearly courses, can choose between the psychology of advertising or the psychology of business. At the University of Chicago, which evidently feels the reflected success of its former professors, the candidate for a Ph.D. degree can find congenial work in the psychology of business, the psychology of personality, or the theory of statistics.

There are still, of course, some less prosperous laboratories which have remained true to the tradition of Titchener and the younger James and Hall, but the death of Titchener, in 1927, left the men in them leaderless, confused, and showing signs of bad temper. Most of them apparently felt that they had been imposed upon too long.

Some time before his death Titchener, seeing the trend that the psychology of his adopted country was taking, withdrew his support from the American Psychological Association. He then invited those members whose attitude and seriousness he approved to meet with him and discuss their experimental problems. These conferences grew into annual meetings. The group had no official name, no elections and no formal papers. It needed none. It had Titchener, and Titchener had no faith in democratic institutions. The purpose of the conferences was to get exact experimental work done and he personally saw to it that it was done. Such departments as that at Columbia were ignored as though they did not exist, and lady psychologists were admitted only for the purpose of serving food and drink to the men.

The men told Titchener what they had been doing during the past year in the way of research. He criticized their experiments and told them what to do the next year. And they did it. This autocratic procedure enabled the *American Journal of Psychology* under Titchener's editorship to continue its output of carefully planned, well verified, minute experiments, which were favorably received in Germany and for which Titchener got his due share of credit. But it did not make either him or his group any more popular with the "practical" psychologists of the American Psychological Association. It did not awaken any interest in the younger generation of college students who, in their high-school days, had learned that psychology meant either the personality that helps a salesman sell bonds, or a polite word for smut. It was not destined to produce independent leaders.

What has happened to psychology in America is clear. The objective records of the psychologists themselves tell the tale. Of all the outstanding experimentalists since the science was established here, only one neither deserted his subject nor lowered its standards. And he was never a part of America. The mooniness which passes as psychology today is the inevitable result of popularization and neglect. How long the psychological racketeers will prosper, no one can say. There is no sign of any decrease in their activities. And no indication that the stuff they purvey to their customers is becoming any more genuine.

They are making yearly inroads into the universities, and for a sound reason. Not only are the psychology of business and the psychology of personality popular with students looking for snap courses, but they also find favor with presidents and trustees looking for appropriations. If the graduate students of a university can be put to work discovering the kind of desk kindergarten children prefer, some company manufacturing such desks may be induced to hand over a nice sum to the

university which does the discovering. Wealthy widows with money to leave to the furthering of education feel that their thousands will do the most good if they are specifically dedicated to the building up of personalities. The trustees know this and act accordingly. The psychology that results is becoming more and more the typical psychology of America. It may bring happiness to the many whose personalities it seeks to improve. It may help business. But it is certainly not a psychology over whose scientific achievements we can afford to feel superior.

Social Hygiene

THE STERILIZATION OF DEFECTIVES

By Maynard Shipley

In the baby ward, where queer misshapen little creatures lay in rows of cots, the attendant lifted from its pillow a tiny bit of flesh that stared with fishy eyes.

"Yes," she said, "once in a while we do have accidents. A year ago one of the boys and one of the girls got away from the cottages and met on the grounds. Here's the result. No, it'll never talk or walk very much. Its grandmother on one side and two of its uncles on the other, beside both its parents, are here in the home. All low-grade imbeciles."

In one recent year it cost California $3,619,607.81 to support its six insane asylums and the Sonoma State Home for the Feeble-Minded. The budget for prisons and reform schools was equally staggering. At the same time fifty-four private institutions, accommodating from two to 165 patients each, were licensed to care for mental cases. Finally, there was the Federal hospital at Menlo Park which cares for mentally affected war veterans.

The proper American response to such a situation is, "There orter be a law." In California there is a law. In fact, there are laws in twenty-one States, nine others tried to pass them during the past year, and similar legislation has been passed and then declared unconstitutional in seven more. From Virginia the matter was carried to the United States Supreme Court, which confirmed the measure. But California remains the great national testing-ground of the eugenic and therapeutic sterilization of the insane and imbecile.

In all, up to January, 1928, there had been 8,515 eugenic sterilizations in the United States, of which 5,820 were in California. Of these 5,820, more than a thousand occurred at the Sonoma State Home, where sterilization was begun in 1911, though the present State law did not go into effect until July 27, 1917. The first law was passed in California in 1909. It authorized the superintendent of the State Home, and also the superintendents of hospitals for the insane, to perform on inmates, before release, "an operation which would prevent parenthood." A section of the law applied also to certain recidivists in the State prisons, under rigorous restrictions. The law of 1909 was somewhat changed in 1913, and amended to its present form in 1917. The amended act provides that any person committed to a State hospital for the insane, or to the Sonoma State Home, "who is afflicted with mental disease which may have been inherited and is likely to be transmitted to descendants," may, in the discretion of the State Commission in Lunacy, "after a careful investigation of the case," be asexualized before release or discharge; and that "such asexualization, whether with or without the consent of the patient, shall be lawful and shall not render the said commission, its members or any person participating in the operation liable either civilly or criminally."

The act also provides that any idiot, if a minor, even one who is not an institutional inmate, "may be asexualized by or under the direction of the medical superintendent of any State hospital with the written consent of his or her parent or

guardian, and if an adult, then with the written consent of his or her lawfully appointed guardian." Says Dr. F. O. Butler, medical superintendent of the State Home:

> We receive many cases for the purpose of sterilization alone; after being operated on they are permitted to return to their communities. When we learn of a defective mother with many offspring, the majority of whom are defective, . . . it is our policy to try to get her to an institution for the operation in order that she may return and care for the children and not propagate more of her kind. If this is not accomplished, it generally means a yearly increase in the family of the incompetent. In our institution we have many mothers with from one to five children also being cared for. Had these mothers been sterilized years ago, they could probably have been kept out, and surely we would not have the children with us. . . . In our institution we had several inmates from one family. This warranted some research work, and the field worker found the following: In this family were two strains. One strain, the feeble-minded woman and the defective and incompetent man, in four generations yielded twenty-five defectives out of a total of thirty-six in eight matings. The other strain, the normal sister of the above woman, and the normal brother of the above man, has yielded thirty-nine persons in seven matings with only one dull normal.

This, of course, is the old Jukes-Kallikak story, retold many times. Dr. Edward Murray East's "Heredity and Human Affairs" is full of similar examples.

Sterilization, obviously, is a dangerous power to put in the hands of anybody, particularly one made up of politicians. It must be safeguarded to protect the biological sports and "social anticipations" who occasionally fall into the traps of insane asylums and even prisons. Nevertheless, as Dr. East points out, the tendency of defectives is to mate with defectives, and the net result is some 20% of defectives in the American population. Utopia, of course, would not come in if every imbecile in the United States were sterilized tomorrow; too many apparently normal persons are carrying recessive genes of feeble-mindedness, for one thing, but certainly no good is being accomplished by perpetuating markedly imbecilic strains. It is well known that in such tainted families even those who escape imbecility show an unduly high average of epilepsy and insanity.

The total number of persons liable to sterilization under the law in California runs to tens of thousands. It is estimated that there are considerably more than 20,000 of the feeble-minded in the State. By far the greater number of them are not in the over-crowded State institutions, which have room only for those from broken homes or without means of support, but are mixed with the general population, busily engaged in reproducing their kind. Dr. Butler thinks that "there are perhaps 16,000 defectives in California who are being cared for [or not cared for] outside of State institutions."

Probably the two men who know most about eugenic sterilization of the insane and imbecile are E. S. Gosney, an attorney, financier, and philanthropist of Pasadena, and Paul Popenoe, of Coachella, author of four standard text-books on heredity and eugenics. For many years they have worked together in the study of the problem, Mr. Gosney supplying the financial support and direction, Mr. Popenoe doing the actual investigation. Mr. Gosney said recently that while there are 50,000 feeble-minded persons in the institutions of the country, there would be at least 500,000 if the institutions were large enough to care for all who are eligible to enter them. The Sonoma Home has a capacity of approximately 2,200, with at least 500 in addition always out on parole, and a waiting list of more than 700. This is the usual situation in such institutions. Says Mr. Gosney:

> It is the height of cruelty to these people to let them go ahead producing children, when it is virtually certain that these children will also be defective. They grow up only to be a burden to themselves, their parents, and the State. Men will differ as to what class and degree of deficiency should be sterilized. But there is always a line below which all will agree that sterilization is a humane protection to every one concerned.

And Mr. Popenoe adds:

> There is a large number of feeble-minded of much higher grade, who because of temperamental or emotional traits are a much greater problem in the community, and possibly a greater menace to future generations as well as to themselves. This group often shows symptoms of mental disease as well as of mental defect, and the former may outweigh the latter. . . . The Sonoma population

> does not constitute a fair sample of the feeble-minded, not even of the low-grade feeble-minded, of California. It comprises to a marked degree only the most acute and troublesome cases that come before the juvenile courts.

The sterilization operation performed by California and other States having sterilization laws is not castration. It does not in any way interfere with the sexual lives of the patients, except to make them incapable of procreation. The males undergo vasectomy (the so-called Steinach operation, for which large numbers of normal men voluntarily pay good fees), and the females, salpingectomy. Vasectomy is so minor an operation that it is usually performed under a local anæsthetic; salpingectomy, since it involves a laparotomy, calls for a general anæsthetic and a few days of subsequent hospital care. But neither operation is dangerous, and the patient suffers no pain; in fact, most of these insane and feeble-minded subjects have no idea of what is being done to them. Some of them have learned of their sterilization for the first time, years after parole, when a questionnaire was sent out to them.

About a year ago, Mr. Gosney sent a questionnaire to all the secretaries of Associated Charities in California, the probation and parole officers, and the social workers who keep in touch with paroled patients and their families, asking, among other things, "Have you known of any cases where the fact of sterilization seems to have been resented by the individual, to the extent of making him or her bitter, humiliated, revengeful, or otherwise impaired in character?"

The answers covered 1,094 cases, with a length of observation averaging a little more than five years. Only one affirmative answer was received. A psychiatric parole officer, who had observed 1,000 sterilized women and twenty-five sterilized men in a period of nine years, reported: "One Italian woman of an extremely low order of intelligence made considerable trouble over the fact that she was unable to reproduce. The matter was then taken up with the superintendent of the hospital where the operation was performed, and she was told that the function could be restored. That satisfied her; she never made any effort to have such restoration made."

Mr. Popenoe states that a special effort was made to learn of unfavorable cases by addressing persons who had publicly opposed the sterilization law, and also by appealing to those in attendance at the State Conference of Social Work, in June 1927.

> In spite of these efforts, no further instances were discovered. Our own investigations, dealing with many phases of sterilization, have not uncovered any cases to be added to the above mentioned [the Italian woman]. There is often a sentimental regret at the inability to have children, but in most cases in which the individual is able to understand the situation at all, he or she feels satisfaction at the thought that there will be no further complications through the arrival of children, possibly defective and in any event beyond the capacity of the parent to care for successfully.

Of 173 persons who were sterilized in State hospitals for mental disease, and who expressed themselves by letter in reference to the results of their sterilization, nineteen were not satisfied (though in only one case was any rational cause given), twenty-two were indifferent, and 132 were pleased with the results. No inquiries were made among the paroled feeble-minded, for obvious reasons. Prospective husbands and wives of paroled feeble-minded persons are informed of the sterilization, and there are no cases on record where this information prevented the marriage.

It must be remembered that no one may be legally sterilized in California on the unsupported judgment of any one official, even though the sterilization is compulsory under the law. The medical superintendent's judgment must be ratified by the director of the State Department of Institutions and also by the director of the State Department of Public Health. Even so, in actual practice, few operations have been performed without the written consent of the nearest relatives, when any such were to be found. In 75% of the cases such written consent was obtained; in 15% no rela-

tives could be located. As for the remaining 10%, Mr. Popenoe comments, in one of his papers, that "in some instances the nearest relative of an insane person would tell the superintendent to go ahead and sterilize, but would refuse to sign a formal consent because he did not know how the patient would react to it later, and he did not wish the relative to hold enmity against him." The common sense of this attitude is self-evident.

There is, however, no wholesale sterilization of the insane. Only one patient in twelve in the State hospitals has been sterilized during the life of the law, and during the past few years, when sterilizations have increased, only one in five or six has been sterilized. A great many of these operations are performed on patients for therapeutic reasons; there is no expectation of their ever being paroled or released, but frequently the sterilization itself causes amelioration of the mental symptoms. At the Home for the Feeble-Minded, on the other hand, where almost all patients admitted are of child-bearing age or under, no one is allowed to leave the institution, even for a short vacation, unless sterilized. In cases where the relatives, too ignorant to comprehend the situation, or unduly sentimental, refuse permission for sterilization, no compulsion is used. The patient is simply kept in segregation indefinitely. Thus his own best interests and those of the State are equally conserved.

The benefit derived from sterilization is no longer questioned by those in a position to form a competent judgment. Dr. Fred P. Clark, Medical Superintendent of the Stockton State Hospital for the Insane, says:

> Many male patients who have had the operation, say that in about two weeks they begin to feel better; that is, their mentality improves and they feel stronger both mentally and physically. I have had a number of men at the hospital ask me to sterilize them after they have seen the beneficial effects of the operation on other patients. In cases of women we have no direct beneficial effects [partly because the types of psychosis most affected by sterilization are more usual among men], excepting the fact that their minds are relieved from the fear of future pregnancy. Many of our patients who have had a psychosis following childbirth refuse to leave until they have been sterilized, feeling that another pregnancy would mean a recurrence of the psychosis.

California is so far the only State which has given an adequate test to the asexualization (a misused word, since the patients are not asexualized, but merely sterilized) of the insane and the feeble-minded. The results seem to show that—though of course such a measure can be only partial in its effects on mental deficiency and abnormality, in the population as a whole—it is a valuable therapeutic and eugenic agent. Continued long enough, and properly applied, it cannot fail to lower the incidence of inherited psychosis.

SIMPLE ANNALS

BY CATHARINE BRODY

They sat around a table from which supper had been cleared, drinking tea without cream and speaking of their beginnings. The children of the house drifted through, caught by a raised sentence perhaps, or drawn by the rich light, in which wisps of smoke floated and bearded heads were like hoary trees reflected in a yellow lake.

One old man, small, lean, better dressed than the rest, had, as a boy, run away from his home in Russia to come to America, of which he knew only the name. He had been alone, he had been hungry among the most removed and fearful of all strangers, those who speak an incomprehensible language. All this he told in a dry, gray voice, which minimized everything—the voice of the buyer of many things, giving names and dates and places and costs.

The one at the head of the table, more darkly bearded than the rest, countered with his own story. It was simple, without very harrowing difficulties. But, by the vital, rippling accompaniment of his eyes, by a quaint turn of expression, a wave of his hands, by the sonorous rhythm of his voice, he painted his narrative with light and shade like a picture, and stretched each simple incident across a universal background. All the events of his life had been commonplace—that is, common to all—but he had lived them as a hero would live a saga. And the fortitude with which he had eaten zwieback and herring, brought from home, for two weeks on a crowded boat, became like the fortitude with which a brave man munches dry bread in prison. And the unknown suburban road on which he had set forth to seek his living became like an unknown sea which waits to swallow up a dauntless adventurer seeking a new land.

He had stolen off from his town, his family, his appointed niche, in order to avoid conscription in the Russo-Japanese war. The terrors of night, silence, stealing over the frontier, were nothing compared to the lost sensation with which he found himself on a small, barnlike boat, sliding over the oily, gray water of New York Bay. Fog hid the shore. A cloudy sun tore through it at intervals and then disappeared. It was a mild day in December. He had relatives in the city, some cousins in Harlem with whom he was to stay, but no one had come to meet him. He was a man, was he not? Certainly, he was a man of thirty, in the full prime of his years, deep planted in life now, the husband of a wife, the father of children, the head of a household. From his body and from his hands and brain must flow the nourishment for his dependents.

Over his shoulder he had slung a bundle tied in a sheet, and in one hand he carried a straw suitcase tied with rope. In the other hand he held a slip with instructions in Yiddish and in painful English on how to reach his cousin's house. He sidled up to passers-by, pointing to the English writing on his slip and watching their lips with wistfulness. They waved with their hands, pointed with their fingers. In this way he got to the Elevated station.

His cousins lived in a red-brick tenement house which had all gone to rust. When he knocked, an old-country knock, penetrating and rude, his cousin's wife's

voice called, "Who's there?" And before he could answer, in his great joy, she threw open the door, looking at him. He could have embraced her, but the moment for that passed while she looked at him with her mind still on household duties and then with a certain dull pleasantness groping to the surface, like the cloudy sun breaking through the fog.

"Oh, it's you," she exclaimed. "Well, come in then. Well, how do you like America? How did you leave the Old Country?"

He followed her into the dark kitchen. Gas was burning. She gave him a chair near the stove, not knowing just what to say and having difficulty in tearing herself away from the dozens of things she had to do. She kept talking fast, to give the illusion of warmth and welcome.

He had some tea and slowly he answered her queries, one by one, both trying to cover up with talk the gray disappointment which began to shroud his heart. Ah, no, it was not like home! And as he thought this, his heart slowly sank deep under the shroud of his disappointment. His cousin's wife told him to go into the front room and sit by the window and look out till the men came home.

II

New York was a long street, darkened by the level roofs of tenement houses, with dirty sidewalks along which papers flew and children shrieked, and the Winter sky was fading slowly, slowly, gathering all its pastel tints to fix a great blot of poignant color over the roof-tops in the west. It was not so much that he missed his home and his children as that he was restless with worry for them. His wife in her little village would be waiting for the letter and the money that was to keep them all until they could join him. He had to earn the money, save it, send it. The faith he had sworn to keep with his wife and children was not a promise made between individuals, but that greater, old-fashioned, penetrating faith that one yields to a force stable and eternal, which includes oneself, which will go on when one is dead. He kept faith with his family as a soldier keeps faith with his country, a sailor with his ship, and as the soldier makes ready unquestioning to do battle, or the sailor to fight the storm, so he had set forth to earn his living for them.

Shortly, the men of the family, his married cousin and a younger brother, came home in their overalls, splashed with white paint. They were both painters, having learned their trade in Europe. They were very glad to see him. The children were collected by shouts from the window, dishes were slapped on the kitchen table and the family gabbled vigorously over the food. His cousins asked about the old home relations. They gave him a banana, a fruit which he had never seen before, and roared to see him try to eat it with the skin on. His old-country locutions and manners and clothes and shoes caused them wistful merriment, like the naïvetés of a virgin in a group of married women.

Finally, he felt that it was time to brush aside the fooling and broach his question, gravely.

"What is there to do for a man in America?"

"Plenty."

Well, what, for example?

How much money had he?

In American money, which he had learned to count on the ship, he had less than ten dollars.

Ah, they said, if he had only had money, they might have taught him to become a painter, or he might have bought a stand. If he could sew, he might have become a tailor. Or he might become a pushcart peddler. He must go downtown and buy things and then walk around the streets and sell them. Silk remnants, now, or underwear, or leather goods or stockings, or—but they did not know much about such things. Let it rest till tomorrow. It was, after all, his first day.

That night he paid his cousin's wife

four dollars for a week's board. He went to sleep on a cot bed in the kitchen.

The next day he passed, partly sitting by the fire, underfoot, going over and over in his mind where he should begin, like a philosopher trying to find a First Cause, and partly making a furtive tour of streets from which he drew nothing except the activity of people. At home, he had served in his father's shop. But to serve in a shop here he would have to know the language. His cousins were kind to him. The men were tired when they came home and filled with the small troubles of their work.

"Well, friend, how goes it?" they said when they came in.

And on the third night, when he had replied, "How should it go? Badly. Where does one buy a stock of goods here for instance?" he could feel the wall of tiredness that closed in front of them and shut him out. They advised him to visit some other cousins in Brooklyn over the Sabbath week-end.

His cousin's eldest child delivered him, *via* the Elevated and the street-cars, past tumultuous streets without the slightest coördination to his eyes, like the scattered bits of a puzzle, to a small, pretty, frame house in Flatbush. This cousin had been in America for fifteen years; all her children were grown up. She had hair of a brilliant, vital white. She was sharp and gay. Her house was bright, alive in every corner. The table in the dining-room was seldom unset and at the head of it sat her grave, elderly husband over his books. The children and their friends had their headquarters in the living-room around the piano. All through his visit, the piano made a tinkling accompaniment, and when he sat talking, or when he sat by himself in a corner, his eyes looking out of his big face with a timid warmth, one tune and the sounds that went with it impressed themselves on his mind, to be translated when he finally knew American words. Over and over—

> Has anybody here seen Kelly,
> Kelly with the green necktie-ie-ie?

They fed him with roast chicken and stuffing and good soup. And the family, with its comfortable gaiety, the gaiety that comes with even security, the sort he would have, he felt, when he found work to do, rallied him. But about what work he could or should do, they avoided serious discussion.

On Sunday afternoon, as he peered up from a pit of deepening gloom, the outer door slammed once with a slam that resounded and a man in a fur cap walked into the room.

"Hello," he said to the family. "I hear you have a newcomer."

Without waiting for a reply, he pulled the newcomer's hand. "Peace be to you!" he cried. "I'm Heinrich."

There was such force and careless bounty in his manner that the newcomer answered with a ghost of hope, "To you be peace." He knew of Heinrich, a distant relative, by reputation. Heinrich sat down and ate a great deal. All the time he would not part with his fur cap. He almost shouted with the vigor that was in him.

"And what are you going to do here, cousin?"

"What does one do here?"

"One works," roared Heinrich.

"And what work can one do?" began the newcomer eagerly and proceeded with old-country argumentative caution. "What work, for instance, do you do?"

"I? I sell shell-boxes. Let me show you."

Smacking some food from his lips, he produced an old valise which had come in with him and brought out one of the shell-ornaments for mantelpieces, at that time popular.

The newcomer's soul rose and clutched at Heinrich. "And where does one buy such things to sell?"

"Ah-h-h-h," cried Heinrich. "I'll show you. I'll make an American of you, cousin. How much money have you?"

He had about three dollars left.

Heinrich's zest suddenly fell to the ground.

"Ah! Without money one can do nothing."

Still, the newcomer followed Heinrich about like a dog on the trail. He had caught some scent, some guiding thread where all had been an empty labyrinth. He did not dare to coax or question too much. There was some of the aimless slyness of the fool in Heinrich as well as an aimless good-nature and touch of imaginative sympathy. He was touched by a memory of his own first struggles, perhaps. Anyhow, when he was about to go home, he said heartily, "I'll show you a few ropes, anyhow, cousin. Without money I can't do anything for you in America. Money greases the wheels. But there's no harm in your coming along with me tomorrow. Can you walk? Can you get up early? Good! I'll come for you here—very early."

III

Would Heinrich indeed come? In Europe when one said early one meant dawn, and through the night an immaterial alarm clock lay dormant in his mind, ready to strike and rouse him at five o'clock. He was awake then, but there was no sign of stirring in the household, so he feared to get up. One by one, he heard forlorn sounds, dropping in the pit of silence like stones down a well, the first shuffle down the stairs, the fall of a pan in the kitchen, the clank of dishes in the dining-room. Then upstairs awoke with a great banging and hammering on the bathroom door and the rousing of late sleepers.

Heinrich never came until nine o'clock. He strode in quite unaware of the alternate temperatures of hope and despair which his absence had run up and down in one person. Heinrich was a lazy man.

Now, they set out by car to a street that Heinrich called East Broadway, and on the way Heinrich, in boasting of his shrewdness and his earnings, made the trade to which his cousin hoped to be initiated more and more familiar. After all, one bought and sold here as one did everywhere in the world. At various times, Heinrich peddled various things from door to door, in the suburbs and in nearby country towns, "on Long Island," Heinrich said, and the newcomer filed the words away in his mind. One could always ask how to get to Long Island. At present, Heinrich was selling shell-boxes—"Christmas comes next week." They cost eighteen cents a box and Heinrich sold them for thirty-seven cents. Heinrich had had days with a profit of eighteen dollars!

"Where is a good town for that trade?" asked the newcomer cautiously.

"Ah, you want to know too much, cousin!" cried Heinrich and chortled at his own shrewdness.

One block of East Broadway was then (and is now) a street of shops which dealt almost exclusively with what were known as customer peddlers, men who sold on the instalment plan anything from hats to pianos. Each store was a sort of club where the peddlers met and exchanged gossip and boasts and lies, at whiles taking the proprietor aside for secret bargaining, and an unsponsored customer would feel as much of a pariah as an unknown, stumbling by chance into the Union League Club. Heinrich led him into a store which sold notions to peddlers who sallied forth with their baskets or valises as Heinrich did. The day was cold, with dark, gloomy clouds, a presage of snow in the sky, and Heinrich, from an impulse merely to show off his superior knowledge and status, leaped to an impulse to get some company on a long ride to a suburb and from a suburb at night. One day couldn't interfere much with his own trade. Heinrich said to the proprietor,

"This is a cousin of mine from the old country. He wants to do business too."

"Well, how much money do you want to lay out?"

All shades of fear, determination and wheedling played in the newcomer's eyes. In spirit, he leaped upon the proprietor's coat-tails, he grasped them, as in his

old-country singsong he half pleaded, half argued, and in spirit the proprietor receded, tried to pull his tails away, found them held, became irritated, listened willy-nilly to the man's earnestness, had to smile at it, at the man's clothes, at his brown eyes glowing with zeal. He had to laugh at such wiles and was half-caught in a feeling of inert kindness, during which trite, old phrases leaped through his mind. Yes, life was hard for all of us. Ah, it was a pity. A man, starting out, with a family probably. Well—one could help a little—perhaps, a ten dollars' credit.

"Do you vouch for him?" asked the proprietor of Heinrich.

"He's my own cousin. Why wouldn't I vouch for him?" Then Heinrich added, seized by some impulse of drama, "I vouch for him as for myself."

Together with fifty-five shell-boxes, all costing the same eighteen cents, the proprietor lent him an old basket with a piece of canvas for a cover. He was vibrant with eagerness to start forth, but Heinrich, who wished to talk with a number of cronies, said, "There's no hurry. There's no hurry."

Nothing the other men said interested him for yearning after the sales he hoped to make. The first money earned! With what golden relief he would feel it in his hands! Generations of trading instincts whirred in his mind, sharpening it, intensifying it against the object of the shell-boxes. It occurred to him that he might not be able to pronounce thirty-seven cents intelligibly to American people.

He opened his basket and with a stub of pencil started to mark the bottom of each shell ornament. They varied. Some of them were smaller, some more intricate, prettier in design or shape or shading of shells. He moved his chair a bit apart, as thoughts slowly coalesced in his mind, like a cloud slowly taking form in space. Must one charge only thirty-seven cents? Was it a set price people expected to pay? Heinrich had said that Americans did not bargain. His individualistic merchant shrewdness—now that he had become a merchant—would not let him discuss questions of price with anyone else. He did not quite dare to deviate from the price Heinrich had quoted with such authority, but, still thinking, he was marking only the plainest of the lot.

There were about twenty. He figured in his mind, then, shrewdness egging him on in spite of fears caused by inexperience, he marked ten others at forty-nine cents, ten at fifty-nine cents. He hesitated. Well, if they didn't sell he could always erase the markings or mark them down. In essence, buying and selling were the same in all countries and in all times. One bought for as little as possible and sold for as much as one could get. He marked five at seventy-five cents, five at ninety-eight cents, and the remaining five he recklessly marked at anything that came into his head. He figured. If he sold them all he would make about thirty dollars and would earn a profit of twice as much as the boxes had cost him.

"What are you doing?" called Heinrich. "Marking your boxes? That's right. You're learning, cousin."

They were going, Heinrich said, to what was then a country town rather than an undeveloped suburb, on Long Island—a number of estates held together by a village. It appeared that they would not make the circuit of the suburb together but would take different routes. He agreed to everything, staving off the desolate thought of a country road on a Winter's day, a country road with dogs flying out at him from strange doorways, with strange faces looking at him from the windows and a strange tongue sounding in his ears.

In the meantime, he looked out of the train window where the landscape was gray and houses flew past like migrating birds to settle in a gray covey as he looked back. He wrote out in Yiddish the sounds of some English sentences that Heinrich had warned him he would have to recog-

nize and use. It was too much for him to think of learning to say his prices in English, so at Heinrich's suggestion he learned a phrase to cover all contingencies. If they said, "What have you to sell?" or "What do you want?" or "How much?" he was to reply automatically, "Look—in—the—basket."

The train dropped them at a countrified wooden station, long and blank in the broad middle of the day. On their side of the tracks lay what seemed to be the village. Across the tracks stretched a road where pools of aged snow from the last storm still lingered, and where a few houses dotted the distance. The newcomer looked toward Heinrich, who was so assured, who knew the way and the language, and who waved his hands to the bare road, the worse road, across the tracks. "You take this road, and I'll take the other. When you get through you come back and wait for me here, and I'll do the same for you. Don't stay too late, my wife gives me hell if I'm late for supper. Good luck!"

IV

He walked up the road. He met no one. Not a dog barked. The houses lay dormant on the horizon. There was only the road, wide below a wide, low, gray sky, puddled with gray-white melting snow—as the sky was puddled with hoary clouds consumed in it like smoke. He had walked many such a road back home and from it his feet drew the ease of custom, step by step. Just before he reached the first frame cottage, he had almost got back his old-time assurance, half-timid, half-brazen. But the appearance of a new factor, bringing the idea of people unfamiliar to him as customary types, scattered his faculties again in a gust of strangeness.

There was no knocker, and no bell such as he had learned to expect in America. He stood looking at the door, hoping for some accident to help him. It would be so easy to go on and find another door with either a bell or a knocker. All the windows were closed. Perhaps the people weren't home or wouldn't buy anyhow, and he looked at the road with longing, as he sternly kept his feet from retreating.

He knocked on the door. There was no answer and no sound within. He would have gone on with a lightened conscience, but sternness warned him to finish the action to the last gasp. He turned the handle of the outer door. It opened. His heart sank. So they were in—and not daring to stop, he knocked harshly again on the inner door, which was half glass. Through the door he could see a woman, who looked as if she belonged in a picture he remembered from somewhere. She opened the glass door and began to make motions at him with her hands, shaking her head from side to side. He repeated, "Look in the bask-ket." She did not look in the basket but she made sounds.

Before the sounds were out of her mouth, they had been looking at each other with an almost sure familiarity and now the sounds had been uttered it was as if a dark room had been suddenly illumined. Recognition of each other's kind flashed in their eyes. She was the Polish peasant to whom he and his fathers had sold such knick-nacks down many a road in the old country. He was the Jew from whose like she had been accustomed to buy, and her parents before her. He fell back into his ordinary chatter in Polish, half humble, half familiar.

She told him that Poles lived in the other cottages which straggled down the road and across lots. As he found out later, this was a small colony of Poles and other Slavs which had grown up originally around the few Slavic workers on the big estates and which had been added to by relatives and countrymen. There were Germans, too, but they lived mostly in the village. Among all the cottages he was quite at ease now and went from one to the other with energy. Everywhere, only the women and sometimes the children were at home. The old-country women welcomed this diversion to their old

habits. They ran out, bareheaded, chattered over his basket, then yelled to neighbors across yards and called their half-grown daughters, big girls with full-moon faces, who read the figures marked on the backs of the boxes.

When he had left these cottages behind, he had sold half of the cheapest boxes and some of the others, and he was warm with the money in his pockets.

Through the branches of bare trees, he had glimpses of individual houses set farther along, much farther back from the road, placed in nests of trees or amid smooth lawns. The character of the ground on either side changed as he walked along, and from rough yards among which chickens had pecked the Winter remains of home-made gardens and from bare patches of land where the snow shone on the sides of rocks, the earth became finely groomed, suave, the withered grass seemed to have had its growth subdued. And by the reserve of the curtained windows, the circle of quiet about each house, he knew that he was out of the Polish settlement.

Nor did the bells, which, with triumph, he found and rang shrilly, help him. At one house the door was shut in his face with a definiteness to which he was not accustomed and which left him, midway in the act of tendering his basket, with that look on his face, both alert and abashed, of a peddler feeling his way.

With an inward sigh, both trite and patient, he went down the steps again and walked to the next house. A Polish maid-servant opened the door, glanced at him and his basket with a swift interest, but, an American voice calling to her insistently from above, she, too, shut the door. Thus he went on, going persistently up the walks, ringing bells and walking back again with his inward sigh, trite and patient. His sales had lessened his fear, and to give himself more confidence he would touch the money in his pocket from time to time.

Before the road turned, he came upon a house whose grounds had not such an effect of stilted order as the rest. Through the window-pane he caught flashes of light from an open fire and a burst of voices greeted the ring of the bell. They were trimming a Christmas tree and the elderly woman who came to the door wore an apron to which clung spikes of evergreen. She looked so merrily at him that in unconscious response his head began to nod up and down as he pointed to his basket. "Buy, buy, buy," his head said and his eyes that twinkled and his pointing finger. The woman burst into laughter. "What is it, auntie?" And a girl ran out of the living-room, then another and another, looking over each other's shoulders and laughing. Then the first woman made some remark in English to the others and they looked past him at the dull sky, through the half open door, then they seemed to look back at his long, old-country coat and the woolen scarf tied about his neck, and the leader shook her head not, as he felt, with negation, but with pity.

She addressed a remark to him, a question in English. What she really said was, "How many children have you got?" It did not sound to him like any of the phrases he had rehearsed with Heinrich, but, recollecting that he knew one English answer which was good for all contingencies, he brought it out for her: "Look—in—the—basket." And they all began to laugh very hard. He was bewildered. Still merriment is good for business. His feet were getting cold from the standing. One of the girls leaned over a shoulder, rummaging. Soon they were all searching and chattering and borrowing change from one another. They bought ten of the ornaments and all of them nodded to him and were very merry as he walked down the path. Their faces, the flashes of fire, the pine needles and their smiles wove themselves into a bright patch in his mind which stood out unexpectedly on the long road, against the gray sky, whenever, thereafter, he thought over his experiences.

The road was becoming very long to

him, the sky a more senile color. Here, beneath a grove of bare trees, where the road turned, he sat down to rest his feet and to give himself the pleasure of counting his money. He found that he had sold half of his boxes, and the American ladies had relieved him of some of the most expensive. He was tired and, now that he thought of it, very hungry, too. He had had nothing to eat since breakfast at his cousin's. He judged by the sky that it must be a way along in the afternoon but too early to turn back to the station.

So, picking himself up, he recovered his basket and trudged along.

Now, again there were no houses, no sight or signs of life. This part of the road was deeply wooded. A wind was rising and all the clouds in the sky had woven themselves into an even, languid gray shroud.

The first flakes of snow fell as he reached a marble archway set at the foot of a slight rise, up which a roadway led to a great stone house. It was the most splendid house he had yet seen. He could see the figure of a woman standing on the stone porch and looking off in his direction. He did not think that he should approach this house; it seemed too elegant for his poor wares which Polish servant-girls had bought, but as he now meant to turn back along the road, he determined to try it as a sort of last chance, so that he could say to himself that he had missed no opportunity. However, as he stepped under the arch, the woman on the veranda began to wave her arms at him with vigor. He slunk out from under the arch to the highway.

He walked along; the road twined encouragingly, looped itself about the house, which at that side was hidden by trees. And then he came to another stone arch with some sort of legend printed on it and a gravel path leading up. In a few minutes he saw the house again. He realized that he was at the rear, and out of sight of the woman. A dog barked somewhere, as he approached, and he remembered with fear her vigorously driving hands. He continued to approach.

No sooner had he rung the bell than a group of German and Polish servant-girls flung themselves out at him. It seemed as if they had caught sight of him, perhaps from the windows, and had passed the news on to each other and were waiting to buy. Robust and giggling, they made a great deal of noise and sh-sh'd themselves, fingering the boxes and talking with a great air of hurry and hiding, and shivering and shaking, for they would not let him come in but all clung just outside the door, bareheaded. Suddenly, they made with one accord a movement to flee, and looking up, instinctively withdrawing his basket, he saw the woman of the porch, walking fast around the side of the house. She was old, dumpy, determined, an old German woman with a black wrap and a veil covering her hair and she shook her head from side to side at him and at the girls. But it was too late for any of them to flee.

She spoke to him in English, at which he could only shake his head and uncover the basket, pleadingly holding it up for her inspection. Pausing, she looked him over more fully and then began to question him in German, some of which he understood. How long had he been in this country? she asked, and when he told her, her eyes saddened, she felt the flakes of snow on her veil, and on her face appeared the same expression of slow pity that he had seen on the faces of the American women. She spoke to the girls, then turned aside so that they could continue to buy and stood overlooking them, muttering to herself in German. As each girl paid, each disappeared quietly into the house, until only the old woman was left. She counted that he had five boxes left and these she bought. Then she questioned him further, asking him how much he knew of the language and where he lived and whether he had a wife and children. He left her there, by the door, looking after him and mutter-

ing to herself in German, as she shook her head, "Ah! what nerve! What nerve!"

In after times, when this countryside was part of his ordinary route, he learned that she was the widow of a rich German brewer, who had also come here as a penniless immigrant. And when he would meet her in the village sometimes, he, with his pack on his shoulders, she, bundled up in her carriage, she would remember him and rap for her coachman to stop the horses and call him to her and question him as to how he was doing, concluding always with the same deep shake of the head and the words in German, like a continuous general tribute to the courage of the world, "Ah! what nerve! What nerve!"

V

He had learned from a maid that it was about five miles from the station. Snow now fell lightly but persistently and as, reaching the marble arch at the first entrance, he looked back at the mansion, he found it suddenly lit up amid the slight flakes of snow, gleaming from all its windows amid a slow, drifting curtain formed by the snow. His pack was light now and his pockets heavy, still the road was long and dark.

And with a last look at the house which he was leaving behind, he trudged along the center of the road, huddled somewhat against the flakes of snow and the black shadows of trees amid gloom on either side, with his eyes darting ahead of him, tiny pocket lights to clear the way—removing himself tightly from road and trees and darkness, locked within himself against them all, lonely as a ship on the high seas at night, as flexible and as undaunted.

Town and station were black with a few glinting lights in the snow-streaked air when he finally reached them. But there was no Heinrich striding up the station or in the waiting-room, which was locked. Could Heinrich have deserted him, as he might very readily have done, being hungry and tired of waiting? Should he go back toward one of the Polish cottages and ask them, as he had done in Russia often, to let him sleep on a floor for the night? But he was hungry, hungry as a jackal, and, lost in a wilderness of English and of other people's customs, he did not even know where he could buy the food that he might permit himself to eat.

He sat down on a bench on the station platform, covering himself as best he could against the flakes of snow and the darkness. As with simple, helpless people who have found it useless to do aught but wait, some of his consciousness of himself, as it was not needed, faded away mournfully like the light of day. And he rested in a dim, defensive region of semi-sentience, like an animal. Into the part of his consciousness from which his individuality had receded, seeped the chaotic elements of the universe outside, as if he were only like a thin door closed against a sea, a door which was not closed tightly enough. The coated darkness of the sky entered into him; the wind, which was rising, rose in his soul, and large, irregular flakes of snow fell softly, wetly there. The tireless elements of the universe beat a tireless rhythm in him, making him but a small part of a vast patience which had waited for eons, which might wait forever. He was not desolate and in him there was no room for disappointment; he had yielded himself to this vast, monotonous waiting, his soul was filled with it and he had lost the aim for which he waited.

He felt a touch on his shoulder and while the elements receded within him and the thin door was closing tightly behind them, he saw that it was Heinrich. "I must have dozed off," he muttered, and rose up into full sentience, full weariness, hunger, irritation, as well as joy. "What kept you?"

"Business, cousin, business," shouted Heinrich with no let-up to his vigor. "How was business with you?"

"As one would expect it to be," he

replied cautiously. "How was it with you?"

"Come. Didn't you sell all your boxes? Never mind. It was a poor day for business. I sold nearly all of mine, but I had great difficulty. Let us eat."

He picked up his basket, which was covered, and they began to walk up the Main street. On the way Heinrich, who was still eager to learn the extent of his cousin's failure, swooped upon the cover of the basket and lifted it. There was not a shell-box inside.

"Well!" Heinrich cried. "You've had good luck, better luck than I," and he grew a little sulky and silent with envy. "There's nothing like a newcomer to make a big haul."

"It's not as good as it seems," his cousin answered craftily. "I had to come down in my prices. The Polacks bargain."

This raised Heinrich's spirits. Neither would tell the other how much he had made. Thus fencing, they entered a German saloon and went into the warm back-room. A boy brought them mugs of beer, and, when Heinrich had tipped him a nickel, he brought some big hunks of cheese and slices of rye bread. Heinrich ate the free lunch, but, because of the dietary laws, his cousin crossed the street and bought at a German grocery store a loaf of pumpernickel, bearing the imprint of a rabbi, and a bag of tomatoes. He cut the bread with his own jack-knife, and, slicing the ends of the tomatoes, sprinkled them with salt and ate them avidly out of the bag, washing down the whole with huge smacks of beer. And he knew that succulent flavor of a meal eaten in hunger after a heavy and successful day's work. Oh, it was all delicious, the cold, salted tomatoes and the hunks of crusted pumpernickel and the warm, soapy yellow of the beer. He ate the whole loaf and a dozen tomatoes and had another beer.

Then Heinrich stood up, smacking the last drop from his lips and said, "What say we go home now?" So they went home, dozing all the way to Delancey street, where they changed for street cars. Heinrich went on to Brooklyn, first, with much good humor, having put his cousin on the Elevated for Harlem, and having agreed to meet him at the notions shop the next morning.

Late that night, he was sitting on his cot bed in the kitchen, full of comfort and proud of the money, some, though not all, of which, he had exhibited to the cousins. He had divided it into three parts. With the little left of his original store, he had something over thirty dollars. Ten dollars he reserved for the man at the notions store, figuring that since he repaid his loan so promptly, the man would renew his credit; ten dollars and a handful of change he reserved for himself, and the rest he would, on the morrow, change into roubles and send to his wife, the first money he would send her from America.

He took a piece of letter paper. Leaning on the kitchen table by the side of his cot, he began to write—digging into the coarse paper with his shoulders, like a child, in a simple and faithful eagerness:

"Dear Wife Sarah—"

VI

The old man's eyes twinkled, full of experience and amusement, at his cronies. There was a small pause. Then he gave a sudden shrug of his shoulders, as at an afterthought, and spread out quickly his expressive hands.

"And all the next week," he added, "I went out day after day after day with my basket into all sorts of God-forsaken country towns and didn't sell a single shell-box and didn't make a single penny!"

He gave a half shrug again, a lift of the brows over his merry eyes, and the other old men imitated him in a wordless chorus. Then they went back to their comforting glasses of fresh, hot tea.

PUTTING JEHOVAH ACROSS

BY H. LE B. BERCOVICI

THE Methodists, as might be expected, lead in church advertising in America, according to reliable though unofficial reports. They are followed closely by the Baptists, the Presbyterians, and the boosting type of Episcopalians. The Jewish and Lutheran congregations have succumbed but seldom to the lure of the advertising siren, and the Catholics have been almost impervious to her wiles, despite the fact that the Paulist Fathers maintain an expensive radio station in New York, where broadcasting is done for the Lord. The other denominations are mainly too poor to advertise.

Chicago gave a gage of goodness to the future when, in 1915, its celebrated Advertising Club sponsored a Church Advertising Conference, held in the Woman's Christian Temperance Workers Temple. A year after that historic gathering the International Advertising Association, then known as the Associated Advertising Clubs of the World, admitted a Church Advertising Department to its fold, to take a place beside such bodies as the Direct Mail Association, the Window Display Association and the Outdoor Advertising Association. The church unit entered under the leadership of the eminent Rev. Dr. Christian F. Reisner, who is now building a skyscraper-church, the Broadway Temple, in New York. No clergyman in America is more high-powered.

His evangelical brethren accepted his leadership gladly. They had been worried for a long time about the aggressive advertising done by the Christian Scientists, the Theosophists, the Bahaists, and other free-booting enemies of the Only True Faith. Many of them had been willing, but afraid, to advertise because of their fears that it would not be ethical. With Dr. Reisner and the Associated Advertising Clubs furnishing sanction and aid, all their tremors were allayed, and church advertising blossomed out glorious and unashamed. Dr. Reisner, who is a Methodist, was soon followed by Dr. Charles Stelzle, a Presbyterian minister who had abandoned the sacred desk for the labors of an uplifter. Dr. Stelzle spent about $5,000 a year of his own money while serving as head of the Church Advertising Department.

Its present head is the Rev. William Leroy Stidger, Ph.B., D.D., formerly pastor of Linwood Boulevard Methodist Church, Kansas City. He has been called to Boston University's School of Theology, where he fills the chair of Preaching and Pastoral Science. Dr. Stidger's vim and vigor impressed all the advertising men who met him at the big Detroit convention of the International Advertising Association last year, where he was elected to his exalted position. Bishop F. J. McConnell calls him "one of the most thoroughly alive men in the ministry today." He is the author of many pious books, including "Standing Room Only," "Giant Hours With Poet Preachers" and "Flames of Faith." He is also the creator of what he calls the dramatic book sermon, and a sturdy upholder of the theory that scientific discoveries are merely a means by which God preaches to His own.

An official communique from the International Advertising Association sets forth in plain language the aim of the Church Advertising Department:

Recruiting many of the eminent leaders in religious endeavor, the department is launching a movement to *sell* religion. This is expected to constitute a vehicle around which the church elements of the country may rally in advertising campaigns. One of the resultant outcomes is expected to be a vast improvement in the method and technique of church advertising. The department is not concerned with any particular brand of religion, but looks forward to opening the door to all churches to use advertising effectively. It is in the throes of nation-wide organization.

Just prior to its admission into the advertising House of Lords there was an effort on the part of advertising men to have the church people drop the word church from the title of the department, as unattractive and forbidding, but Dr. Reisner raised a strong protest, and church it is. Beside Drs. Reisner and Stelzle, there were many Christian laymen present at its birth, chief among whom were Edgar F. Welch, of Welch's Grape Juice, and W. Frank McClure, then advertising manager of the Redpath Chautauqua.

The organization has played a double rôle from the beginning. It is another, albeit more holy, unit of the advertising clubs, and, in addition, it is a money-raising institution. The ministers adhering to it are out not only to drum up big congregations but also to sell the churches to their communities as insurance against crime and restlessness. In order to be stable, upright and prosperous a community must support its churches. American business men have the same mystic belief in advertising's power that they have in the church's power, and the impresarios of God take advantage of this faith to induce them to contribute to the churches as a means of heading off hold-up men, strikers and Bolsheviki.

II

The newspapers furnished aggressive aid to the pioneers of the movement, for they were quick to see increased advertising revenue in this almost virginal field. They sold "Go to Church" pages to the business men, using at the foot of the advertising the names of the leading tailors, grocers and bankers—often Goldberg, O'Callahan and Topakyan—who had contributed the money. Very few business men could withstand this opportunity for Service. The war and its accompanying drives had trained them well, and they were afraid not to be among the "public-spirited citizens" who urged their customers to go to church.

Papers that had no regular church sections on Sunday added them, and other papers enlarged their existing sections. These sections, made up of news and advertising hand-outs, resemble the movie and theatrical sections in their ratio of reading matter to advertising, in their make-up, and in their tone. In the smaller communities, where the chain movies have killed theatricals, the church section is often the most lively and profitable department of the local paper.

The different advertising syndicate services, and the Western Newspaper Union, which supplies thousands of country papers with their boiler-plate, have also gone in heavily for church advertising. The W. N. U. sends out plates containing twelve canned advertisements at $2.50 a plate to enterprising small-town editors. These were prepared by Herbert H. Smith, associate director of the Department of Publicity of the Presbyterian Church.

All this activity has inspired the publication of many learned tomes. The present head of the Church Advertising Department and the two former heads are represented in this literature. The Rev. Dr. Reisner is the author of "Church Publicity," (*The Methodist Press*), with the subtitle, "The Modern Way to Compel Them to Come in the Church," Dr. Stelzle is the author of "Principles of Church Advertising," (*Revell*), and the Rev. Dr. Stidger has written "That God's House May Be Filled," (*Doran*). Chief among the other books on the new science are "A Handbook of Church Advertising," by Francis H. Case (*The Abingdon Press*); "Church Advertising," by W. B. Ashley (*Lippincott*); "How to Fill the Pews," by

Ernest E. Elliott (*The Standard Publishing Company*); "Capturing Crowds," by Roy L. Smith (*The Abingdon Press*); "Church and Sunday School Publicity," by Herbert H. Smith (*The Westminster Press*).

The International Advertising Association, with its usual thoroughness, has worked out a plan that has been broadcast by chart and mimeograph to all its member clubs. This outlines a method by which the two leading religious institutions of the American town, the church and the advertising club, may coöperate for the benefit of God and advertising. It calls for a lunch to be attended by all the town ministers, the leading laymen of the different churches, and the advertising men. An "authority on church advertising," shipped from New York headquarters, addresses the gathering in a speech divided into these four parts:

(1) The great value of church advertising.
(2) The Advertising Association's plan.
(3) A model programme for the individual church.
(4) Descriptive slides and charts.

The club then launches a ten-weeks' course in church advertising, classes being held once a week. The curriculum is based on F. H. Case's "Handbook of Church Advertising." The following subjects are intensively studied: coöperative advertising, street-car cards, billboards, screen advertising, direct mail advertising, church papers, neighborhood movie theatres, calendars, blotters, and hotel directories.

The religious papers have given columns and columns of their space to the advertising ministers and ministering advertisers. The *Editor & Publisher*, the leading newspaper trade weekly, for a while donated a quarter of a page in each issue to the Church Advertising Department. In this space sample advertisements were printed that the newspaper-owning readers of the *Editor & Publisher* could pick up and sell to their local business men and pastors.

A plan for a magazine to be entirely devoted to church advertising is talked of, but it has not yet come to fruition.

Dr. Reisner was indefatigable in the early work of the movement. He took an important part in the annual and other conventions of the Advertising Association, and saw to it that the Church Advertising Department got its share of the publicity that these deliberations received in the nation's press. He spoke before many advertising clubs and chambers of commerce in the great cities of the land. These activities led to calls from the more enterprising theological seminaries. The School of Theology of Boston University (Methodist), the largest theological seminary in the country, heard Dr. Reisner expound the secrets of church advertising for three years, and he also gave courses at Drew and Garrett. Dr. Stelzle gave courses at the Union Theological Seminary, at Rutgers Theological Seminary, and at the Biblical Seminary in New York City.

Dr. Reisner was responsible for the Near East Relief engaging on a paid advertising campaign that succeeded in getting tons of bread to the massacred Armenians. It was at his suggestion that the Presbyterian church embarked on an advertising and publicity campaign. With Herbert S. Houston, the magazine publisher, he offered expert advertising advice to the American Bible Society in that association's laudable efforts to raise more money and sell more Bibles. This aid was gratefully received.

But the Methodist Centenary was the Doctor's really big stunt, and for the direction of it he temporarily left the pastorate of his Methodist church. Dr. Reisner, "who used to be a newspaper man himself," hired Thomas R. Niles, managing editor of the now defunct New York *Evening Mail*, and Niles discovered and engaged thirty-six Christian newspaper men to spread hot news about the hundredth birthday of Methodism. Thousands of columns of publicity were obtained; in addition, over a million one-sheet posters were affixed to walls throughout the country, and 15,000 24-sheet posters went on the billboards. The centenary was successful. The sum of $108,000 was raised, and the

ill-fated Interchurch Movement was launched. Bishop Manning's vigorous advertising and selling drive for the Cathedral of St. John was born of the success of this campaign. From his experience the Bishop drew the following lesson, quoted in *Printer's Ink*, the advertising weekly, for January 22, 1925:

> The success of such a campaign depends upon ability to get salesmen to make calls. If they write letters instead of calling the cause is lost.

The highly aggressive Direct Mail advertisers have, to date, not replied to this embarrassing bull.

The Church Advertising Department prepares canned advertisements to be used by newspapers in their task of selling the ads that sell the church. Presidents Harding and Coolidge, Dr. Frank Crane, Bruce Barton, John D. Rockefeller, Jr., and other eminent men have contributed such advertisements, signed and anonymous. The only set of public men who appear to be reluctant to dedicate their talents to advertising religion are the Governors of the States, only three of whom even replied to Dr. Reisner's personal appeal. It is felt by advertising experts that if material had been ghost-written and submitted to the Governors for their signatures they would have shown more willingness.

Coöperation with the newspapers has resulted in many local church advertising campaigns. In Providence, R. I., the bankers pay for the weekly church page; in Kansas City, Kansas, the merchants do the chipping in; in Elizabeth, N. J., the churches join in printing a weekly invitation to Sunday services.

Many advertising clubs have pledged, and paid, varying amounts for the support of the Church Advertising Department. Through the coöperation of James Wright Brown, publisher of the *Editor & Publisher*, the Omaha *World*, the Chicago *Tribune*, and Senator Capper's publications pledged themselves for a hundred dollars apiece if sixty other papers could be induced to give up equal amounts. Sixty other papers could not be induced to give up anything, so it was decided to employ a Mr. Houseman, a well-recommended and able fund solicitor, to get money from them. The work, however, was so strenuous that Mr. Houseman suffered a breakdown and disappeared. Five hundred dollars had been lavished upon the enterprise by the Church Advertising Department, and the poor man's fate discouraged the further use of solicitors.

III

In close commercial propinquity to this public-spirited movement is Mr. James B. Spillman, head of the Religious Advertising Agency, located at Columbia, capital of the pious State of South Carolina. Mr. Spillman prepares and sells religious posters and advertisements to churches and newspapers at reasonable prices.

"The Church Must Advertise," he says in a booklet describing his activities, "convincingly, attractively, persistently. To do this the Church must have a weekly advertising service that will fill the needs of the Church just as advertising services fill the needs of Shoe Stores, Clothing Stores, Dry-Goods Stores, etc. The first question to consider in regard to Religious Advertising is: Is it true to the Word of God? The writer of this advertising service believes in the inspiration of the Scriptures and all copy conforms to that belief."

Mr. Spillman's Scripture-conforming service consists of advertisements in matrix form, twenty-six in a series, nine inches long by four columns wide. The minimum price is $52 a year, and it scales upward with the newspaper's circulation. Mr. Spillman assures his clients that his advertising is in strict conformity with both the commercial style of newspaper advertising and the special and delicate needs of church advertising. He says:

> *It pays* Pears, Colgate, Wanamaker, Rogers Peet, Ford, Swift, Tuxedo, Williams, Dodge, Heinz, Huyler, Hudson, Campbell's—and it will pay the Church.

Mr. Spillman's poster service, which is sold directly to ministers, is made up of a

series of four 24-sheets issued monthly, in four colors, at $2.50 apiece. One of the most striking, lithographed in blue, green, buff and black, is headlined "YOU should go to church!" Our old friend, the Moxie Man, now killed by the Coca Cola Girl, darts his handsome countenance out of the poster, and points his menacing finger at irreligious passers-by, as he leans over a brand-new Bible. The text quoted is, "For God so loved the world that He gave His only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish but have eternal life." (John III, 16). Another of Mr. Spillman's posters shows two Japanese women by a lakeside, on the borders of Mt. Fujiyama. "America must give the gospel of Jesus to the world—Japan is without Christ" we are informed in pseudo-Japanese characters. White, green, purple, red and buff make up the interesting color scheme.

Mr. Spillman also gets out special posters designed to encourage Bible-class attendance, and thus exhorts teachers to use them:

> Advertise your class the same as you advertise your business. What moving picture theatre could expect to secure crowded houses that did not advertise? Your Bible class is composed of congenial men, good fellows. . . .

And so on. Mr. H. R. Wilson, connected with the Fisher-Brown Advertising Agency, in the Advertising Building, St. Louis, has also worked out a religious advertising plan. Mr. Wilson does not bother with ministers; he aims straight at newspaper executives. He says:

> The editor of a paper who has been using for two years the plan herewith outlined has written to me as follows:
>
> "We are now carrying at the least estimate $2,000 to $2,500 of church advertising due to the coöperative spirit."
>
> You will be able to show a proportionate increase in your revenue.

Mr. Wilson's service consists of drafts of advertisements, and suggestions to newspapers about getting citizens to pay for them. He says:

> In all literature that goes out, or when the salesman calls upon a prospective donator, you should point out the benefits of this movement to the community and show the donator . . . the value of this good-will advertising to him. . . . Be sure to solicit the coöperation and support of your civic organizations, such as Chambers of Commerce, Rotary Club, Kiwanis Club, lodges, etc. . . . Do not depend upon the ministers or the churches. . . . The movement will fail if you do.

The price of Mr. Wilson's service varies according to the newspaper's circulation.

An analysis of the appeals used in the church advertisements shows that, beside the inevitable sentimental references to Mother, George Washington, Service, and Our Country, an effort has been made to sell the church to the community as a super-police and insurance force. Bruce Barton's signed advertisement in the series already referred to, distributed by the Church Advertising Department, is typical. It is as follows:

> A real estate man once sold me a house. He took me through it from cellar to attic and then he put me in his automobile and rode me around.
>
> He showed me the schools, the police station and the fire station. Finally he pointed out the church.
>
> These were his arguments why the town was a good town to live in. It had pleasant surroundings; it had a good school; it had police and fire protection; and it had a church. These assets make property valuable; they made my investment secure. I thought about it quite a while.
>
> I contributed my share to the maintenance of the school, and the park, and the fire and police departments. The tax collector took care of that. But for several months I contributed nothing to the church. And I grew ashamed.
>
> I said to myself: "You're sending your youngsters to Sunday-school. Your property is a better investment because the church is here, representing as it does, respect for law, and decency and faith. If death or trouble comes to your home you will not hesitate to call on the preacher and he will not refuse to come. You take all these benefits and yet you are contributing nothing."
>
> So I grew ashamed of taking so much and giving nothing at all—of standing in the church's breadline. I imagine a good many other men would feel that way if they were to think the thing through. For I know communities where people who call themselves the best people are really getting something for nothing at the expense of the church. Some of them are rich people, even millionaires.
>
> Millionaires, to whom much has been given, standing in the breadline!

One of the Western Newspaper Union's advertisements, headed "May I Borrow $1,000" is in much the same vein as Mr. Barton's. It follows:

The bankers of this town are able to loan money for worthy enterprises because the banks have kept safely various sums you and I have deposited. But the church is the real custodian of the funds of every bank.

Big policemen with brass buttons do not protect money if thieves want to steal. Surprise examination of books, steel bars and time locks are unavailing if men determine to be dishonest. The church implants the desire to do right. No morality can long exist apart from religion.

If you would support the best interests of this community, relate yourself to the churches. Why not adopt a church home now?

Another advertisement sent out by the Western concerns itself with the inherent wickedness of pool, that Sunday afternoon enemy of the Sunday-schools, and wrecker of small-town homes. This advertisement is illustrated with a horrifying pool-room scene, showing a becapped youth shooting pool in defiance of God, while an older gent, sans necktie, but decorated with a derby and long, villainous moustachios, lurks in the background. The text says:

The game of pool is no more to be condemned than golf or tennis, except that it is played where sunlight is at a premium. Unfortunately, however, pool is played very often by the least desirable element in a town. Idle young men flock about the tables.

The Sunday-school and Church have scant popularity there. Too many of the gang don't want the church to interfere with their plans for "pleasure."

But let the young men of this and every other town remember that where the church is scorned, there danger exists. Take the path that leads to church and Sunday-school. It's safest and surest.

"Pay Your Tribute To Mother," is the title of an Advertising Club ad that has proved very popular. It reads as follows:

There is something in the lives of our mothers—a *something* which sustains them through all manner of troubles and difficulties and pain—a *something* that brightens their faces, that keeps them beautiful.

It is a *something* that is most worthwhile, and it can be expressed in one word—FAITH.

Nearly everyone is familiar with Baroness Von Hutten's statement about Mother, but it is worth repeating:

"Mother works for you
looks after you,
loves you,
forgives you,
anything you may do, understands you;
and then the only thing bad
she ever does to you
is to die and leave you!"

Right living, right thinking, Faith—these come from practice, as do all things in life. We develop this *something*—this beautiful sustaining Faith—through practice.

CHURCH ATTENDANCE
is one of the things necessary.

Pay your tribute to Mother by attending Church tomorrow. You never did get anywhere without *starting*, did you?

In another Advertising Club advertisement the ghost of the late William Jennings Bryan makes this statement: "I feel more interested in religion than in politics." "Our government rests upon religion," we are told by Mr. Coolidge in the same series and Dr. Frank Crane makes the surprising admission that "of course there are low, even vicious church members," and goes on to say that "any ethics is impotent when based on man merely as a thinking animal."

"Here is an opportunity for you to get into something good," says an advertisement by Walter Ostrander, "right in your own town—where you can watch your investment grow—where you can reap its full benefits." Another advertisement quotes Dr. George David Stewart, one-time president of the American Academy of Medicine, as saying: "The man who uses Sunday largely for golf or sport may injure his heart. Genuine worship does more for strengthening the arterial system than any physical exercise."

The celebrated Roger Babson informs us in the same series that a minister's son is 275 times as likely to amass a million dollars as a person not so blessed by a godly heredity. "If you have children, especially, you had better go to church," we are warned by John D. Rockefeller, Jr. Another prize effort is this simple little advertisement:

WHOSE BIRTHDAY IS
CHRISTMAS
?

It is unfortunate that the name of the genius who created this masterpiece has not been recorded for posterity.

IV

But sometimes even advertising is not enough to fill the churches and bring in the money needed for new organs and gymnasiums. An organized effort, enlisting the whole population in one mighty drive, is the instrument then employed to bring home the bacon. Let us see how this is done.

Grace Church in Oak Park, Ill., a suburb of Chicago, decided that it needed $165,000 to build a tower and effect other improvements on the church property. With the help of the pious Chicago advertising men who commute to Oak Park the campaign was started. A slogan contest, open to the children of the town, was the curtain-raiser. The following inspired words won the prizes:

Prayer, Pep and the Pocket-Book.
Over the Top, the Tower.
Invest in Grace, with Interest.

Then came the pièce de résistance: a Secret Chart that was advertised by circular and doubtless also by word of mouth. This chart, a child of Liberty Loan and Red Cross days, listed everyone's ability to give, and was known (officially) only to the zealous collectors of the campaign committee.

"It was," Mr. R. C. Coombs explained before a convention of advertising clubs at Milwaukee, "a business expedient only, so that the committee would know just how much each person in the church would have to give in order to make the plan a success and to raise the requisite amount of money."

After a big dinner, an Honor Roll listing the donors and their donations was given out. It met with some local opposition, but, as Mr. Coombs pointed out, "we found out afterward that this bit of publicity was the thing that brought in approximately $30,000. . . . This was because no one wanted to be left off the Honor Roll, and when it was posted up in the church with the names and amounts of all those who had subscribed, all of those who had stayed away from the big meeting (before the dinner) or had opposed the proposition on one ground or another came through with their contributions. Everybody was examining the Honor Roll to see what their neighbors had given and no one wanted to be conspicuous by being left off."

At the dinner itself, started by appetizing yells of "Go, Grace Church, Go," patterned after the University of Chicago yell, collections came in rapidly and were marked up on the usual drive thermometer. In 165 minutes $165,000 was collected, to which was added the $30,000 that rolled in with the Honor Roll.

"Without the Honor Roll," says Mr. Coombs, "without it being known that the names and the amounts given were to be published in the church, we would not have raised $165,000 at our big meeting, and only a small percentage of the $30,000 that was obtained after the big meeting would have been forthcoming."

But money is not the only problem that besets the American clergyman of today, nor is attendance at preaching his chief worry. With the movies, the automobile and the bootlegger all at work it has become increasingly difficult to get the boys and girls out to Sunday-school. Advertising, however, has lent its magic to this problem, and, with its big brother, high-powered Salesmanship, has filled many Sunday-schools to overflowing. They have, in many cases, dressed themselves up in business clothes, and can hardly be distinguished when in session from the classes of the Wharton School of Finance.

"Interesting young men in a Sunday morning Bible class is strictly a selling proposition," says Mr. Merle Sidener, president of the Sidener-Van Riper Advertising Company of Indianapolis. "The Bible class that can be sold to young men today is the one that offers practical assistance that can be used in making good on the everyday job."

Mr. Sidener then tells us about the Christian Men Builders, one of the leading Bible classes in moral Indianapolis:

It started with a membership of 5, and now has an enrolment of about 600, with an average attendance of 250. The class studies the Bible as the most practical text-book of life that is obtainable. . . . And its motto is "To help young men make good."

The lessons presented by the business man who is the class leader are strictly Gospel messages, with a thoroughly practical application to the everyday problems of young men.

The Selling Problem was the same as that of any other organization selling service. One of the four vice-presidents is in charge of advertising. He really combines the office of Sales Manager and Advertising Manager. . . . Most of the sales are made by the active members of the organization. When a man gets a raise in salary which he traces to more efficient service he has rendered as a result of the inspiration received in this class, he has no hesitancy in selling the class to his associates. Every member wears a name card on the lapel of his coat during class sessions and every man who brings a new man gets a little green star on the card. . . .

Display newspaper advertisements are used on special occasions, usually published on the amusement pages of the newspapers. Business-cards . . . are distributed to offices and factories.

Finally, the *Editor & Publisher* clinches the matter with the following boxed item:

$100 CHURCH ADVERTISEMENTS
BRING $1,700 RETURN.

Newspaper advertising was the best investment made in 1923–24 by the Garden Street Methodist Episcopal Church, Bellingham, Wash., according to the pastor, Rev. Dr. J. C. Harrison, who added that $100 worth of advertising had brought in more than $1,700 in silver plate collections.

WORD BUSINESS

BY HOLGER LUNDBERGH

I'M GRATEFUL for the little I know of this word business.
It's the only game really worth a damn.
To take the same letters I use when I say
"Give me a package of Lucky Strikes,"
"What time does the Congressional Limited leave for Wilmington, Del.?"
"Scallops and bacon for me and filet of sole for the young lady,"
—these same letters, shaken about, changed around,
put into long and short words,
meaning twilight drowsiness,
and your hair webbed against the fire light,
Autumn leaves crackling on a white, hushed road,
and children playing.
Words telling the fulness of my heart,
the hungry emptiness of it.
Words dancing on the slanting bars of sun in the Spring;
words brushing your lips and the black feathers of your eyelashes.
Words with the sea in them, salt and sails and shells.
Words baying at the moon in agony,
smiling with the first sweet peas,
riding on the flurry of January's snow.
Maybe there's still too much
"I want you to meet Mr. Stevenson,"
"Let me call a taxi,"
"Bet you ten dollars"
for me to unlearn.
Maybe I haven't stirred the letters enough,
not put them together well enough again.
Maybe.
All the same, I say it's the only game worth while,
this word business.
For sometimes I can shape clouds and roses and larks' wings,
shy daring dreams of youth, longing and wondering and ache,
out of turnstiles and Frankfurters and overshoes,
and asphalt and garbage, Blue Plate dinners and suspenders.
I can make leaves nod and have you walk, white and erect and beautiful,
along a foam-crowned ocean,
tempt your smile and your sad young voice, and quick slim hands
from stuff like that.
Shouldn't I be grateful for what I know of this jig-saw puzzle,
this grand game of words?

THE DILEMMA OF THE NEGRO AUTHOR

BY JAMES WELDON JOHNSON

THE Negro author—the creative author—has arrived. He is here. He appears in the lists of the best publishers. He even breaks into the lists of the best-sellers. To the general American public he is a novelty, a strange phenomenon, a miracle straight out of the skies. Well, he *is* a novelty, but he is by no means a new thing.

The line of American Negro authors runs back for a hundred and fifty years, back to Phillis Wheatley, the poet. Since Phillis Wheatley there have been several hundred Negro authors who have written books of many kinds. But in all these generations down to within the past six years only seven or eight of the hundreds have ever been heard of by the general American public or even by the specialists in American literature. As many Negro writers have gained recognition by both in the past six years as in all the generations gone before. What has happened is that efforts which have been going on for more than a century are being noticed and appreciated at last, and that this appreciation has served as a stimulus to greater effort and output. America is aware today that there are such things as Negro authors. Several converging forces have been at work to produce this state of mind. Had these forces been at work three decades ago, it is possible that we then should have had a condition similar to the one which now exists.

Now that the Negro author has come into the range of vision of the American public eye, it seems to me only fair to point out some of the difficulties he finds in his way. But I wish to state emphatically that I have no intention of making an apology or asking any special allowances for him; such a plea would at once disqualify him and void the very recognition he has gained. But the Negro writer does face peculiar difficulties that ought to be taken into account when passing judgment upon him.

It is unnecessary to say that he faces every one of the difficulties common to all that crowd of demon-driven individuals who feel that they must write. But the Aframerican author faces a special problem which the plain American author knows nothing about—the problem of the double audience. It is more than a double audience; it is a divided audience, an audience made up of two elements with differing and often opposite and antagonistic points of view. His audience is always both white America and black America. The moment a Negro writer takes up his pen or sits down to his typewriter he is immediately called upon to solve, consciously or unconsciously, this problem of the double audience. To whom shall he address himself, to his own black group or to white America? Many a Negro writer has fallen down, as it were, between these two stools.

It may be asked why he doesn't just go ahead and write and not bother himself about audiences. That is easier said than done. It is doubtful if anything with meaning can be written unless the writer has some definite audience in mind. His audience may be as far away as the angelic host or the rulers of darkness, but an audience he must have in mind. As soon as he selects his audience he immediately

falls, whether he wills it or not, under the laws which govern the influence of the audience upon the artist, laws that operate in every branch of art.

Now, it is axiomatic that the artist achieves his best when working at his best with the materials he knows best. And it goes without saying that the material which the Negro as a creative or general writer knows best comes out of the life and experience of the colored people in America. The overwhelming bulk of the best work done by Aframerican writers has some bearing on the Negro and his relations to civilization and society in the United States. Leaving authors, white or black, writing for coteries on special and technical subjects out of the discussion, it is safe to say that the white American author, when he sits down to write, has in mind a white audience—and naturally. The influence of the Negro as a group on his work is infinitesimal if not zero. Even when he talks about the Negro he talks to white people. But with the Aframerican author the case is different. When he attempts to handle his best known material he is thrown upon two, indeed, if it is permissible to say so, upon three horns of a dilemma. He must intentionally or unintentionally choose a black audience or a white audience or a combination of the two; and each of them presents peculiar difficulties.

If the Negro author selects white America as his audience he is bound to run up against many long-standing artistic conceptions about the Negro; against numerous conventions and traditions which through age have become binding; in a word, against a whole row of hard-set stereotypes which are not easily broken up. White America has some firm opinions as to what the Negro is, and consequently some pretty well fixed ideas as to what should be written about him, and how.

What is the Negro in the artistic conception of white America? In the brighter light, he is a simple, indolent, docile, improvident peasant; a singing, dancing, laughing, weeping child; picturesque beside his log cabin and in the snowy fields of cotton; naïvely charming with his banjo and his songs in the moonlight and along the lazy Southern rivers; a faithful, ever-smiling and genuflecting old servitor to the white folks of quality; a pathetic and pitiable figure. In a darker light, he is an impulsive, irrational, passionate savage, reluctantly wearing a thin coat of culture, sullenly hating the white man, but holding an innate and unescapable belief in the white man's superiority; an everlastingly alien and irredeemable element in the nation; a menace to Southern civilization; a threat to Nordic race purity; a figure casting a sinister shadow across the future of the country.

Ninety-nine one-hundredths of all that has been written about the Negro in the United States in three centuries and read with any degree of interest or pleasure by white America has been written in conformity to one or more of these ideas. I am not saying that they do not provide good material for literature; in fact, they make material for poetry and romance and comedy and tragedy of a high order. But I do say they have become stencils, and that the Negro author finds these stencils inadequate for the portrayal and interpretation of Negro life today. Moreover, when he does attempt to make use of them he finds himself impaled upon the second horn of his dilemma.

II

It is known that art—literature in particular, unless it be sheer fantasy—must be based on more or less well established conventions, upon ideas that have some roots in the general consciousness, that are at least somewhat familiar to the public mind. It is this that gives it verisimilitude and finality. Even revolutionary literature, if it is to have any convincing power, must start from a basis of conventions, regardless of how unconventional its objective may be. These conventions are changed

by slow and gradual processes—except they be changed in a flash. The conventions held by white America regarding the Negro will be changed. Actually they are being changed, but they have not yet sufficiently changed to lessen to any great extent the dilemma of the Negro author.

It would be straining the credulity of white America beyond the breaking point for a Negro writer to put out a novel dealing with the wealthy class of colored people. The idea of Negroes of wealth living in a luxurious manner is still too unfamiliar. Such a story would have to be written in a burlesque vein to make it at all plausible and acceptable. Before Florence Mills and Josephine Baker implanted a new general idea in the public mind it would have been worse than a waste of time for a Negro author to write for white America the story of a Negro girl who rose in spite of all obstacles, racial and others, to a place of world success and acclaim on the musical revue stage. It would be proof of little less than supreme genius in a Negro poet for him to take one of the tragic characters in American Negro history—say Crispus Attucks or Nat Turner or Denmark Vesey—, put heroic language in his mouth and have white America accept the work as authentic. American Negroes as heroes form no part of white America's concept of the race. Indeed, I question if three out of ten of the white Americans who will read these lines know anything of either Attucks, Turner or Vesey; although each of the three played a rôle in the history of the nation. The Aframerican poet might take an African chief or warrior, set him forth in heroic couplets or blank verse and present him to white America with infinitely greater chance of having his work accepted.

But these limiting conventions held by white America do not constitute the whole difficulty of the Negro author in dealing with a white audience. In addition to these conventions regarding the Negro as a race, white America has certain definite opinions regarding the Negro as an artist, regarding the scope of his efforts. White America has a strong feeling that Negro artists should refrain from making use of white subject matter. I mean by that, subject matter which it feels belongs to the white world. In plain words, white America does not welcome seeing the Negro competing with the white man on what it considers the white man's own ground.

In many white people this feeling is dormant, but brought to the test it flares up, if only faintly. During his first season in this country after his European success a most common criticism of Roland Hayes was provoked by the fact that his programme consisted of groups of English, French, German and Italian songs, closing always with a group of Negro Spirituals. A remark frequently made was, "Why doesn't he confine himself to the Spirituals?" This in face of the fact that no tenor on the American concert stage could surpass Hayes in singing French and German songs. The truth is that white America was not quite prepared to relish the sight of a black man in a dress suit singing French and German love songs, and singing them exquisitely. The first reaction was that there was something incongruous about it. It gave a jar to the old conventions and something of a shock to the Nordic superiority complex. The years have not been many since Negro players have dared to interpolate a love duet in a musical show to be witnessed by white people. The representation of romantic love-making by Negroes struck the white audience as somewhat ridiculous; Negroes were supposed to mate in a more primeval manner.

White America has for a long time been annexing and appropriating Negro territory, and is prone to think of every part of the domain it now controls as originally—and aboriginally—its own. One sometimes hears the critics in reviewing a Negro musical show lament the fact that it is so much like white musical shows. But a great deal of this similarity it would be hard to avoid because of the plain fact that

two out of the four chief ingredients in the present day white musical show, the music and the dancing, are directly derived from the Negro. These ideas and opinions regarding the scope of artistic effort affect the Negro author, the poet in particular. So whenever an Aframerican writer addresses himself to white America and attempts to break away from or break through these conventions and limitations he makes more than an ordinary demand upon his literary skill and power.

At this point it would appear that a most natural thing for the Negro author to do would be to say, "Damn the white audience!" and devote himself to addressing his own race exclusively. But when he turns from the conventions of white America he runs afoul of the taboos of black America. He has no more absolute freedom to speak as he pleases addressing black America than he has in addressing white America. There are certain phases of life that he dare not touch, certain subjects that he dare not critically discuss, certain manners of treatment that he dare not use—except at the risk of rousing bitter resentment. It is quite possible for a Negro author to do a piece of work, good from every literary point of view, and at the same time bring down on his head the wrath of the entire colored pulpit and press, and gain among the literate element of his own people the reputation of being a prostitutor of his talent and a betrayer of his race—not by any means a pleasant position to get into.

This state of mind on the part of the colored people may strike white America as stupid and intolerant, but it is not without some justification and not entirely without precedent; the white South on occasion discloses a similar sensitiveness. The colored people of the United States are anomalously situated. They are a segregated and antagonized minority in a very large nation, a minority unremittingly on the defensive. Their faults and failings are exploited to produce exaggerated effects. Consequently, they have a strong feeling against exhibiting to the world anything but their best points. They feel that other groups may afford to do otherwise but, as yet, the Negro cannot. This is not to say that they refuse to listen to criticism of themselves, for they often listen to Negro speakers excoriating the race for its faults and foibles and vices. But these criticisms are not for the printed page. They are not for the ears or eyes of white America.

A curious illustration of this defensive state of mind is found in the Negro theatres. In those wherein Negro players give Negro performances for Negro audiences all of the Negro weaknesses, real and reputed, are burlesqued and ridiculed in the most hilarious manner, and are laughed at and heartily enjoyed. But the presence of a couple of dozen white people would completely change the psychology of the audience, and the players. If some of the performances so much enjoyed by strictly Negro audiences in Negro theatres were put on, say, in a Broadway theatre, a wave of indignation would sweep Aframerica from the avenues of Harlem to the canebrakes of Louisiana. These taboos of black America are as real and binding as the conventions of white America. Conditions may excuse if not warrant them; nevertheless, it is unfortunate that they exist, for their effect is blighting. In past years they have discouraged in Negro authors the production of everything but *nice* literature; they have operated to hold their work down to literature of the defensive, exculpatory sort. They have a restraining effect at the present time which Negro writers are compelled to reckon with.

This division of audience takes the solid ground from under the feet of the Negro writer and leaves him suspended. Either choice carries hampering and discouraging conditions. The Negro author may please one audience and at the same time rouse the resentment of the other; or he may please the other and totally fail to rouse the interest of the one. The situation, moreover, constantly subjects him to the

temptation of posing and posturing for the one audience or the other; and the sincerity and soundness of his work are vitiated whether he poses for white or black.

The dilemma is not made less puzzling by the fact that practically it is an extremely difficult thing for the Negro author in the United States to address himself solely to either of these two audiences. If he analyzes what he writes he will find that on one page black America is his whole or main audience, and on the very next page white America. In fact, a psychoanalysis of the Negro authors of the defensive and exculpatory literature, written in strict conformity to the taboos of black America, would reveal that they were unconsciously addressing themselves mainly to white America.

III

I have sometimes thought it would be a way out, that the Negro author would be on surer ground and truer to himself, if he could disregard white America; if he could say to white America, "What I have written, I have written. I hope you'll be interested and like it. If not, I can't help it." But it is impossible for a sane American Negro to write with total disregard for nine-tenths of the people of the United States. Situated as his own race is amidst and amongst them, their influence is irresistible.

I judge there is not a single Negro writer who is not, at least secondarily, impelled by the desire to make his work have some effect on the white world for the good of his race. It may be thought that the work of the Negro writer, on account of this last named condition, gains in pointedness what it loses in breadth. Be that as it may, the situation is for the time one in which he is inextricably placed. Of course, the Negro author can try the experiment of putting black America in the orchestra chairs, so to speak, and keeping white America in the gallery, but he is likely at any moment to find his audience shifting places on him, and sometimes without notice.

And now, instead of black America and white America as separate or alternating audiences, what about the combination of the two into one? That, I believe, is the only way out. However, there needs to be more than a combination, there needs to be a fusion. In time, I cannot say how much time, there will come a gradual and natural rapprochement of these two sections of the Negro author's audience. There will come a breaking up and remodelling of most of white America's traditional stereotypes, forced by the advancement of the Negro in the various phases of our national life. Black America will abolish many of its taboos. A sufficiently large class of colored people will progress enough and become strong enough to render a constantly sensitive and defensive attitude on the part of the race unnecessary and distasteful. In the end, the Negro author will have something close to a common audience, and will be about as free from outside limitations as other writers.

Meanwhile, the making of a common audience out of white and black America presents the Negro author with enough difficulties to constitute a third horn of his dilemma. It is a task that is a very high test for all his skill and abilities, but it can be and has been accomplished. The equipped Negro author working at his best in his best known material can achieve this end; but, standing on his racial foundation, he must fashion something that rises above race, and reaches out to the universal in truth and beauty. And so, when a Negro author does write so as to fuse white and black America into one interested and approving audience he has performed no slight feat, and has most likely done a sound piece of literary work.

THE WRITING OF "MOBY-DICK"

BY LEWIS MUMFORD

In 1850, the year Herman Melville began to write "Moby-Dick," he owed his publishers, the Harpers, more than seven hundred dollars in advances not covered by royalties. He did what he could to reduce the scale of his living. In the Spring he left New York and went up to Broadhall with his family. The old homestead that his Great-Uncle Thomas had sold when he emigrated to Ohio had now been converted into an inn, but his grandfather's old desk was still mildewing in the barn, and Melville brought it to light, cleaned it up, and sat down to it.

The Berkshires were home for Melville quite as much as Albany or New York; perhaps more so, for he had a feeling for the open country and its ways. By October he had found a nearby farmstead, with a house that had been an inn during the Eighteenth Century, an apple orchard on the south side, broad hay fields to the north, and a pasture to the west which ended in a woodlot on the hill. The countryside was well-cultivated. Maple trees lined the highroad on each side, the willows dropped lazily over the banks of the Housatonic, and on the poorer upland soils, where the amaranth grew, the white threads of birch trees stood out against the dark pattern of the woods. Pittsfield, a village with metropolitan pretensions, the capital of the Berkshires and the resort of celebrities, was only two miles or so away.

Melville's father-in-law, Justice Shaw, advanced him funds on a friendly sort of mortgage to purchase "Arrowhead," and he doubtless intended by modest and spasmodic farming, with a vegetable garden, hayfields, a woodlot, a cow and a horse, to reinforce the narrow income derived from his books. For a man in prime health there was nothing injudicious in this arrangement. Winter leaves a considerable amount of free time from farm work, and with only a few hundred dollars in ready cash every year Melville might have made a pretty good go of it.

But there were handicaps. He had a wife and child to support; other children came presently, four in all; and Elizabeth Melville was a duffer as a housekeeper. Try as she would, she could not cook without strain nor manage a hired girl; and her chief equipment for facing the work and the Winter was an admirable set of party dresses and slippers. Melville's picked-up knowledge of cookery must have been called upon for service during the first weeks they were definitely on their own; and presently Mrs. Maria Melville and his sisters came to join the household, in order to teach Elizabeth the rudiments of the household arts. It was a humiliating experience for Elizabeth; but there was no help for it.

The many hands in "Arrowhead" doubtless made light work, but they also made inroads upon the larder, and what the Melvilles gained in service they lost in supplies. Fortunately, the house itself had many rooms, although it did not so much exist in its own right, as it did as a sort of annex to the chimney, a vast brick structure, with a circumference of forty-eight feet at the base. The chimney swallowed wood on a Winter day as a whale swallows little fishes.

On any realistic canvas, this new move, with all its unexpected burdens, was a

dubious one. But in 1850 Melville was at the top of his energies: the impetus from "Typee" and "Omoo" had not been lost: the reception in England had probably added to his confidence; and when he looked around him, the American scene itself reinforced his courage and his convictions, and gave him new strength.

II

In the Spring of 1850, "The Scarlet Letter" appeared, and Melville presently awoke to find that Hawthorne, whose books he had hitherto kept away from, despite the praise of them he had heard, was a kindred spirit. "A man of deep and noble nature has taken hold of me in this seclusion," he exclaimed. "His wild witch-voice rings through me; or, in softer cadences, I seem to hear it in the songs of the hillside birds that sing in the larch trees at my window."

Melville, on coming back to America had begun to doubt whether he could find even an audience among his fellow-countrymen, but here, at last, was one man capable of understanding every part of him. When, this Summer, he came upon "Mosses From an Old Manse," he realized he had lost much by his aloofness from the Salem magician. He hastened to repair his neglect, for he soon gave to the *Literary World* one of the best appreciations of Hawthorne, and incidentally one of the keenest expositions of the situation of the creative writer in America, written up to that time.

Hawthorne, without all of Rembrandt's warmth, had this great quality of Rembrandt: there were blacks in the midst of his sunlight, as Melville had found there were blacks in the world. The blackness fixed and fascinated Melville: it brought Hawthorne to the level of Shakespeare, not in language and performance, perhaps, but in insight: "those occasional flashings-forth of the intuitive truth in him; those short, quick probings at the very axis of reality."

Melville had re-discovered Shakespeare only two years before: and that discovery, reserved happily for maturity, had contributed decisively to his own rapid burgeoning, "Dolt and ass that I am," he had exclaimed then, "I have lived more than twenty-nine years, and until a few days ago never made close acquaintance with the divine William. Ah, he's full of sermons-on-the-mount, and gentle, aye, almost as Jesus. I take such men to be inspired. If another Messiah ever comes he will be in Shakespeare's person."

Shakespeare thus prepared the way for Hawthorne in Melville's mind. One might really get to the bottom of the matter with Hawthorne. That possibility piqued Melville. He risked much in utterance himself; and he hoped that Hawthorne would venture much in return. When they at last became friends, he contrived a hundred different ways of assaulting Hawthorne's reserve: he staggered up mountains, uncovered mounds of débris, jumped gaily off into innumerable abysses, all to excite Hawthorne to some equivalent disclosure. He did not know at the outset of his enthusiasm that nothing would ever shake that glacial reserve, that no leaps and sorties of his would stimulate Hawthorne to put one foot before the other. But his new friend caused him to hope for much; and that hope mingled with the plan of "Moby-Dick" while he was writing it.

Melville had partly realized before that other men were working below the surface of things in America; but the Transcendentalists had put him off a little by rallying around them the people who thought they were lifting themselves above material things by taking cold water rubs, on principle, or by being dreadfully concerned over the items of their diet or the cut of their clothes; whereas Melville felt that champagne and oysters were the proper nourishment for the body, if one could get them, and he believed that one was less devoted to the material life when one accepted its daily routine than when one attempted to make plain living the equivalent of high thinking, and lost true simplicity by making its attainment such a

complicated matter. Even Hawthorne at first seemed to lack something. He was wonderfully subtle, Melville wrote to Mr. Duyckinck, and his deeper meanings were worthy of a Brahmin. Still, there was something lacking—a good deal lacking to the plump sphericality of the man. What was that? He doesn't patronize the butcher—he needs roast-beef, done rare.

Hawthorne became Melville's sole connection with the Transcendentalists and it never developed into a very deep union. Melville had listened to a lecture of Emerson's a year before and defended Emerson from Mr. Duyckinck's censure: he respected this Plato who spoke through his nose. If Emerson was a fool, Melville had rather be a fool than a wise man, and if he owed much to Sir Thomas Browne, well, no one was his own sire: the debt was a universal one. Emerson at least dived; and Melville loved all men who dive. "Any fish can swim near the surface, but it takes a great whale to go downstairs five miles or more, and if he don't attain the bottom, why, all the lead in Galena can't fashion the plummet that will." That justified Emerson: but except as one diver with another, Melville felt no kinship with him. "I do not oscillate in Emerson's rainbow, but prefer to hang myself in mine own halter than to swing in any other man's swing." It was the sunniness, the mildness, the absence of curses, shadows, shipwrecks in Emerson's philosophy that set Melville against it. Emerson was the perpetual passenger who stayed below in bad weather, trusting that the captain would take care of the ship; Melville was the sailor who climbed aloft.

Hawthorne, then, was a man to be grateful for: the smell of young beeches and hemlocks was upon him, wrote Melville; the broad prairies were in his soul; he had these qualities because he was an American and deeply part of the scene; but, in addition, he had an eye for dankness and decay and for the inscrutable malevolence of the universe; he was no sundial that records only the smiling hours of life. If the country could nourish Hawthorne, and if Hawthorne could produce "The Scarlet Letter" and the "Mosses," well, what might not Melville himself put forth?

Melville did not suppose, when he wrote his encomium of Hawthorne, that this same Summer would bring the two into contact, that they would become neighbors, near enough to make occasional visits by horseback or wagon, and that, despite his premonition that "on a personal interview no great author has ever come up to the idea of his reader," he would find in Hawthorne, the man, or for a time appear to find, that comrade and friend for whom he had been looking. There was, it is true, half a generation between them; and that distance makes intimacy difficult, unless the older man is willing to treat the younger one as an assured equal. How Hawthorne himself felt about the matter it is hard to tell: Melville realized that his own boisterous democracy, which recognized the thief in the jail as the equal of George Washington, might grate on Hawthorne a little, and that, like an English Howard in the presence of a plebeian, Hawthorne's intellectual aristocracy might shrink at this claim and this contract. But Melville had no lack of faith in his own powers; and he put forth the claim to equality with easy frankness; and unless he was unusually insensitive at this point, his letters would indicate that Hawthorne accepted the relationship on Melville's terms.

III

On August 5, 1850, Hawthorne noted in his "American Notebook" that he drove from Lenox, near which he lived in a penurious red farmhouse, to Stockbridge, where he found at the house of Fields, the Boston publisher, Dr. Holmes, Mr. Duyckinck of New York, Mr. Cornelius Mathews and Herman Melville. They ascended the Monument mountain and the party was caught in a shower: according to tradition, it was during that Summer storm, under a

shoulder of rock where they had taken refuge, that these two stormy souls first overcame their reticence and plowed through conversation to a deeper intimacy.

The New Yorkers called on Hawthorne in the forenoon, two days later, and Hawthorne treated them to a couple of bottles of Mr. Mansfield's champagne; and from that time on Melville was a familiar visitor in the household. The family called him Mr. Omoo; young Julian said that he loved Mr. Melville as well as his mama and papa and Una; Melville would sometimes ride over in the evening with his great dog, and the children would ride on the dog's back. Even Sophia Hawthorne was fascinated by him; she, who adored her husband's dark, lustrous eyes, was puzzled and a little disturbed by Melville's; and her tribute to him is all the more notable when one remembers her complete preoccupation with her husband. She wrote:

> I am not quite sure, that I do not think him a very great man. . . . A man with a true, warm heart, and a soul and an intellect—with life to his finger-tips; earnest, sincere and reverent; very tender and modest. He has very keen perceptive power; but what astonishes me is that his eyes are not large and deep. He seems to me to see everything accurately; and how he can do so with his small eyes I cannot tell. They are not keen eyes, either, but quite undistinguished in any way. His nose is straight and handsome, his mouth expressive of sensibility and emotion. He is tall and erect, with an air free, brave and manly. When conversing, he is full of gesture and force, and loses himself in his subject. There is no grace or polish.

In Melville's growing spiritual loneliness, he needed the affection of a sympathetic mind, and for a while he could persuade himself that, even in Hawthorne's silences, he had it. Each conversation opened new vistas: the night talks would often be a prelude to next morning's letters, and in those letters, particularly in those which remain from the period covered by "Moby-Dick," Melville exposed the seamy depths of his own spirit. He had no reticences before Hawthorne, and above all, no false modesty. Life was becoming a long stage, with no inn in sight, and night coming, and the body cold. But with Hawthorne for a fellow-passenger, Melville was content and could be happy. "I shall leave the world, I feel, with more satisfaction for having come to know you. Knowing you persuades me more than the Bible of our immortality." The hectic, desperate, ecstatic letters Melville wrote his friend during the short year and a half that brought them together in the Berkshires give one a surer insight into Melville's moods and aims than any other pages he ever wrote. Had the relation persisted, had Hawthorne's response been wholly adequate, Melville might have weathered more buoyantly the tempest that set in with "Moby-Dick."

But Hawthorne was essentially as remote from Melville as he was from the worthies of the Customs House at Salem or the sea captains he had exchanged civilities with over a mug of ale. Though one could see daylight and the blue sky from the bottom of his well, there was not enough of it to share with any companion. If he was touched by the homage of the younger man, he could not fully reciprocate it. He recognized Melville's moral earnestness and intellectual vigor; but I doubt if he once suspected that his extravagant friend was far nearer, by temperament and expression, to the heart of Shakespeare's genius than he himself was. In seizing upon Hawthorne as another self, Melville more than once did homage to his own genius: his descriptions of Hawthorne's powers are nearer to his own than to Hawthorne's.

Melville's relations with Hawthorne count as one of the tragedies of his life; and it was more than a minor one. Friendship itself must have seemed a mockery when he found that the dearest friend and closest intellectual companion he had ever met was bound tight in his arctic ice, and many leagues away. But he had no sense of the distance between them until he attempted to span it: and it must have been with amazement, with incredulity, that he finally read the story of Ethan Brand, written during the prime year of their

friendship, and discovered what in his heart of hearts Hawthorne felt about his (Melville's) lofty pride and quests.

Ethan Brand is a charcoal-burner who has left his home in order to discover the Unpardonable Sin; he finally returns to his kiln and his neighbors to announce, after his long wanderings, that he has found the sin in his own breast. Brand's language is a parody of Ahab's in "Moby-Dick"; and what Hawthorne says about Brand he meant to apply, I have no doubt, possibly by way of warning, to Melville himself. Ethan Brand remembered, said Hawthorne, (echoing Melville's words in the scene where Ahab recalls his first pursuit of the whale),

> he remembered how the night dew had fallen upon him,—how the dark forest had whispered to him,—how the stars had gleamed upon him,—a simple and loving man, watching the fire in the years gone by, and ever musing as it burned. He remembered with what tenderness, with what love and sympathy for mankind, and what pity for human guilt and woe, he had first begun to contemplate those ideas which afterwards became the inspiration of his life; with what reverence he had then looked into the heart of man, viewing it as a temple originally divine, and, however desecrated, still to be held sacred by his brother; with what awful fear he had deprecated the success of his pursuit, and prayed that the Unpardonable Sin might never be revealed to him.
>
> Then ensued that vast intellectual development, which, in its progress, disturbed the counterpoise between his mind and heart. The Idea that possessed his life had operated as a means of education; it had gone on cultivating his powers to the highest point of which they were susceptible; it had raised him from the level of an unlettered laborer to stand on a star-lit eminence, whither the philosophers of the earth, laden with the lore of universities, might vainly strive to clamber after him. So much for the intellect! But where was the heart? That, indeed, had withered,—had contracted,—had hardened,—had perished! It had ceased to partake of the universal throb. He had lost his hold of the magnetic chain of humanity. He was no longer a brother-man, opening the chambers or the dungeons of our common nature by the key of holy sympathy, which gave him a right to share in all its secrets; he was now a cold observer, looking on mankind as the subject of his experiment. . . . Thus Ethan Brand became a fiend. He began to be so from the moment his moral nature had ceased to keep the pace of improvement with his intellect.

We do not know when Melville discovered these words or felt their jagged edges in his bosom: but we can be certain that from that day forth the friendship between the two men sank like a stone in quicksand. Hawthorne had committed the unpardonable sin of friendship; he had failed in sympathy. All of Melville's love recoiled from the icy strangeness of that friendship which was no friendship, from that understanding which was almost enmity.

Perhaps Ethan Brand was not Melville? Perhaps it was but a shadowy suggestion, influenced more by Ahab than by his author? Melville must have attempted this sort of reconciliation more than once: but Hawthorne's words would stick: yes, they would stick because of the touch of truth in them, and because, once Hawthorne's hand was withdrawn, the magnetic chain of humanity indeed would seem broken. This, however, was the crisis of their friendship; and Melville had no inkling of the outcome while he was writing "Moby-Dick." There is no doubt that the presence of Hawthorne fortified him for that endeavor.

IV

Some time in 1850, towards the close of Summer, he must have begun to write "Moby-Dick," for the book, which is a long one, was finished in the Summer of 1851. In back of the actual writing went a considerable amount of preparation; and one does not know how long before the theme of the book had begun to root itself in Melville's mind. The work itself shows that he had reached out for every book on whaling he could lay hands on, practically every book that had been written, and, in addition, he had made note of every quotation and allusion to the whale he had met in his wide, miscellaneous reading.

Scholarship as well as personal experience went into this writing. One of the best modern writers upon whaling, Frank Bullen, the author of "The Cruise of the Cachalot," confesses he would never have gone further with his own work had he

known about the wealth of information and detail that went into "Moby-Dick" before he set out. Did Melville consciously save the greatest of his ocean experiences for his maturity? Did he wait for Leviathan to develop in his soul? Did he begin another "White Jacket" or "Typee," and become conscious, in the act of writing, of this deepening of his insight, this integration of his powers, and of the vast fable that was now at his command?

One cannot even make a reasonable conjecture about the matter. All one knows are the actual conditions under which "Moby-Dick" was written, the reactions of the writing itself upon Melville, and its final result—the story of the white whale.

Conceive of Melville in his new home, as he embarks upon the most extensive of his spiritual voyages. The furniture has been removed to his new house, the beds put up, the heavier articles shifted and reshifted, and, by a month's work outdoors, the woodpile has grown and the hay been stowed into the hayloft. For the moment, all his relations are well-poised: Barney is through the period of teething, Elizabeth has help in her housework and the first tension of removal is over; Mr. Duyckinck occasionally, with the most tactful sort of generosity, sends up a case of champagne in a wicker cradle or a fragrant bundle of cigars, or he suggests a review to be written. He even tries to nourish Melville's reputation by abetting someone who wishes to write about him in the papers and publish a portrait of the famous author.

Here Melville's pride rebuffs this rudimentary effort at an art which has become a loathsome sore in our own time. He refuses his picture. "The fact is," he explains, "almost everybody is having his mug engraved nowadays, so that this test of distinction is getting to be reversed; and therefore, to see one's mug in a magazine is presumptive evidence that he's a nobody. . . . I respectfully decline to be *oblivionated*." But the contact with Duyckinck is warmly reassuring; and at the least Melville can look forward once a week to a copy of the *Literary World*.

Below the edge of Melville's horizon is this new friend, Hawthorne, and, as he raises his eyes from the desk in his second story chamber, and looks through the single small window that faces the north, he sees the wide valley sweeping across to successive ridges of hills, dominated by Mt. Greylock—otherwise called, from the double hump in the ridge, Saddleback. The spirits caper in the Autumn air; there are glowing Byzantine days when the heavens reflect the hues of the October apples, when the sky is so ripe and ruddy it seems there must be harvest home for the angels.

Neither the Rhine nor the Moselle produces anything so heady as the landscape of the Berkshires in Autumn. Now is the time to begin. When Melville writes his first words, "Call me Ishmael," he is writing out of his health and ecstasy: he himself is not an outcast, nor is his spirit drooping with the "hypos": his first touch is a dark one, because his canvas demands it. He is about to build up a vast pyramid of contrasts between the whiteness of external evil and the blackness of man's inner doom, and he faces this drama with his full powers.

The apples are gathered; the Autumn plowing is done; Melville is at work. The mood of creation is upon him: he is ready, not for one book but for fifty books: if Mr. Duyckinck would only send him about fifty fast writing youths with an easy style, not averse to polishing their letters, he might set them all to work. "It is not so much the paucity, as the superabundance of material that seems to incapacitate modern authors," he had written that Summer. In this Autumn ferment, he has scarcely time to think about his future books separately; in lieu of fifty youths, he must pack as much as possible into one book. He scarcely breaks his way through a chapter or two before he realizes that he has found his theme; and the only question is how to quarry this marble, how to get

it out. His apprenticeship is at last definitely over: he is at work on the temple itself—such a temple as a Dante, a Shakespeare, a Webster, a Marlowe, a Browne, might each in his way have conceived.

The days go by; the leaves fall; the candlelight comes early; the mice creep into the cupboard and make nests for themselves in the woodpile; the wide meadows become as bleak as a grey sea. In this most inland scene, with only the Housatonic to connect him with the watery world, Melville still dreams of the sea; his thoughts center on the sea, its creatures, its boats, its fish, its men, its deeper monsters. Oh! for a dash of salt spray! he cries; and in lieu of it, he draws upon experience and memory for the savor. The days grow cold. Snow hems in the roof and chimney of "Arrowhead." Melville has a sea-feeling all the more. When he looks out of his little window on rising, he feels as if he were looking out of his porthole in the midst of the Atlantic. His room seems a ship's cabin, and at nights, when he wakes up and hears the wind shrieking, he can almost fancy there is too much sail on the house, and he had better go up on the roof and rig in the chimney.

On a Winter morning he rises at eight, helps his horse to his hay and the cow to her pumpkin; then, with his own breakfast over, he goes to his workroom and lights the fire, runs rapidly through the MS. and starts to work. At half past two a knock comes. He does not answer. Again the knock and again: till he rises from his writing, almost mechanically, and resumes the external round: feed for the horse and cow, then dinner, then he rigs up his sleigh and goes off to the village for the mail, for supplies, for a little friendly chaffer perhaps round the tavern bar. So one day follows another on the surface; but within, there is change and tumult: Melville, like Ahab, finds a creature tearing at his vitals, and that creature the thing he has created.

> How then with me, writing of this Leviathan? Unconsciously, my chirography expands into placard capitals. Give me a condor's quill! Give me Vesuvius' crater for an inkstand. Friends! hold my arms! For in the mere act of penning my thoughts of this Leviathan, they weary me, and make me faint with the outreaching comprehensiveness of sweep, as if to include the whole circle of the sciences, and all the generations of whales, and men, and mastodons, past, present, and to come, with all the revolving panoramas of empire on earth, and throughout the whole universe, not excluding its suburbs. Such, and so magnifying, is the virtue of a large and liberal theme! We expand to its bulk. To produce a mighty volume you must choose a mighty theme. No great and enduring volume can ever be written upon the flea, though many there be who have tried it.

Such intensity of effort, so many hours of writing and reading, are as exhausting as the direction of a battle: but there is no laying up in Winter quarters, no delegation of responsibility; the writer does not live outside his book; the world, the familiar, homely world becomes a weak picture, and his imagination is the body and blood of reality.

Well, "Moby-Dick" is worth the trouble; the very writing of it becomes a powerful instrument in his own development. What absorbs so much of his time and life is not the book alone "but the primitive elementalizing of the strange stuff, which in the act of attempting the book, has upheaved and upgushed in his soul. Two books are being writ; of which the world shall only see one, and that the bungled one. The larger book, and the infinitely better, is for . . . [his] own private shelf. That it is whose unfathomable cravings drunk his blood: the other only demands ink."

Melville knows he must not let up on this work; he flogs himself to get his uttermost into it. This small aperture and northern light are bad for his eyes: no matter: he writes with one eye closed and the other blinking. By December, in the evening, he is exhausted; he spends the aftermath of the day in a sort of physical trance, but already his mind is anticipating the developments of the next day, and he is up early, and goes back to his task.

Spring comes; but it is no Spring for Melville. He will not even be bothered for dinner. Some days he sits at his desk till

4:30 without writing a word; in the Spring twilight, when the catkins of the maples glow in the mild sunset and the blue birds dart about the field like unfettered flowers, he at last comes out and creeps about like an owl. If he plows and plants, he does it mechanically; his heart is not in it, and he is not nourished by it. In the midst of his writing, his soul reaches a pitch of exaltation, as it does defiantly in a terrible gale, when the hand is firmly on the wheel, and the dangerous seas that wash the deck do not loosen the hold. The letters that he writes to Hawthorne then are prophetic, and deep, and full of proud mastery. In building up his vast symbol of the Whale, he strips the universe down to his own ego; like Ahab himself, he says No to all the powers and dominions that lie beyond it.

But the soft milky air of June gets the better of his humors. Every breath of the warm earth, the spicy perfume of wild strawberries, the honeyed odor of the locust trees, the dank green fragrance of ferns, the sight of buttercups making the fields sunny even on dull days, or the daisies turning the high grass into the whitish green color of the ocean when the waves disperse on the beach, the warm feeling of animal contentment that the sun itself pours into a man—all these things renew his energies and purify his spirits. Melville relaxes and refreshes himself in the sunlight, building an addition to the house, and plowing and sowing, and watching the green shoots rise. He does not doubt the reality of his black moments; for, as he tells Hawthorne, in the boundless, trackless, but still glorious wilderness of the universe, where he and Hawthorne are outposts, there are savage Indians as well as mosquitos; still, one does not go on fighting them forever. As for the crotchety and over-doleful chimeras, "the like of you and me, and some others, forming a chain of God's outposts around the world, must be content to encounter them now and then, and fight them as best we can."

V

Melville goes down to New York to see "Moby-Dick" through the press, but the oppressive, humid days in that Babylonish brick-kiln, and the long delays of the printers disgust him. He comes back to the country, and purposes to end the book, if possible, reclining on the grass, or watching the clouds play on a Summer afternoon around old Greylock, from the newly built porch he has added to the north side of the house, where the view lies.

The tail of "Moby-Dick" is not cooked yet, though the hell-fire in which the book was broiled might not unreasonably have charred it before this. Melville's intention is sane enough, if only he had the leisure to cultivate the calm, grass-growing mood; but no: he must keep on patching and tinkering with his buildings. In July the hay waits for no author to finish his chapter: there are a hundred chores to keep him away from his book, still more from questions about the universe and its meaning and evil and truth and all those aspects of reality that need a Hawthorne for perfect communication. There is no help for it; he must go back to New York to finish the book in a third-story room, where there is no cow to milk, no horse to feed, no sister or wife or mother to be a little hurt or concerned by his inattentiveness or moodiness.

These last straining days in New York were not unlike, one might guess, those that Pierre experienced: the book that was begun in health and exuberance in the keen, riotous air of October in the Berkshires was finished in exacerbation and depression and desolation in the humid dog days of a dirty, unkempt city, days of unrelieved sunlight, followed by afternoon thunderstorms that leave the air even heavier than before, the pavements steaming, the waves of warm, unpleasant air carrying slight odors of putrefaction, wafted upward into even the third story.

In the earlier progress of the book, he had found some relief in making his regular evening walk

through the greatest thoroughfares of the city; and so the utter desolation of his soul might feel itself more intensely against the bodies of the hurrying thousands. Then he began to be sensible of more fancying stormy nights than pleasant ones; for then the great thoroughfares were less thronged, and the innumerable shop-awnings flapped and beat like schooners' broad sails in a gale, and the shutters banged like lashed bulwarks; and the slates fell hurtling like displaced ship's blocks from aloft. Stemming such tempers through the deserted streets, Pierre felt a dark triumphant joy; that while others had crawled in fear to their kennels, he alone defied the storm-admiral, whose most vindictive pelting of hailstones,—striking his iron-framed fiery furnace of a body—melted into soft dew, and so, harmlessly trickled off him. By-and-by, of such howling, pelting nights, he began to bend his steps down the narrow side streets, in quest of the more secluded and mysterious taprooms. There he would feel a singular satisfaction in sitting down all dripping in a chair, ordering his half pint of ale before him, and drawing over his cap to protect his eyes from the light, eye the varied faces of the social castaways, who here had their haunts from bitterest midnights. But at last he began to feel a distaste for even these; and now nothing but the utter night-desolation of the obscurest warehousing lanes would content him, or be at all sufferable to him.

"Dollars damn me," he wrote to Hawthorne, "and the malicious devil is forever grinning in upon me, holding the door ajar. My dear Sir, a presentiment is upon me.—I shall at last be worn out and perish, like an old nutmeg-grater, grated to pieces by the constant attrition of the nutmeg."

What I feel most moved to write, that is banned,—it will not pay. Yet, altogether write the *other* way I cannot. So the product is a final hash; and all my books are botches. . . . But I was talking about the "whale." As the fisherman says, "he was in his flurry" when I left him some three weeks ago. I'm going to take him up by his jaw, however, before long and finish him up in some fashion or another. What's the use of elaborating what, in its very essence, is so short-lived as a modern book? Though I wrote the Gospels in this century, I should die in the gutter. What reputation H. M. has is horrible. Think of it! To go down to posterity as the man who lived among the cannibals. When I speak of posterity in reference to myself, I only mean the babies who will probably be born in the moment immediately ensuing upon my giving up the ghost. . . . I shall go down to them in all likelihood. . . . I have come to regard this matter of Fame as the most transparent of all vanities. I read Solomon more and more, and every time see deeper and deeper and unspeakable meanings in him. I did not think of Fame, a year ago, as I do now. My development has all been within a few years past. I am like one of those seeds taken out of the Egyptian pyramids which, after being three thousand years a seed, and nothing but a seed, being planted in English soil, it developed itself, grew to greenness, and then fell to mould. So I. Until I was twenty-five, I had no development at all. From my twenty-fifth year I date my life. Three weeks have scarcely passed, at any time between then and now, that I have not unfolded within myself. But I feel that I am now come to the utmost leaf of the bulb, and that shortly the flower must fall to the mould.

If it was in a mood of confidence and creative delight that he sounded his depths in "Moby-Dick," it was in this other mood, chastened, almost fearful, that his stripped ego rose to the surface after this sustained plunge. He had looked into the abyss: he was dizzy, terrified, appalled. His letters to Hawthorne have this mingled sense of terror and exaltation: they are the mood of the last part of "Moby-Dick." His notes to Mr. Duyckinck are still jocular and robust; they might be the words of the imperturbable Stubb or the jaunty Flask: but that is because Melville gave Mr. Duyckinck only a part of himself, the polite, free-and-easy, effervescent side meant for appreciative eating and solicitous drinking, the side he doubtless turned to his family and housemates, when weariness did not bury him from their sight—the last people who could share or understand his quest, his insight, his triumph.

There is no question of wearing a mask: both sides of Melville are authentic but the deeper part of him, which would under happier circumstances have served as ballast and made him face the waves more steadily, claimed too much of his inner space: he lost buoyancy, the water crept above the water-line, the ship rode dangerously. Now, however, we are speaking of the consequences of Melville's writing "Moby-Dick." The book itself was published toward the end of 1851 by Bentley in England, and a little later in the same year by the Harpers in New York.

Whether it was an angel or a devil that Melville had struggled with this long year he had wrestled magnificently, and the book was done.

HELP WANTED

BY JACK WOODFORD

A GIRL friend of mine, who last year made a living writing confession stories for the sex magazines, has a job this year, at a rattling good salary, which is the strangest I ever heard of. She is the head advertising copy-writer in the classified advertising department of one of the largest daily newspapers in the United States. She assures me that her position is not unique. Almost all large newspapers, it appears, have her counterpart in endeavor, if not in genius.

This work of hers as a writer of copy for classified advertisements has nothing to do with the writing of ads for people who have old pianos and radios and other such decrepit lares and penates for sale. Over 90% of the advertisements she writes are for the Help Wanted columns of the classified section of her paper. Last Sunday, at my invitation, she brought this classified section to my house. We spread it out upon the floor, and, under the impetus of my second best Bourbon, analyzed its eleven pages.

It seems that the classified sections of newspapers are drawn and quartered by a system of agate lineage. First, as she sprawled upon the floor, blue pencil in hand, chin in palm, elbow resting upon the floor, she figured up the entire lineage devoted that Sunday to Help Wanted, Male and Female, classified advertisements. Then, ad by ad, she checked off those which she called phonies. Some of these phonies she had herself written. Others had been written by advertising agencies with departments dedicated to the writing of copy for the classified columns on a service fee basis.

Some, again, had been written by gifted men in the employ of the firms which inserted them. She checked off as phonies only those of which she was absolutely certain—leaving any doubtful ones in the bona fide category. The phony ads constituted 67% of all the lineage in the Help Wanted sections. You don't believe it? Nor did I. Here is one of the phonies which she had written herself:

> Suppose that you were to sit down, take a piece of paper and a pencil and start to make a picture of a perfect job. . . . What's the first thing you'd put into this picture of the ideal job?
>
> MONEY! OF COURSE
>
> We have to offer to you the largest commissions, the finest lots and the most perfect office aid, in the way of chartered cars and busses and live leads, of any real estate firm in the city. Therefore, in this ideal job, you'll make more money than you ever made before in your life, no matter what you may be making now.
>
> You don't need to do missionary work to sell our properties. In our new South Side subdivision there are already thirty bungalows being erected. You don't have to talk vaguely about improvements to come. The improvements are already there. Water, gas, electric light wiring, sewers and sidewalks!
>
> It doesn't matter whether or not you've ever had any experience selling real estate. If you're ever going to snap out of that rut you're in, *now* is the time to do it. It is nothing at all unusual for men who never made over $40 a week in their lives to come in here and, after a week or two of experience, start to make $100, $200, $500 a week. . . . There's absolutely no limit to what you may earn.
>
> Drop in today for a talk. We'll tell you how we are going to train you, by our psychological processes. If you make good right away, as many do, we'll appoint you a crew manager, at a salary of $250 a week, and all expenses.
>
> And advancement with us doesn't stop there. If, after a year or so as a crew manager, you show unusual capabilities, we'll give you a whole subdivision where you'll have crew managers under you. You'll draw, beside a large weekly salary, an overriding commission on everything sold by the men under you.

> There is room at the very top with us. All of our executives came to us as salesmen. Some of them were bookkeepers or clerks in department stores two or three years ago. Now they are drawing down their $50,000 a year, and more! *You* can do what they did. Don't hesitate. Come in and talk things over, anyway. We have on our staff a characterologist who can tell you *absolutely* whether or not you are fitted for real estate salesmanship. Come right in today—don't put it off.

This was not the longest classified advertisement in the paper. There were much longer ones, some of them almost a full column, containing from three to five hundred words in agate type, with headings running as high as twenty-four point type.

Also, scattered throughout the classified Help Wanted section, were various ambiguous smaller ads. Here is one of them—one that my friend had written:

> Several times in the past I have selected inexperienced men and carefully trained them for my work. If you can pass the short, interesting test I apply to applicants, you need not fear that your earnings will be unsatisfactory. You can practically name your own salary. The work I have to offer is not hard, and the hours are short.

These phony ads, as I have said, constituted 67% of all the lineage in the classified columns—*not* 67% of all the ads. Figuring up the number of individual classified ads, the phony ones amounted to 31% of the total. This difference was due to the fact that the bona fide ads were all much shorter, some of them not over two or three agate lines.

II

My friend receives her salary directly from the paper. She is part of the Service offered free to advertisers. A real estate man wishing to insert an advertisement for salesmen may either write the advertisement himself, have his agency write it, or, if he has no agency, simply pay for so many lines, give the classified copy-writer his general ideas, and have his ad written for nothing.

Perhaps, by this time, you are wondering, as I did, why employers in the America of today should be seeking employés after the manner of the Romans seeking the Sabines. For an explanation we must go downtow to the offices of Smug & Sleek.

Don't jump to the conclusion that the is anything shady about the Smug & Slee Real Estate Company. Mr. Smug was onc an important city official and Mr. Slee was once a Monte Carlo croupier of incom parable tone. He looks just too cute fc anything in a plug hat. But he is not to cute for anything.

Upon his manly form one day rested th appreciative eye of the daughter of wealthy man. She forthwith imported hir to America as her husband. Because she i an active churchwoman she thought i best that he have a visible means of sup port of which even God would approve, s she bought an interest in the real estat firm for him. She thought, no doubt, tha he would call at the office once a week, an spend the rest of his time more felicitously Imagine her chagrin when he suddenly de veloped amazing business ability and bega to out-Babbitt the Babbitts!

Now, among local realtors, he is re garded with awe as a sort of miracl worker. He has, in fact, worked at leas one miracle. When he was imported h was, to all intents and purposes, kept Now, through managing his keeper' estate, he has put himself in such a posi tion as to make it necessary for her to com to him for cigarette money. Not only is h keeping her, but he actually maintains separate establishment of serail hue in Byzantine bungalow atop a huge apart ment building, and in it dwells one lovelie than his wife.

Not long ago, when the father of thi lady discovered the evil ways into whic his daughter had fallen, he threatened t send Mr. Sleek to prison. Mr. Slee thumbed his nose at him and told him t start something. Never before having bee thus handled, Papa was furious. He re tained all the most able lawyers in tow to railroad Mr. Sleek, but Mr. Sleek knev his pomegranates and bluffed them cold He is today looked up to universally an often addresses ambitious young buccaneer

at the Y. M. C. A. and in other temples of the uplift.

Smug & Sleek at first interested themselves only in the legitimate illegitimate management of estates, and in the sale of ordinary and extraordinary properties throughout the city; doing, in short, a conventional and decidedly profitable business. But one day there came to town a Mr. C. Hinch Blaverton. Mr. Blaverton landed, according to his own admission, with exactly $4.86. This modest sum he turned into $5,000,000 in less than four years.

Mr. Blaverton's mode of procedure was simplicity itself, and not original, except at one point. He went beyond the city limits, bought up old farms for a few dollars an acre, and sold them as subdivisions at about the same price a square foot as he had paid for them an acre. It was his manner of selling these lots that was wholly original. He used most of the old tricks of the subdivider, including the running of sidewalks through his cow pastures, with arty looking street markers at each intersection. But he did not, in the ancient manner, hire a small force of men to sell his subdivision on a part salary, part commission basis.

Instead, Mr. Blaverton hired men literally by the thousand. An entire floor of a downtown office building was used by his high-pressure, live-wire sales managers. Every day, in all the daily papers, he literally loaded the Help Wanted columns with appeals for help. He ran these ads under every possible classification and subdivision. For instance, here is one he inserted under the Bookkeepers Wanted subheading:

> Wanted, man who is thoroughly experienced as a bookkeeper. One who is dissatisfied with his present earnings and who would like to increase them. Call Suite 1008, Booster Building.

The dissatisfied bookkeeper, calling at Suite 1008, was met by a high voltage salesman with the glorious title of Sales Manager. After a short pep talk, he was asked to report at the next "meeting."

When several hundred applicants had been roped in for a meeting Mr. Blaverton would appear to harangue them. And Mr. Blaverton was some haranguer. He had his own case to point to with explosive pride. The $4.86 that had turned into $5,000,000. . . . A glorious American legend; and a true one!

Out of every hundred men he harangued, Mr. Blaverton usually managed to sign up twenty-five or thirty, some on a full-time basis and some on a part-time basis. During one year he actually hired 7,342 salesmen, including both full- and part-time men!

It was this new invention which revolutionized the art of the realtor in the town, for Mr. Blaverton had discovered that out of every half dozen men who could be induced to accept positions, two or three would sell at least one lot each to friends or relatives. Occasionally, carried away by the picture Mr. Blaverton painted of the future of his properties, they would even buy lots themselves.

But after the new salesman had made his proverbial single sale, Mr. Blaverton's firm lost interest in him, and he drifted away, sometimes back to his bookkeeper's desk, sometimes, indeed, to eventual success as a real estate salesman, and sometimes, I regret to state, to the river.

It was this discovery of Mr. Blaverton's, that a given number of men hired would produce a given number of single sales, that so excited the admiration of Smug & Sleek that they used all of their local drag with city officials to get him a reservation at the State penitentiary. They were, in this, unsuccessful, though they did succeed in forcing Mr. Blaverton out of business; or, perhaps, under the pressure of their persecution he merely left town, thinking that to play Naboth to their Ahab, and get five million for the rôle, was better than to stay and fight Smug & Sleek, who had the papers behind them in everything they did.

With Blaverton safely out of the running, Smug & Sleek immediately began to take

up things where he left off. They began to buy old cow pastures and adorn them with sidewalks and gaudy street signs. They filled all of the papers with veiled ads purporting to offer bona fide jobs of every sort and description. And they too began to roll up new millions in the process.

Deciding that if Smug & Sleek could get away with this manslaughter God and the government would wink at it, most of the other real estate men in the town immediately began to imitate them. And from that day forward it has spread; yea, unto the Sun Kissed Shores of Sunny California (in fact, *especially* unto the Sun Kissed Shores of Sunny California) and the Rock Ribbed Coast of Maine.

Pick up the classified advertising section of almost any large daily in any large city of the United States, and you will find that the greater portion of the ads in the Help Wanted section are these phonies, predicated upon the scientific certainty that out of so many men hired, so many will sell a lot each to relatives or friends. Those who sell nothing cost the firm nothing, for they are on a straight commission basis, which means that they draw not a penny until they make at least ten for the firm.

There is, of course, nothing particularly wrong about the plan. In fact, it is more ethical than any one of a dozen other thoroughly accepted American business schemes. Every now and then, indeed, one of the suckers roped into taking a straight commission job discovers a real talent for salesmanship and makes enough money to buy an assembly room of his own, in which to ramp and roar to suckers he has roped in through phony classified ads of his own.

If there is any sadness incident to the plan, it is inherent in the fact that for every sucker who eventually goes across as a salesman ten or fifteen thousand fail and find themselves in bad holes, after having quit their thirty-five- or forty-dollar-a-week steady jobs in order to become high pressure, psychological real estaters.

These ten or fifteen thousand began to talk in all quarters of the city where Smug & Sleek operate. Hence their employment of clever copy-writers to write ads so thoroughly brilliant that suckers may still be brought in and run through the mill, to the annoyance of their relatives and friends. Also, it has become necessary to find new grinding teeth for the mill.

III

One of these new grinding units is the characterologist.

Until a few years ago, characterologists were properly put in the same parenthesis with phrenologists, chiropractors, fortune-tellers and other such charlatans. But today, if there is a characterologist in town who hasn't a glass-topped desk, a gold cuspidor and a voluptuous stenographer, it is because he has a tinge of conscience, which is, of course, unlikely. Some of the contemporary real estate ads read like this:

> At what trade or occupation or profession will you best be able to express yourself? Come in for a consultation free. Professor Psittacus, a world-famed characterologist, the very man who advised Al Smith to take up politics, will tell you at what work you will best prosper. He will not charge you one penny for the advice.

At first, these characterologists used to work for the real estate firms directly and obviously. They would have an office right in the firm's suite, and all applicants for positions would be sent to them. Unless the victim was deaf, dumb, blind, spavined, minus all four principal members and 75% dead, he was told that the sun, moon, stars, his palm, the bumps upon his head, and even God Himself all advised his immediate entry into the real estate profession.

After a time a few of the thousands of applicants dredged up by the phony ads began to suspect that there might possibly be some connection between the characterologists and the firms in whose quarters they maintained offices. To relieve this suspicion, the characterologists were moved to other offices in the same building. Some of them even set themselves up in inde-

pendent offices and examined applicants on their own hooks, after inserting their own phony ads. They would then apportion the applicants to different real estate subdividers, taking an overriding commission on anything the suckers sold to their harried friends and relatives during the short period in which they remained high pressure salesmen.

One characterologist of whom I wot even employed a man to circulate around his waiting room and whisper:

"Jesus! This guy must be on the level: he advised me *not* to go into the real estate business!"

Another grinder is Free Classes in Psychology and Salesmanship. Thus:

> Are you an untrained man? We need salesmen badly. Trained men. We can never get enough trained men to fill the vacancies we have in our organization. To meet this need we will train a few exceptionally bright young men free. We will give you, without one penny's cost to you, a course in Psychology and Salesmanship, which would cost you plenty of money at Harvard or Yale. Come in at once. See Mr. Tinker, Room 806, Foray Building.

At the present writing, alas, both the characterology game and the psychology and salesmanship game are petering out. The newest wrinkle is a course in Real Estating, Plain and Fancy:

> Do you know any *one* profession thoroughly? How would you like to become an expert real estate practitioner? We will give you a complete training in every phase of the real estate business without one penny's cost to you.
>
> The amazing growth of our firm has made necessary the employment of a huge staff. We cannot find sufficient trained men to fill the vacancies we have. Because of this we have decided to train men for these positions, at our own expense. Look around you. Do you know a single man who understands the real estate business thoroughly, who isn't making excellent money? Come in and sign up for your course, free of charge. Act now!

In many of the ads currently run stress is laid upon the theory that "leads" will be given every man employed. Leads, in the real estate man's patois, mean the names and addresses of persons who want to buy lots. Theoretically, all the employed men have to do is to take these leads, go to the addresses indicated, get the victims' names upon the dotted line, and return to the office for a handsome commission.

In the ad that lures the ambitious realtor to the office, and in the bright little talks he hears in the assembly room, the word leads occurs as often as does the word Service in Elder Hays' communiques about the movies. But after the applicant has been officially made an employé he hears about leads again only if he insists upon being given them, with the threat of quitting instantly if they are not forthcoming.

There are a great many sources for these leads. The simplest is the telephone book, the most complicated is the prize contest.

At all the larger amusement parks in town, and at several other junctures where multitudes of morons are wont to disport themselves, Smug & Sleek and the other real estate firms who copy them, conduct contests for which the prizes are subdivision lots. These contests are carried on somewhat as follows:

Near the gate in Moonlight Park, is a neat little booth. Over it is a large sign: "Win A Lot Free!" At the counter and circulating before it are some damsels of persuasive tournure who ask visitors to sign cards with their names and addresses. These cards, they are told, will be deposited in a box, from which one card will be drawn by a virgin who is the seventh daughter of a seventh son. The person whose name is upon the card drawn will receive a lot free.

Whoever signs one of these cards is greeted at his doors several days later by a suave young man—usually one of the real salesmen attached to the firm, but sometimes one of the neophytes who are supposed to sell their aunts—with the information that he has won a lot.

"Just pay for the surveying charge, and this, and that, and the other, and the lot is yours free. An advertising feature, sir; the lot won't cost you one penny."

But the lot does always cost precisely what it is worth, plus a substantial profit for the firm. And that isn't the worst of it.

Every sucker who falls for the scheme finds to his horror that he has bought a lot so narrow that even a garage couldn't be erected upon it. In short, he has bought precisely half of a narrow lot; the other half can be had on the instalment plan. . . . When a kick is made that the lot is so narrow as to be no lot at all, the firm need point only to Webster's definition of a lot: "A distinct portion of land."

One may ask: "But do not all large cities have a Real Estate Board to look after such shady transactions? And do not real estate salesmen have to be licensed?"

Of course they have, and do, little dears. In the particular city of which I write, there is one of the most respected and well-organized real estate boards in the Unite States. It is headed by Mr. Smug. And th local Better Business Bureau lends a han by running out of business any small oper ator who tries to cut in on the game of th big ones.

When the novice first undertakes rea estate salesmanship he is called a bird dog He locates the person willing to buy, get a signed slip to the effect that he will in deed buy, some time, and then calls in on of the firm's real salesmen to close the deal The real salesmen have licenses which cos two dollars. If a bird dog wants a licens there is nothing to prevent his having on —unless he doesn't happen to have tw dollars.

CLINICAL NOTES

BY GEORGE JEAN NATHAN

Marginalia Republicana

The American in the mass is always psychically against something. This attitude is doubtless bred of an oblique hostility to his own native surroundings. Unconsciously, for all his outward chauvinism, he resents them in one or more directions and this resentment, though unsuspected by himself, he takes out in an automatic and chronic animosity toward a flickering variety of particulars. Even when he is for something, his forness is not forthright and simple but is grounded upon a highly violent and indignant opposition to whatever marks the other side of the matter in hand. The European, loving his country and all it stands for with a profound and encompassing affection and hence unirritated, whether consciously or unconsciously, by it, thus seldom shares the American's psychological mood of umbrage and objection.

II

The American is a poor lover. It is apposite to note in this connection that, in the more sophisticated strata of American life, the man named by the husband as co-respondent is generally found to be one of at least partly alien blood.

III

There is this to be said for the American individually: however distasteful the result in certain instances may be, one at least knows exactly what he thinks, says, means and purposes to do. There is little hypocrisy in his speech. What is in and on his mind comes directly out of his mouth. This is hardly true of the average Englishman, Frenchman, Austrian, Italian, Spaniard, Swiss, Belgian or Dutchman. Only the German and, to a degree, the Swede, resemble the American in this respect.

IV

The members of the Expeditionary Forces in the late war are the only Americans who have ever gone to Europe, mingled with Europeans and, resistful of influences, returned home with worse manners than those they went over with.

V

What America needs are fewer rostrums and more picnic grounds. A nation that eats its sandwiches sitting on the grass is pretty generally a peaceful and contented one.

VI

The American is never satisfied with what beauty may be immediately before his eyes. When he goes to the Grand Canyon, for example, he takes field-glasses with him.

VII

When the next war comes, let us pause and meditate that soldiers always march to the sound of wind through a chestnut instrument and to the reverberations of the membrane of a goat.

VIII

The stupefying ignorance of moral censorship in America, together with its injustice born of absurd misunderstanding

and misconstruction, finds an illustration in the suppression of the play called "The Captive" in the city of San Francisco. The play in question, as most persons know by this time, deals with Lesbianism. I quote from the decision on the order to show cause, delivered in the Superior Court of the State of California by the officiating judge, the Hon. Walter Perry Johnson:

"The injunctive power of the court is invoked in this case upon the ground that the play entitled 'The Captive' possesses elements so debasing as to constitute a public nuisance. The stenographic transcript of its public presentation is permeated with an odor of sexual abnormality; and there is a taint of *sodomitical* enthralment in each of its three acts, though more perceptible in the second and third acts than in the first. That sort of venery is the dominating theme to which everything else is made accessory. Take that away and there is no play. . . . The injunction *pendente lite* will therefore be granted."

IX

No country can call itself entirely its own whose children must look to other and strange lands for their fairy tales and fables. We have yet to have our Lewis Carroll, like England, our Grimm, like Germany, our La Fontaine, like France, or our Hans Christian Andersen, like even Denmark.

X

It is perhaps worthy of note that thousands upon thousands of Americans are annually compelled to go abroad to get away from, or take vaccines to stand, their national flower.

XI

The most stupendously impressive and majestic scene in America is chiefly associated in the American consciousness with the fact that a man once went over it in a barrel.

XII

What strikes the European as particularly droll about the American is his posture of exclusiveness which takes, among other things, the form and habit of clubs. By way of making himself feel a bit superior to his human surroundings, the American breeds clubs with a minkish fecundity. An American city of any size without at least five hundred of these clubs of one sort or another is a rarity. There are more clubs, for instance, in a town the size of say, Columbus, O., than there are in the whole of France, and there are more in a village like Ellenville, N. Y., than in the whole of Spain, Portugal and Czechoslovakia combined. The club idea in the United States, as hinted, is an outgrowth of the American's desire not for comradeship and association with kindred and congenial souls so much as it is a manifestation of his desire to set himself somewhat snootily apart from his fellow Americans. This impulse is at the bottom not only of the better grade of clubs but is equally perceptible in the motive behind the clubs, societies and orders set up by plumbers, gas-fitters and barbers.

The feeling that he can blackball a fellow democrat and thereafter go home and let the idea of his superiority sink into his wife's consciousness is immensely warming to the American. It makes him feel that he is a somebody and not of the common ruck. And when the object of his blackball sets up a club of his own the next week and in turn blackballs still another fellow democrat the feeling is equally salve to his vanity. The club gives the American a bogus sense of relative aristocracy, and he revels in it.

XIII

Another form that this itch for bogus purple takes in the American is his passion for so-called exclusive places of residence, cleverly encouraged by wily real-estate agents. As a consequence, there is hardly a fifth-rate apartment house that isn't

advertised into his favor as being "exclusive" or hardly a suburban sand-lot development that isn't held out as bait to him under a "restricted" label. All that a real-estate agent has to do to lease flats in a building that has been a white elephant on his hands is to make an elaborate show of investigating Mr. Goldfarb's or Mr. Mullaly's genealogical tree. And all that the same agent has to do to sell swamp lots at a fancy figure is cannily to give out word that only prospective purchasers who can satisfy him as to their social credentials will be considered. The circumstance that Mr. Goldfarb, once he persuades the agent that he is one of the old Knickerbocker Goldfarbs and moves in, discovers that his next-door neighbor is Mr. Finkelstein no more disconcerts Mr. Goldfarb than Mr. Mullaly is disconcerted by the discovery that the great aristocrat and social leader who has bought the lot next door to him is his brother Elk and Knight of Columbus, Mr. McCarthy. For both gentlemen, the M. Goldfarb and the M. Mullaly, immediately proceed to convince themselves that the M. Finkelstein and the M. McCarthy must, by virtue of their having got in too, be even bigger swells than they themselves are.

XIV

The American's understanding of his fellow-men is in direct ratio to the geographical distance that separates him from them. Thus, the American of the Pacific Coast understands the American of the Middle West better than he does the American of the Atlantic seaboard. Thus the American in the aggregate understands the Englishman better than he does the Frenchman, the Frenchman better than the Russian, and the Russian better than the Chinaman. His comprehension and sympathy are wholly and entirely a matter of latitude. The Asiatic's manner of life and thought is thus as incomprehensible and nonsensical to him as the cannibal's taste for Marilyn Miller, say, as against pigs' feet, a boar's head, an ox's tail, an animal's liver and kidneys, a cow's tongue and rump, a pickled eel, or the glands of a lamb.

XV

The American sets up a hero for himself chiefly for the subsequent pleasure of knocking him down. He gives his heroes their little day in court and then takes delight in derogating them and consigning them to limbo. The European, on the other hand, once he has achieved a hero for himself, sustains his veneration for him indefinitely. The records in America are rich in transitory heroes who have been kicked into the discard.

XVI

The increasing affectation of Americans of the upper level of society may be observed in even the most trivial directions. There was a time when they called their house dogs Rover, Bruno, Fido or something of the sort—by plain, simple, orthodox dog names. Today you will have to search assiduously to find one of their pets that isn't named Lord Wimbleton, Matsumai, Lady Hamilton, Victoire the Third, or Duke of Buckingham.

XVII

The American's idea of gayety is synonymous with noise. His designations of it in the vernacular, such as *whoopee* and *hoopla*, are thus relevantly derived from the shouts of cowboys and circus acrobats. He cannot conceive of gayety in a quiet sense. In this, he differs radically from the European. To him, the absence of racket that accompanies an Englishman's, a Frenchman's, an Austrian's or a German's fun is incomprehensible.

THE THEATRE

BY GEORGE JEAN NATHAN

Guano

From time to time during the long course of my critical activities in the theatre, rumors have been borne to my ears that I have been regarded as a destructive fellow, one given to promiscuous blasting and hell generally without compensatory reconstruction. Let such rumors, whether previously true or false, for the present moment at least be set at rest, because if any person wants to get some open-and-shut destructive criticism without an ounce of constructiveness to it here is where he is going to get it.

It is high time for some plain, unvarnished destructive criticism of the American theatre. Someone should write it and, no one else apparently being willing to undertake the business, I nominate myself for the job. The newspapers, together with their reviewers, are obviously afraid to call spades spades, fearful of losing profitable theatrical advertising. In addition, there is another thing that holds the newspapers back, albeit a trivial one. Most newspaper editors, managing editors, city editors and the like, are hogs for theatre passes, desire to remain friendly with the managers and press agents, and thus are reluctant to lose the little graft by printing things that will unduly irritate and offend the latter. The reviewers themselves, though now and again one lets go in a mild manner, do not wish to stir up matters unnecessarily, and so hug more or less closely the coasts of discretion and personal comfort. Writers on the periodicals break out once in a while, but their eruption usually resembles measles much more than smallpox. The district attorney and the police once in a blue moon raid a show that would not be tolerated even in the Rue Brey and leave unmolested half a dozen almost as filthy that happen to be under the sponsorship of managers and producers with influence of one subtle sort or another. But no one goes the whole distance or tells the whole truth.

As for me, any vainglorious assumption of truth-telling is highly offensive; I do not for a moment wish to posture as a writer who believes that there is any special virtue in unduly forthright talk, for the man who cherishes that belief is found pretty generally to be a nincompoop who imagines himself a hero on the strength of his bad manners. The truth is a graceful and lovely thing; it may no more be shouted without debauching it than a song by Wolf may be played by a jazz band. The truth should ooze out as softly as Spring from the snow. Yelling it is, in a sense, a form of mendacity.

But there come times when what may superficially seem to be bad manners are not bad manners at all but the only kind of manners that meet the situation. This, it seems to me, is certainly one of the times. For the theatre in New York—and, after all, that means the theatre of America (in so far as America at large may be said to have a theatre)—is at present so unspeakably rotten that there is no use mincing matters. The more fastidious may prefer to allude to a skunk as *Mephitis mephitica* but that doesn't alter or conceal its smell. And the smell of the theatre hereabouts today stinks to Heaven. I have recently returned from a survey of the theatre in Europe and I think I report accurately that nowhere over there is there a stage, even at its lowest, that approaches within ten thousand miles of the sewer level of the American. The dirtiest play or

revue on the Continent is spotless compared with what we are getting over here.

Let no jackass come forth, when he reads what I am writing, to accuse me of turning moral. I have no more morals than a Chinaman. Nor let some similar idiot confuse what I am saying with my attitude toward art. There is no more art to the dung on exhibition in the present-day American theatre than there is to a Paris keyhole show. And if the aforementioned idiot ululates about the danger of encouraging censorship, may he be taken by the seat of the trousers and thrown out of the meeting. What the American theatre needs today above everything else is a warning, for without that warning it will go down the chute as sure as God made little kittens and, hastening it down the chute, there will develop a censorship, entirely justifiable in itself, that will lamentably confound the omnipresent filthy garbage with reputable drama and bring about chaos. We need only look back to the imbecile suppression of "The Captive" and to the proper suppression of "Sex" and "The Virgin Man" to realize what is increasingly bound to happen if managers, producers and theatre owners persist in going on as they are. "The Captive" would never have been touched, it is reasonable to assume, if the authorities had not been set aflame by the flop-house and water-closet species of drama that other producers had been showing at the time. If a nigger is being chased for rape, every innocent nigger in the vicinity is immediately viewed with suspicion.

If the shutting down of the exhibition called "Pleasure Man" by the authorities constitutes censorship of the drama, then I go on record as being head, foot and tail for censorship. I have seen a lot of degenerate stuff in my travels, all the way from the Canal Zone to the coast towns of Southern France and all the way from Taormina to the Eldorado in Berlin, most of it behind doors more or less closed to the public, but I have never seen perversion, inversion and such physiological idiosyncrasies so brazenly and shamelessly offered to the general public at so much a look. To call this kind of thing drama, or even theatrical fare, is to be crazy. It was no more drama (there was no trace of playwriting in it) than the erstwhile exhibition at 26, Faubourg St. Martin, Paris, was drama, and there was infinitely less than you'd find in the exhibition at 4 Cité Pigalle in the same capital before the gendarmes got busy. The thing was a mere lifting over on to a theatre stage of the kind of Harlem "drag" that the police peremptorily raid; it no more belonged on such a stage than a French "daisy-chain" belongs on it. But the French aren't so desperate for dirty money as the West woman.

It seems strange to me that all the local writers and professional free-boys who are constantly bawling against censorship have remained peculiarly silent in this case. May not their silence be taken for at least part concurrence in the attitude here assumed? I think it may, for it begins to look as if they at last are achieving commonsense enough to appreciate that there is censorship and censorship: one as sound and commendable, wherever it may hit, as the other is absurd, objectionable and contemptible. The West woman has now been collared twice by the police for usurping the theatre to her nasty purposes; one may wish that the police will get rid of her for good. She knows absolutely no more about playwriting than the colored piano professor in a bawdy house; her sole purpose seems to be to make money out of out-and-out fornicatory and homosexual rodeos. She has done more, singlehanded, to bring on a theatrical censorship than any hundred persons before her.

But she is only a symbol of the general state of affairs, a state of affairs that is driving reputable drama and reputable plays from the American stage and converting the theatre into a cheap, offensive and putrid cesspool. There have come into our theatre in recent years a horde of bounders with enough money to put on a

play or show the sole claim of which is that it is excessively smutty and the sole aim of which is to triple or quadruple the initial financial investments. And there have come into our theatre, as well, a troupe of theatre owners who, finding themselves with a surplusage of theatres that cannot be filled with decent drama, are only too eager and willing to hire out their houses to these honey-wagon drivers. It is only on rare occasions that you will find one of the old-line theatre owners, so long and so heatedly calumniated and denounced, lending one of his houses to these invaders. But the over-supply is so great in other quarters that the latter have no trouble at all in getting what they want. Although I am not much on statistics, I believe that it is perfectly safe to say that nine-tenths of the rankest manure shown here in the guise of drama in the last three or four years has been sponsored by producing outsiders and that the larger part of it has set up shop in theatres owned and controlled by managerial outsiders.

While the morals of the theatre and the morals of drama are two entirely separate and distinct things *and must not be confused one with the other for a single moment*, the fact remains that the morals of the New York theatre at the present time are beginning to reflect themselves so positively in the kind of stuff the stage is offering or are beginning so subtly to make themselves felt by audiences that the indignation of the authorities, though the latter may be unconscious of the fact, has unquestionably been motivated by them. And that indignation, leading to all sorts of wild censorship, is certain to increase. One of our theatrical institutions is a picnic-ground for Lesbians. Another is under the control of what may delicately be described as habitués of the Vale of Siddim. Three of the plays produced in the last year or so that brought out the fire of the professional moralists, have been backed by an ancient Wall Street Lothario simply because the producers pointed out to him that each of the plays called for a number of little girls under eighteen years of age. Two plays produced in the same period that the district attorney's office was urged to investigate by church functionaries were backed because of interests that, were they to be set down here in print, would bar this magazine from the United States mails. One producing organization, a newcomer to the theatre, is made up of Oberon and his court. One of the newer producing gentry is a notorious hophead. Another is a man with a criminal record. Two others who periodically back plays are former gunmen and current bootleggers. But enough. If this choice assortment kept themselves in the background of the theatre, what they were and what they did would be nobody's business. But more often they do not. What they are and what they do are allowed by them to be insinuated not only into the plays and shows they put on but, more disastrously, into the direct consciousness of their audiences. The reaction in such cases is plain.

As to many of the plays, apart from such considerations, that have been befouling the local stage lately, we discover a complete absence of anything approaching honest effort and a complete presence of nothing but sexual and latrine hogwash, laying no more claim to drama than a second-rate pig-sty. If the dirtiest and poorest play imaginable is produced with a sincere conviction of its worth and with honesty of purpose, I may be against the play on critical grounds but at the same time I may have some understanding and even sympathy for the misled but honest fellow who put it on. If a poor but sincere attempt at something in the way of drama, whatever its nature, comes to view, I try to meet it, for all my critical catcalls, with a leaven of tenderness and compassion for the honesty that was and is behind it. But when the stage pours out this dollar-itching cow-dirt that it has lately been pouring out in such big doses there is nothing for me or for any other critic who cherishes the dignity of the theatre to do but to get down to brass tacks and call for the

garbage haulers, whether they be dressed as censors, moralists, clergymen, cops or what not. As I write this, there is being shown a slice of muck that freely uses the very language that the authorities will not let into the country *via* D. H. Lawrence's latest literary effort. There is being shown a revue with a sketch that relies for its kick upon something that, if one were to mention it in print, would lodge one in the hoosegow. There is a piece of tripe that relies for its kick, in turn, upon a scene between an old pervert and his quarry. There is another that goes after the dollars with liplicking pornography, and another still that goes the limit with a tabloid version of *crim. con.* A musical show is built entirely around the subject of castration, and there is a dish of prose offal that aims to trade box-office coin for the spectacle of several men jumping at a young girl with intent to rape.

These are a few samples of the new artistic dispensation; these are a few samples, all contemptible balderdash, of what has taken the place of drama and musical comedy on our present-day stage. In not one of these exhibitions is there a single thing discernible but theatrical cadeting. In not one of them is there the slightest honesty, sincerity and decency, or the slightest symptom of merit. Let us have dozens of more "Front Pages", thoroughly honest, amusing and in their way excellent theatre plays, and let us howl down any ass who objects to whatever kind of language they may use. For things of this sort are not for a moment to be confounded with things of the other sort. Let us, furthermore, have the dirtiest plays in all the world, if they be written by honest men who know how to write, and let us keep them in the theatre if we have to bite the police who, in their ignorance, would stop them. But let us not be sublime damned fools and try to beat censorship by defending cheap, vile and disgusting stuff simply because it happens to have found a way into what should otherwise be a free and untrammeled theatre.

II

Drama

The Theatre Guild's revelation of "Faust," in the translation manufactured by the Rawsons, is a dreadful bore, as lugubrious a one as may be encountered in a career of reviewing. Goethe's first opinion of his work—that it was not suited to the active stage—was much sounder than his second; he should have stuck to it. With a tremendous amount of cutting, a very capable translation, a troupe of competent actors and twice as competent a troupe of scene-shifters, the classic might conceivably go passably well as stage drama, but hardly otherwise. The Guild, in all these directions, has botched matters badly and, as a result, all that comes out of the German masterpiece is a turtle-paced and seemingly endless succession of scenes—interrupted by soporific waits while the stagehands are working up enough spit to moisten their overworked and weary hands—that exhibit the virtuosity of a so-called character actor in the art of make-up, some trapdoors with red lights flaring out of them, and the amorous antics of the aforementioned actor, bereft of his whiskers, in company with a blonde cutie.

If you are one of those who believe that this is a flippant way in which to treat of a celebrated opus, all I ask you to do is to go to the Guild Theatre and take a look for yourself. The Rawsons' translation is the worst kind of hack job; the imported Friedrich Holl's direction goes back in manner and method to the days when the Wallenstein of Adalbert Matkowsky paraded the Berlin stage; the new scenecraft of Lee Simonson, while pictorially satisfactory, is cumbersome, for one reason or another unknown to me, in the actual handling; and the acting, save in the instance of Dudley Digges as Mephistopheles, suggests that the performers, while sufficiently self-confident so far as the Rawsons are concerned, are somewhat dismayed by what they are pleased to consider the underlying profound philosophy of Goethe.

"Faust," if we must have it in the theatre, must, I fear, to be even faintly interesting, come to us as opera or as frank trick spectacle of the Lewis Morrison variety. With all disrespect to the great German, he was in this instance far from being a sound dramatist or even a theatrically suggestive one.

Departing the classics and coming down to modern fare, there is little to be found locally that calls for extended comment. The New York stage, as I have pointed out, is for the major part given over to tripe of one kind or another, whether dirt or just plain whangdoodle. Among the relative exceptions, we have, first, Molnar's latest contribution, "Olympia," proficiently mounted at the Empire. What we get here is trivial stuff, true enough, and very far below its author's antecedent mark, but at the same time comedy that at least hints at a skilful playwright behind it, together with a mild theatrical fancy. The theme of the piece is stale—the haughty princess and the commoner, and the treatment is occasionally obvious, but now and then little flashes of humor and bits of byplay emerge that momentarily illuminate the swamp.

"Little Accident," fashioned from a Floyd Dell novel by the novelist in collaboration with Thomas Mitchell, has originality to recommend it and also, in part, a pretty good brand of fresh humor. The second act, in particular, laid in the waiting-room of a maternity hospital with an assortment of impending and agitated papas discussing their imminent kudos contains the juices of authentic comedy. And the last act, with a scene in which the father of the illegitimate baby is confronted simultaneously by the mama, his fiancée and the girl with whom he has in desperation planned an elopement, would tickle the pen of Sacha Guitry. There are stretches between these high points that are arid and that drop the pitch of the piece, but in general the exhibit surpasses most of the other attempts of the month at farcical jocosity.

"L'Invitation au Voyage" I have not privileged myself to observe in stage trappings and must rest my opinion on the script alone, adroitly done into English by Dr. Boyd. By Jean-Jacques, son and heir to Tristan Bernard, it is an agreeable little comedy, sedulously underwritten and touched with several ingratiating devices. The author's boosters, however, have done him a deal of harm by failing to be content with his slight and acceptable plays and by reading into them, with considerable labor, all sorts of technical phenomena and esoteric hocus-pocus. They have raised a great pother over what they dub Bernard's "theatre of silences", heralding it as the big new note in dramaturgy. And they have spread themselves over his ingenuity in fashioning plays the chief characters of which never make their appearance in the plays. Their enthusiasm, unfortunately, is somewhat greater than their knowledge of dramatic literature, for in the first instance Bernard has simply taken a leaf from Tchekhov and, in the second, leaves right and left from his countryman, Vildrac, from the American Susan Glaspell, and from a half dozen playwrights of other nationalities. Among the critics who have deluded themselves over Bernard's theoretical pioneering we encounter, surprisingly enough, the sagacious John Palmer, whose reviews in the London *SaturdayReview* some years ago were among the best written in his time. But, for one reason or another, Palmer has lately allowed himself to go dotty over the French theatre *in toto* and, in the critical tidal wave that has engulfed him, Bernard has collided with his fancy as just another of the current French genuises. I have the honor to believe that the M. Bernard is nothing of the sort—not by a long shot—but that he is simply and perhaps sufficiently a writer of mild and leisurely diverting little theatre pieces.

Another script that I have read and that has not been produced up to the hour of writing is the new W. S. Maugham play, at the moment without a title, though

"Chloralin" might be a suitable one. It is scheduled for stage presentation shortly. The skill of Maugham as a dramatist is here again revealed; the play, pure theatre, is as dexterous an example of playwriting as I have encountered in some time. Deliberately aimed at an audience with a shotgun, it shows an uncommon understanding of the tricks of dramaturgy and of character insinuation. It is Maugham's knack, however, to hide the bluntness of his deliberation with expert and misleading graces, that is, at such times as the gunshots seem to him a trifle too apparent and noisy. And that knack contrives to achieve an air of theatrical eloquence where, in its absence, all that would come across the footlights would be bald and unpersuasive hokum. The theme of the play concerns a worldly aged mother who, to safeguard her dying son's illusions and, with them, his happiness, hastens his end with a drug that a catastrophe that has fallen upon his wife may never be known to him. Plainly enough, a theme that, save for the most deft handling, would blow up with its own melodrama. Yet in Maugham's hands it is converted into a play that sympathetically and even intelligently captures the interest. The second act, with its murder cross-questioning, illustrates clearly Maugham's talent for sharply smooth dramatic writing. All that it is at bottom is the Henry Arthur Jones stuff of "Mrs. Dane's Defence." Maugham lays hold of that juvenile hooey and injects bounce into it with his sure sense not only of the theatre—for Jones had that sure sense also—but with his sure feeling for trembling English and his even surer feeling for trembling life. Viewed solely as a dish of the theatre, his play is a good job.

The manuscript of Eugene O'Neill's new work, "Dynamo," to be produced next Spring by the Theatre Guild, has also been duly read. While I shall reserve an expression of critical opinion for the time being, I may hint that the play deals with the battle of divine belief opposed to atheism and with the heart-tearing search of modern mankind for a god that shall be satisfying. The technique of "Strange Interlude" is repeated, though in relative moderation. The drama has eight characters and is in three parts. The characters are a clergyman, his wife and son, the atheistic superintendent of a hydro-electric plant, his wife and daughter, and an operator and floor-man at the plant. The first part of the play shows the exteriors of two small houses in a small town in Connecticut, the scenes and lighting, as in "Desire Under the Elms," revealing different rooms in the houses. The second part is laid in the same general setting after a lapse of fifteen months, but shows chiefly the sitting-room in the house of the clergyman. The third part is laid in a hydro-electric power plant near the town, four months later. Scenes one and three reveal the exterior of the plant; two and five the interior of the generator room, switchboard room and upper and lower switch galleries; and scene four the interior of the switch galleries. The play will be fitted into the customary theatre length. More anon.

III

Song and Dance

In this line of diversion, I suggest "The New Moon," for all its Romberg borrowings from Victor Herbert—or perhaps because of them; "Hold Everything," by the De Sylva-Brown-Henderson trinity; the Will Rogers frolic, "Three Cheers"; Porter's tunes and lyrics in "Paris"; and the gay Marx Brothers's "Animal Crackers." As usual, the American music show theatre often offers diversion that the dramatic theatre is niggardly with.

THE LIBRARY

BY H. L. MENCKEN

The Father of Them All

ZOLA AND HIS TIME, by Matthew Josephson. $5. 9½ x 6¼; 558 pp. New York: *The Macaulay Company.*

THE eclipse of Zola is one of the strange phenomena of literary history. He is probably read less today than any other major novelist of his epoch, and in discussions of the current literary tides it is unusual to encounter any mention of his name. Yet it must be plain that, in certain important ways, he was the most influential novelist of the Nineteenth Century, not forgetting Scott, nor Balzac, nor Dickens, nor even Dostoievski, and that his mark is still distinctly visible upon all the considerable brethren of the craft. It was his function, deliberately assumed and triumphantly discharged, to relate his art to the new views of man and the world that came in with "The Origin of Species"—to pull it out of the cloister and bring it into the main stream of human thinking. He was at once a daring revolutionist and a brilliant and imaginative builder. Sweeping away at one colossal stroke the old subjective psychology that had sufficed novelists since the days of Job, he sought for the key to the eternal tragedy of man in the new science of biology. There the search goes on to this day. The modern novelist is only half an artist; the other half of him is a scientist—an incompetent one perhaps, but still a scientist.

Zola's own competence was surely not extraordinary: he was only too prone to accept the new scientific concepts of his time without critical examination, and even, indeed, without any examination whatever. Nevertheless, they took him in the right direction, for most of them, after all, were sound. Best of all, they implanted in him the habit of direct observation—they made him go for his material, not to his imagination, but to the facts. Such a novel as "La Terre" may have glaring defects as a work of art, but it is at least a tremendously accurate and moving human document. The people in it do not live as Hamlet and Ophelia live, in a pale mist of fancy; they live as a streptococcus lives, snared fast in a test-tube. It is no wonder that the book caused an uproar. We have, of late, heard the same uproar over "Elmer Gantry," and for the same reason. What stood against Zola, in the days of his greatest achievement, was that readers compared his people, not to the real human beings he had studied, but to the imaginary human beings of other novelists. His enemy was Balzac, and he knew it. He was not simply another novelist; he was a novelist of quite a new kind.

His defect was that of all innovators and enthusiasts: he went so far with his formula that it became mechanical and inhuman. In his early works, even after he had taken the new line, there was sufficient concession to the conventions of Nineteenth Century novel-writing to make them endurable, even to the sentimental customers of Daudet and company. But with "L'Assommoir" he abandoned the decorums of the boudoir for the harsh realism of the clinic, and by the time he came to "Germinal" and "La Terre" he was in the dissecting room. "Germinal" will probably survive as one of the great novels of all time, but the contemporary reviews of it were almost uniformly unfavorable, and its huge contemporary sale was as pornography, not as work of art. People revolted from its appalling picture of human misery as they would from a meticulous report of a difficult labor or a true biography of Warren Gamaliel Harding,

twenty-ninth President of the United States. But it was true. And if the business of a novelist is to penetrate and reveal the agony of man in this world, it was a novel, and a great one.

After "La Terre," and especially after "La Débâcle," Zola began to weaken and wobble. Success enfeebled him, as it enfeebles all artists, not to say all scientists. He became a rich man, with a country house, servants, public engagements, investments, a conscience. He took a drastic cure to reduce his weight, and had his beard neatly clipped. Yearning for offspring and finding himself with a sterile wife who refused to be put away, he achieved a son and a daughter in collaboration with an amiable female neighbor. There was talk of putting him into the French Academy, an honor, like all French honors, comparable to being elected to the Elks. He was headed for the puerile melodrama of the Dreyfus affair, in which the rôle he played, observed calmly in retrospect, seems to have been little distinguishable from that of a movie star recommending Lucky Strikes. "Le Docteur Pascal" showed a new and "good" Zola—an optimist, a right-thinker. There followed the cities series, "Lourdes," "Rome" and "Paris." "Fécondité" found him at the bottom of the slide. Its last four or five chapters contain some of the most maudlin drivel ever penned by mortal man. They might have been written by Henry Sydnor Harrison or Harold Bell Wright.

Zola had many defects as a man. He was vain, arrogant and intolerant. An Italian by ancestry, he naturally loved money, and there were times when his passion for it made a fool of him. He was an eager seeker for public notice, and maneuvred for it in a shameless manner. Afraid of his virago of a wife on the one hand, he grossly deceived and humiliated her on the other. His courage in the Dreyfus business has been greatly exaggerated in the telling, chiefly by English reporters eager to make propaganda against the French. He ran away at a critical moment, and frequently forgot Dreyfus in thinking of Zola. But he had many compensating virtues. He had a fine intelligence: he was eager for knowledge and able to grasp elusive facts. He was immensely diligent and took his trade seriously. The old-time novelist needed only pen, paper and a quiet room; Zola studied life at first hand, laboriously, conscientiously, thoroughly. Nothing that was human was uninteresting to him, and nothing that was human surprised or shocked him. His eye was made for the microscope; his hands were not cut out for the lute. For metaphysics he had a healthy contempt: what interested him was physiology. He had, in his best days, the vast impassivity of a Darwin, the true detachment of a born scientist. What men thought engaged only his passing attention; he devoted himself to observing what they did. He was, in a very real sense, the first behaviorist.

The good novels of his prime are now neglected, I suspect, mainly because he wrote so many bad ones in the days of his decline. He passed out of life somewhat ridiculous: a scientist turned uplifter. The messianic delusion has ruined many men, but few better ones. By his own single effort he reoriented the novel, and made every successor his debtor. There are romancers left who show no trace of his influence, but surely not many novelists. His marks are all over such men as Wells, Bennett, Mann, Sudermann and Proust. He has been vastly more influential than either Flaubert or Turgeniev. The novel that Dickens wrote survives today only as a conscious archaism; it seems idiotic after "Germinal" and "La Terre." Some day, I believe, these astounding works will be read again. Perhaps the tide is turning toward them already. For years they were obtainable in English only in mutilated versions, poorly printed. The comstocks hunted them down relentlessly; in England their publisher, the elder Vizetelly, was thrown into jail, and died there. But now they begin to appear in better editions, with prefaces by various learned hands. Their day may be coming.

Mr. Josephson's book is written somewhat feverishly, but it sets forth the facts very well. It goes further than E. A. Vizetelly's Life, published twenty-five years ago; there is far greater detail in it, and a more illuminating discussion of controverted points. Mr. Josephson attempts relatively little criticism; he is mainly concerned with Zola the man. The story he has to tell is a good one, and he tells it competently.

Across the Border

MEXICO AND ITS HERITAGE, by Ernest Gruening. $6. 8¾ x 5¾; 728 pp. New York: *The Century Company.*

THIS is more than a book; it is a sort of one-volume encyclopedia. Mr. Gruening became interested in Mexico in 1922, and, unlike most Americans who write about that unhappy country, he decided to find out something about it. So he crossed the Rio Grande and remained six months. Two years later he went back, and again in 1925, 1926 and 1927. Meanwhile, he had acquired a sound knowledge of Spanish, and set himself to plowing through the vast literature dealing with Mexican affairs. He read not only the histories that are in every library; he went to the original sources. More, he read acres of government reports, pamphlets, magazines, newspapers. Yet more, he scraped acquaintance with Mexicans of all sorts, from the President of the Republic down to humble peons in the backwoods. His journeys took him into twenty-four of the twenty-eight Mexican States. He made contacts with the leaders of all the Mexican factions, political, religious, literary and economic. He carried a notebook and a camera, an alert eye and a hospitable ear. Then, having devoted five years to the amassing of his materials, he sat down to write his book. It is a truly huge piece of work, carefully planned, admirably written, and copiously documented. The whole record of Mexico's dark and sanguinary troubles is in its text and footnotes. Nothing essential, past or present, seems to have been overlooked.

Mr. Gruening—he is a former managing editor of the Boston *Traveler*, the New York *Tribune* and the *Nation* (a curious combination, certainly!) and is now the editor of a paper in Portland, Maine—writes as an American, but he does not make the common mistake of estimating Mexican motives and acts in terms of American experience. The history of the Republic differs at almost every step from that of the United States, and its people are almost as unlike Americans as the Russians or the Turks. The first American settlers brought with them a tradition of independent thinking and a talent for self-government; the first comers in Mexico were simply unconscionable exploiters, with no interest in the country and no desire to make it fit to live in. Mr. Gruening makes much of this difference, and very wisely. It explains the enormous difficulties that confront the enlightened minority of Mexicans today. They dream of lifting their country out of its wallow, but they face the solid opposition of a populace that yet lingers in barbarism. That populace cannot think; it can scarcely formulate intelligible desires; oppressed for centuries, it has almost lost the elemental capacity to feel. The revolutions that afflict the land mean nothing to it save chances for loot; it has been ground down and exploited by the successive republics and oligarchies quite as much as it was by the old monarchy. The church, its ostensible friend, has only aided in its degradation. It seems hopeless.

Nevertheless, there may be a way out. It will be years and maybe centuries before the masses of the Mexican people can be brought up to the level of even the Mississippi Baptists, but in the upper class there is a salubrious stirring, and in the course of time it may lead to something. The successive governments, though they commonly come in on waves of blood, show a more or less steady improvement. Men of genuine public spirit emerge from the ruck of grafters and assassins. Beginnings have been made in ordering the national finances,

in reforming the archaic land system, in curbing the ferocity of foreign exploiters, in setting up schools, even in maintaining public order. Reform is still largely in the hands of a lunatic fringe; there are attempts to leap to forms of democracy that still remain purely theoretical, even in the mob-ridden United States. But the old despairist acceptance of fraud and imbecility, disorder and rapine, as natural and inevitable seems to be going out. There are Mexicans who tire of the chaos and make rational plans to end it. With that vast, inert mass of barbarous Indians and even more barbarous half-breeds confronting them, they take on a truly staggering task. But if Oklahoma can be civilized, as seems likely, then perhaps there is a chance for Mexico.

Two powerful agencies work against every effort to put the country on its legs. One is the intransigent opposition of the church, which is still Spanish and monarchist in sympathy after a hundred years; the other is the chronic dishonesty and bullying of the United States. The history of our relations with Mexico is an almost unbroken record of infamy. We have been false to every trust, and brutally self-seeking whenever there was an opportunity to play the good neighbor. American support has always gone, not to the best Mexicans, but to the worst. No patriotic citizen of the country can lay his plans for sound reforms without taking into account the probability of Yankee opposition and interference. But both of these difficulties, in the course of time, may be resolved. The appointment of Dwight W. Morrow to the Mexican ambassadorship seems to indicate that Washington is preparing to play a more decent rôle hereafter, despite the fact that the preposterous Kellogg is still Secretary of State. And the church, facing a genuine rebellion against its obscurantism, in which Catholic Mexicans stand side by side with freethinkers, shows signs of attempting a compromise. In this last struggle both sides have hit below the belt, and so there is extraordinary bitterness. But even bitterness yields to time. Let the United States keep out of the mess, and soon or late the fugitive bishops will go back—not, perhaps, as the medieval lords they used to be, but at all events with quite as much freedom to transact their legitimate business as their legitimate business needs.

Mr. Gruening goes into all of these matters frankly and at great length. His sympathies, obviously, are with the enlightened minority which seeks to cast off the remaining vestiges of the Spanish inheritance, and set Mexico on the way of progress as a modern state. He has little use for Diaz, he leans against the oil concessionists and other carpet-baggers, and he is tartly critical of the church. But he is by no means a special pleader. Both sides have hearings in his book, and he is at great pains to set forth the case of every man he opposes. He has done a good job. If what he has written is widely read a new understanding will get into the relations between Mexico and the United States, and with that better understanding, it is to be hoped, there will come a greater decency.

American Worthies

WHO'S WHO IN AMERICA, edited by Albert Nelson Marquis. $8.50. 8⅞ x 7; 2488 pp. Chicago: *The A. N. Marquis Company.*

"Who's Who in America" grows fatter with each new edition. The first, for 1899–1900, ran to 827 pages and contained biographies of 8602 men and women. The new one, for 1928–29, has 2488 pages and includes no less than 28,805 sketches, of which 3931 appear for the first time. As usual, the work is notable for both its extraordinary inclusions and its unaccountable omissions. All sorts of local worthies, especially if they be of theological or literary habit, seem to find it easy to get in. So do many obscure newspaper editors, ninth-rate bankers, puerile pedagogues and other such right-thinkers. But there appears to be relatively little hospitality to men and women of unusual attainments and odd minds. I look in vain, for example, for Dr. Paul De Kruif. And for Roland Hugins.

And for Dr. Henry Wadsworth Longfellow Dana. And for Sadakichi Hartmann. And for Hippolyte Havel. And for William Z. Foster. And for Roger N. Baldwin. And for Alexander Berkmann. And for Emma Goldman. Lewis Mumford is in at last, and so is Dr. Isaac Goldberg, and so is Freda Kirchwey (I called for all of them two years ago), but there is nothing about Lewis Gannett, or Anita Loos, or Doris Stevens, or Elizabeth Gurley Flynn. The sole reference to Max Eastman is still a curt reference to the volume for 1916–17, though he has printed at least four books since.

In more decorous circles there are omissions equally curious. I find, among the movie magnates, Jesse L. Lasky and Samuel Goldwyn (*geb.* Goldfisch), but neither Louis B. Mayer nor Joseph Schenck. Dr. Arthur J. Cramp, of the American Medical Association, is admitted at last, but I look in vain for Dr. Walter E. Dandy, the Johns Hopkins brain surgeon. I can find Bernarr Macfadden, editor of the New York *Graphic*, but not John W. Owens, editor of the Baltimore *Sun*. The celebrated Harry Micajah Daugherty, LL.B., still lingers, but there is not a line about Judge Webster Thayer. Frank Craven is still missing, though the Rev. Dr. James Braxton Craven, president of Davenport College at Lenoir, N. C., has thirteen lines. The editor of the *Kansas Baptist* has sixteen lines, but there is nothing about the editor of *Photoplay*. But maybe I ride the editor too hard. It is possible that there is actually more curiosity about Methodist presiding elders, the presidents of provincial fire insurance companies, the former attorneys general of Arkansas and Iowa, and the obscure professors in one-building universities than there is about Dr. De Kruif, Miss Loos, Mr. Baldwin and Judge Thayer. But a doubt of it abides with me.

In this vast mass of biographies one unearths some curious facts. One is that Dr. Will Durant's actual given names are William James. It somehow seems unfitting. Another is that Gilbert Seldes' middle name is Vivian. Yet another is that Ben Hecht was actually named Ben, and not Benjamin, just as Jim Tully was named Jim, and not James. Harry Kemp's full name, it appears, is Harry Hibbard Kemp —certainly an extremely respectable label for a poet. Fanny Butcher, of the Chicago *Tribune*, is an *officer d'académie* of France. (I refuse to believe it.) Jackie Coogan is bespangled with the silver cross of the Order of George of Greece. Conrad Nagel, another movie star, is both a Shriner and a Christian Scientist. How many of the distinguished ladies of the "Who's Who" family tell their ages? More than you probably expect. Edna Ferber does. So does Ethel Barrymore. So do Mary Austin, Fannie Hurst, Mrs. Willebrandt, Ma Ross of Wyoming, Ellen Glasgow, Eva Le Gallienne, Willa Cather, Lillian Gish, Mrs. Moskowitz, Dr. Florence Sabin, Kathleen Norris, Aimée Semple McPherson, Irita Van Doren, Geraldine Farrar, Mary Garden, Anne Parrish, Sara Teasdale and Edith Mason. But Gloria Swanson, Elinor Wylie and Mrs. Fiske remain old-fashioned.

Lord Hoover continues as the champion LL.D. of "Who's Who." He has twenty-six degrees. His most formidable competitors are Dr. Charles Evans Hughes, and Dr. Nicholas Murray Butler, who have seventeen each.

THE AMERICAN MERCURY AUTHORS

LOUIS ADAMIC *was born in what is now Yugoslavia. During the war he served in the United States Army. He is a frequent contributor to the reviews.*

GRACE ADAMS, Ph.D. (Cornell), *was formerly instructor in psychology at Goucher.*

H. LE B. BERCOVICI *is the son of Konrad Bercovici and was born in Paris. He has done publicity work in New York and feature work for the New York newspapers, and has been on the staffs of the* Evening Post *and the* Morning Telegraph. *He has translated the memoirs of Liane de Poughy into English, and collaborated in the translation of Henri Barbusse's "Jesus." He is at present on the staff of the* American Press, *a magazine for newspaper publishers and advertising men.*

CATHARINE BRODY *is a former newspaper woman, now writing for the magazines. Her first novel, "Babe Evanson," has just been published and she is at work on a second book.*

LEONARD HALL *was born in Cleveland and is a former newspaper man. For seven years he was dramatic critic for the Washington* Daily News *and the New York* Telegram. *He is now assistant to the publisher of* Photoplay, *the* Smart Set *and* McClure's Magazine.

ROLAND HUGINS *was born in Millerton, N. Y., and graduated from Cornell. He is now with the Brookings Institution, Washington.*

JAMES WELDON JOHNSON *is secretary of the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People. He has written several books, and with his brother, J. Rosamond Johnson, edited "The Book of American Negro Spirituals."*

JOHN C. KOFOED *is a Philadelphian, and an old newspaper man. He is now on the staff of the New York* Evening Post, *doing sports features. During the past sixteen years he has published eight hundred magazine articles and short stories, and done ghost writing for many eminent athletes.*

HOLGER LUNDBERGH *was born in Sweden and came to the United States in 1919. His father was a sculptor and the head of the Royal Academy of Art at Stockholm, and his mother is a writer. He has been in business in the United States and Japan, and is now attached to the American-Swedish News Exchange in New York. His first writing in English was done in 1924.*

LEWIS MUMFORD *is the subject of an editorial note in this issue.*

WILLIAM C. MURPHY, JR., *is chief of the Senate staff of the* United States Daily.

WILLIAM L. NUNN *was born in Alabama and educated at Oglethorpe. He took his M.A. at Columbia in 1927. From 1922 to 1926 he was a teacher in Japan. At present he is an instructor at the University of Pittsburgh.*

MAYNARD SHIPLEY *is the founder and president of the Science League of America. He is a native of Baltimore, but has lived in California for years.*

RAYMOND PEARL, Ph.D. (Michigan), *is director of the Institute for Biological Research at the Johns Hopkins. He is the author of numerous scientific books and monographs.*

FREDERICK WOLTMAN *was born at York, Pa., and educated at the University of Pittsburgh, from which he has received bachelor's and master's degrees. He is now a graduate assistant in philosophy there.*

JACK WOODFORD *lives in Chicago. He was formerly a newspaper man and an advertising copy writer. He is now devoting the greater part of his time to the writing of fiction.*

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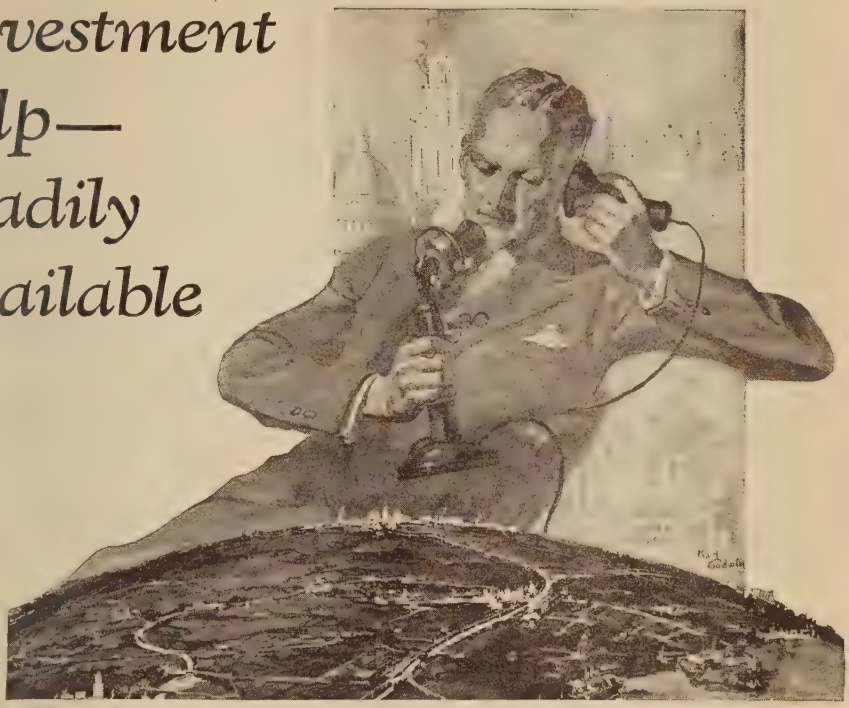

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Editorial NOTES

The large number of MSS. received made it impossible to select the winner of the Journalism competition in time to print it in this number, as was planned. But these back pages go to press later than the main body of the magazine, and so it is possible to announce the prize-winner. He is Mr. Richard Owen Boyer, a reporter on the Dallas (Texas) *Daily Times Herald*. His article, "The Trade of the Journalist," will be published in January.

Lewis Mumford's article in this issue, "The Writing of 'Moby-Dick,'" will form part of a book on Melville to be published next month. Mr. Mumford is one of the most competent of the younger literary and art critics, and has been a frequent contributor to the reviews. His other articles for THE AMERICAN MERCURY have been the following: "Architecture and the Machine," September, 1924; "Devastated Regions," October, 1924; "Æsthetics: A Palaver," November, 1924; "Towers," February, 1925; "The Poison of Good Taste," September, 1925; "Symbolic Architecture," June, 1926; "The Origins of the American Mind," July, 1926; and "The Machine and its Products," January, 1927.

Mr. Mumford was born at Flushing, Long Island, on October 19, 1895. He went to the New York public schools and was graduated from the Stuyvesant High school with an elementary technical and scientific education. He began writing for popular electrical magazines at fourteen and at eighteen contributed an article and a short story to the *Forum*. By that time he says,

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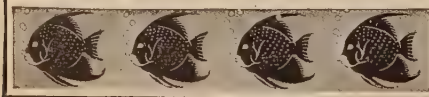

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I had decided to be neither a newspaper man nor an engineer. My education went on in a desultory fashion at the College of the City of New York, Columbia University, and Washington Square College. Hoping to become a professional philosopher I started to take a degree at City College, only to be sent into retirement at nineteen because of ill health; but my essential education was continued through explorations of various cities, through the libraries and museums, through occasional occupational experiences, and through contact with three or four people. By 1918 my body was sound enough to serve as cannon-fodder; but it didn't get nearer active service than a Navy training-station. In 1919 I began writing reviews, and shortly after became an associate editor of the fortnightly *Dial*. In 1920 I went to London as acting editor of the *Sociological Review;* since when, except for short terms as teacher and lecturer, I have held no regular post. During the *Freeman's* existence I wrote many signed and unsigned pieces for that paper; I have written considerably for the *New Republic*, the *Journal of the American Institute of Architects*, and a scattering of other journals. In 1922 I published "The Story of Utopias"; in 1924, "Sticks and Stones"; and in 1926, "The Golden Day." At present I am one of the editors of "The American Caravan." Like Teufelsdrockh, I have specialized in things-in-general.

THE AMERICAN MERCURY herewith presents a few more extracts from the style book it has in preparation. Friends are invited to send in comments on these rules, or to suggest additional ones.

25. The words *street*, *avenue* and *place* are to be in lower case. Thus, *Magnolia street*, *Sixth avenue*, *Morton place*. But when they refer to thoroughfares that have taken on a representational meaning, and do not designate a mere address, they are to be capitalized. Thus, *Wall Street* was greatly impressed with the Coolidge idealism, but Mortimer L. Svinack's offices are still at 12 *Wall street*.

26. The words *mountain*, *lake*, *bay*, *river*, *creek*, *pond*, etc., are to be in lower case when they appear after a proper noun or adjective, but when they refer to a large geographical group or come before a proper noun or adjectival phrase, they are to be capitalized. Thus, *Bear mountain*, *Moosehead lake*, *Hudson bay*, *Mississippi*

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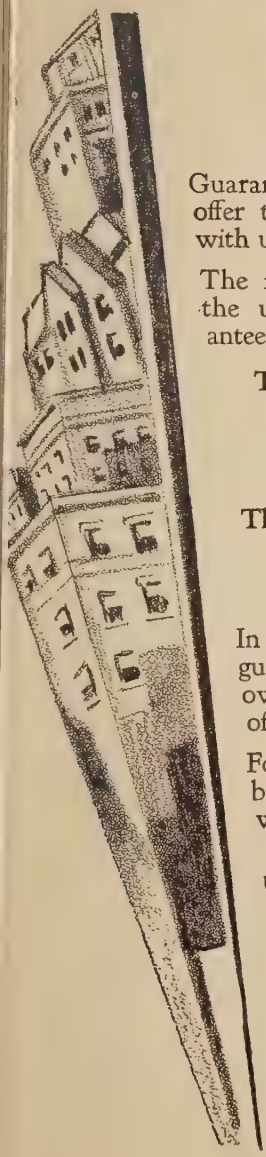

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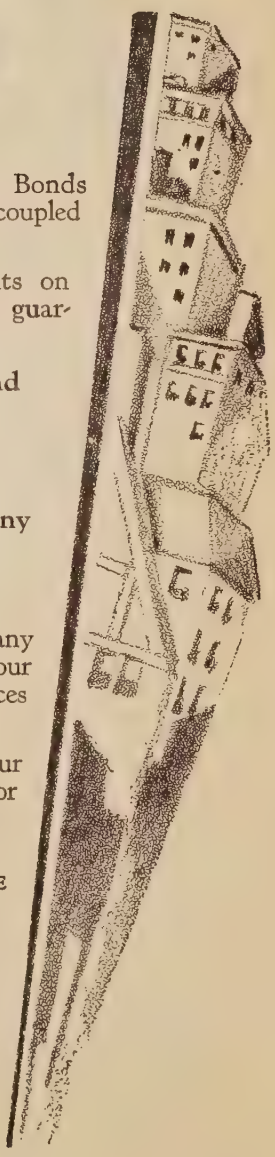

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Editorial NOTES

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river, *Stone creek*, *Spot pond*, but *Mount Rainier*, *Lake Placid*, *the Great Lakes*, and *the Bay of Biscay*.

27. The article *the* is always to be put before *Rev.*, *Hon.*, and their analogues. Thus, *the Rev. Mordecai Ham*, *the Hon. Thomas J. Heflin*.

28. All sums of money are to be put in figures, save in dialogue. Thus, *$14.50*, not *fourteen dollars and a half*.

29. The same is to apply to the hours of the clock. Thus, 2 P. M., not two P. M. But *two o'clock* and *half past two*, of course, may be used. The abbreviations P. M., A. M. and M. are to be in small caps.

30. In ordinary matter all figures above 100 are to be set forth as figures; those below are to be spelled out.

31. Such words as *telephone*, *advertisement* and *automobile* are always to be spelled out in full. *Phone*, *ad* and *auto* are barred. Except in dialogue, of course.

32. All new spelling forms, such as *tho*, *thoro*, *thru* are barred. They are to be spelled out: thus, *though*, *thorough*, *through*.

33. *All right* is always to appear as two words, never as *alright*. So with *on to*.

34. *In so far* is always to appear as three words; never as *insofar*.

35. The titles of books are to appear in quotes. Thus, "Just Folks," by Eddie Guest; "The Bridge of San Luis Rey," by Thornton Wilder.

36. The titles of newspapers and magazines are to appear in italics, but the name of the city and the preceding article are to be in roman. Thus, the New York *Times*, the *Nation*, the *Century*.

37. The names of steamers and airships are to be in italics. Thus, the *Mauretania*, the *Graf Zeppelin*. But the names of trains are to be in roman. Thus, the Knickerbocker, the Twentieth Century, the Flamingo.

38. The titles of symphonies are to be in roman with initial capitals, and so are their serial numbers. Thus, the Unfinished, Brahms' Third, Beethoven's Seventh Symphony.

39. The names of salient charters, laws and other similar documents are to be capitalized. Thus, Declaration of Independence, Constitution, Espionage Act, Eighteenth Amendment, Bill of Rights, Articles of War, Magna Charta, Act of Union, Mann Act, Dred Scott Decision, Force Bill. But *act* and *bill* are not to be capitalized when they designate some statute or proposed statute of minor importance. *Constitution*, when it refers to a State constitution, had better be kept in lower case.

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Continued from front advertising section, page l

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For boys who plan to camp or hike next Summer, this book is full of suggestions for choosing camp sites, pitching tents, the choice of tools and cooking equipment, and first-aid methods. There are illustrations by Charles E. Cartwright.

WILD FLOWERS AND ELVES.
By Elsie-Jean. *Thomas Nelson & Sons*
$1.50 10¾ x 7¾; 38 pp. *New York*

The author has written a verse for each wild flower and accompanies it by a note telling when the flower appears, its colors, where it is found, and a description of the stem and leaves. Gerta Ries has used the flowers as headdresses for the elves.

PINOCCHIO.
By C. Collodi. *Thomas Nelson & Sons*
$1.50 8 x 6; 239 pp. *New York*

An Italian carpenter makes Pinocchio, a puppet, come to life and sends him forth to swim across the Atlantic. In this country he makes many friends and has quaint experiences, but he is loyal to Gepetto who made him, and returns to Naples. The illustrations by K. Wiese are very good.

A HAT-TUB TALE.
By Caroline D. Emerson. *E. P. Dutton & Company*
$2.50 8¾ x 6½; 185 pp. *New York*

The story of the nonsensical doings of two little animals, Nip and Tuck, who sally forth in a hat-tub in the Bay of Fundy, where they meet pirates and run into adventure and treasure. The drawings by Lois Lenski are very amusing.

TRAVEL

THE SOUL OF THE EAST.
By Marcus Ehrenpreis. *The Viking Press*
$2.50 7⅜ x 5; 209 pp. *New York*

These observations upon Dr. Ehrenpreis's travels across the Levant, through Greece and Egypt to Palestine, are at once astute and sympathetic. Beginning with a frank distaste for the slovenliness and confusion of the Near East, he becomes more and more embued with the Oriental spirit until he ends with a lyrical plea for a wider understanding of the Oriental soul.

TEN WEEKS WITH CHINESE BANDITS.
By Harvey J. Howard. *Dodd, Mead & Company*
$3 8¼ x 5½; 272 pp. *New York*

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Continued on page lxxvi

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Colorful and smart, these gifts!—suggestive of the Christmas Spirit.

But it is the *service* they will render that will bring the really heartfelt thanks.

Only with this pen is Parker *Pressureless Writing* possible through Geo. S. Parker's 47th Improvement, known the world over as *Pressureless Touch.* And no one knows the saving in effort and fatigue that this feature represents until he tries it.

Duofold Barrels are *non-breakable,* 'though 28% lighter than rubber. So a Duofold is not only almost like a feather in the hand, but is well protected against all accidental harm.

What more could one ask except perfect operation for twenty-five or thirty years? To insure that to you we make the following guarantee:

*To prove Parker Duofold is a pen of lifelong satisfaction, we offer to make good any defect provided complete pen is sent by the owner direct to the factory with 10c for return postage and insurance.

The imprint, "Geo. S. Parker — DUOFOLD," on the barrel identifies the genuine. Be sure you see it when you buy, because that is one of the first things the recipient looks for.

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Parker Duofold

OVER-SIZE $7

Lady or Junior Size, $5

Duofold Pencils to match Pens $3, $3.50 and $4 according to size

Maximum Ink Capacity

*Guaranteed Forever Against All Defects

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Santa Fe System Lines,
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Am interested in winter trip to California, via Grand Canyon National Park.
Please send me folders and detailed information.

Check List of NEW BOOKS

Continued from page lxxii

account of his capture and imprisonment, less than a year ago, by the Black Dragon river bandits in Heilungchiang Province, China. It is a harrowing tale. There are many illustrations.

FICTION

NIGHTSEED.
By H. A. Manhood. *The Viking Press*
$2.50 7½ x 5; 366 pp. *New York*

The sixteen stories in this collection all describe people of bruised spirits, who have at one time or another had hurtful things happen to them, which remained ever in their minds. The title story tells of two young lovers, Adam and Evie, who find that even memories can be soiled by death and change. The discovery plants a rebelliousness in Adam's heart which only the love of Evie can heal. A first book of unusual promise. Many of the stories lack the clarity of "Nightseed" because of a surfeit of metaphorical conceits, but all of them reveal a genuine imaginative power.

THE FEATHERED NEST.
By Margaret Leech. *Horace Liveright*
$2.50 7½ x 5¾; 318 pp. *New York*

The portrait of an American matriarch. Isabelle Forster is a woman of both courage and intelligence, but she is devoured by the terrible possessiveness of maternity. After the death of her husband whom she never loved, her life is devoted to her three sons, Ferdinand, Haskell and Carlie, and an agonizing struggle arises as they grow to maturity. She vainly tries to hold them, to subject them, but they as tenaciously resist her. In the end she can only cry out hopelessly to Ferdinand, who is temporarily dependent upon her in the illness of his wife, "What a business it is, this living! Is it all for nothing but to break our hearts?"

THE DEVIL.
By Alfred Neumann. *Alfred A. Knopf*
$3 8 x 5½; 368 pp. *New York*

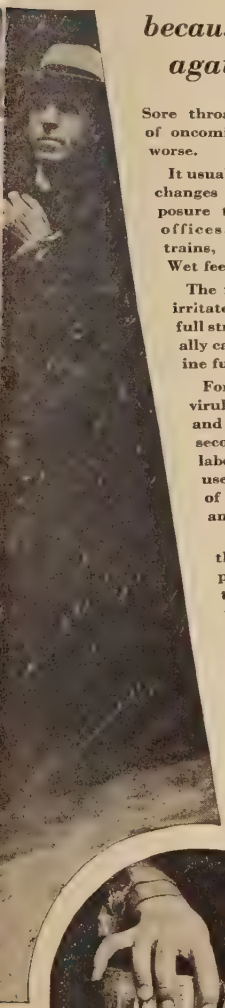
Oliver Necker, the barber of Ghent—known as the Devil—and Louis XI of France are indissolubly united through love and hate, intrigue and war, and above all, through a metaphysical oneness of mind. Oliver becomes the King's chamberlain and secret counsellor, and Louis demands Anne, his exquisitely beautiful wife, for his mistress. She dies, and is lost to both of them, and Oliver allies himself with Louis's enemies. But after Louis goes down to Peronne and humbles himself to Charles of Burgundy, the strong affinity between them asserts itself again: Oliver returns to the allegiance of the King and together they triumph over Louis's enemies. Louis dreads death with increasing

Continued on page lxxviii

After exposure—avoid **Sore Throat**

LISTERINE

Checks it quickly because powerful against germs



Sore throat is a danger signal of oncoming trouble—a cold or worse.

It usually develops after sudden changes in temperature or exposure to others in overheated offices, germ-ridden railway trains, street cars and buses. Wet feet also encourage it.

The moment your throat feels irritated, gargle with Listerine full strength. Sore throat is usually caused by germs—and Listerine full strength kills germs.

For example, it kills even the virulent B. Typhosus (typhoid) and M. Aureus (pus) germs in 15 seconds, as shown by repeated laboratory tests. Yet it may be used full strength in any cavity of the body. Indeed, the safe antiseptic.

The moment Listerine enters the mouth it attacks the disease-producing bacteria that cause you trouble. And unless your sore throat is a symptom of some more serious disease, calling for the services of a physician, Listerine will check it in an amazingly short time.

For your own protection, keep a bottle in home and office. It's an investment in health. Lambert Pharmacal Company, St. Louis, Mo., U. S. A.

To *escape a cold*

use Listerine this way:

You can materially lessen the risk of catching colds by rinsing the hands with Listerine before each meal, the way physicians do. The reason for this is obvious:

Listerine attacks the germs of cold on the hands, thus rendering them harmless when they enter the mouth on food which hands have carried. Isn't this quick precaution worth taking!

"GREAT!"

men say. They're enthusiastic about Listerine Shaving Cream. You will be also when you try it. So cool! So soothing!

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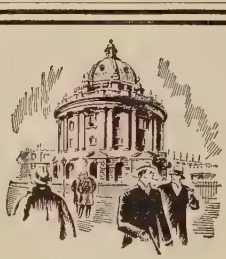

Radcliffe Camera, Oxford University

THE reason why England is a land of pipe-smokers is no mystery to the man who has once tried CRAVEN MIXTURE—the discriminating Britisher's favorite tobacco. Costs a little more than the domestic brands—but the first pipeful will make you glad you paid the difference.

CRAVEN MIXTURE—a truly fine imported tobacco, first blended at the command of the Third Earl of Craven in 1867—can now be had at the better tobacconists in America and Canada, too. For a liberal sample tin, send 10c in stamps to Carreras, Ltd., Dept. 32, 220 Fifth Ave., New York

Craven
MIXTURE
Imported from London

Check List of NEW BOOKS

Continued from page lxxvi

horror, and appeals to Oliver to establish his immortality. With fanatical devotion Oliver deflects upon himself Louis's reputation for cruelty, and gives himself up to be hanged. A gaudy tale, and a good piece of writing. Huntley Paterson has made the translation.

STUDY IN BRONZE.
By Esther Hyman. *Henry Holt & Company*
$2.50 7½ x 4¾; 317 pp. *New York*

Lucea Richmond, a beautiful Jamaican, daughter of an Englishman and a native woman, goes to London to live, and is soon accepted in Bohemian circles because of her charm and literary talents. She falls in love with Ronald Petty, a young Englishman, and is happy with him until she suddenly becomes conscious of her color. "It's strange . . . and lovely . . . being brown," he murmurs, as he kisses the curve of her throat. "She knew that he referred to her skin. . . . It was the first time that he had referred to her color, and all at once she knew what the fear at the back of her mind had been—that he should have been ashamed of it, or of himself for being attracted in spite of it." So she bravely renounces him, with a kiss on the forehead, and we see her at the end "stripped of her daydreams, her enthusiasm, her poetry, and her friendships."

COSTUMES BY EROS.
By Conrad Aiken. *Charles Scribner's Sons*
$2 7½ x 5; 266 pp. *New York*

"Field of Flowers" is the most distinguished story in this collection of fourteen tales of love, all of civilized men and women living in populous world centers. It tells of the brief encounter of a man and woman who were in love six years before. They renew the affair for a while, and then the lady must go back home. The man sets out to find a suitable present for her, searches a Japanese print shop, finds an exquisite print entitled "Field of Flowers" for a dollar, buys it, and then decides to keep it as a symbol of the beauty he has missed in his relationship with the inadequate lady. A somewhat chaotic but often brilliantly written book.

ALIMONY.
By Faith Baldwin. *Dodd, Mead & Company*
$2 7¼ x 5; 294 pp. *New York*

"Cost! Cost! He'd not done paying yet! Divorce? Every ancestral voice within him cried out in warning . . . Damn it, he couldn't sleep! . . . Divorce! Never! . . . Outside, the storm broke. The thunder crashed, and the rain pelted down, healing, cool, rivers and rivers of it. But in the bedroom storm still muttered. There was no feeling of a lifted tension, of a clean washing away of rancor and dislike. They lay

Continued on page lxxx

"Reach for a Lucky when you crave something sweet

That's the easiest way I know to keep from getting fat"

Florenz Ziegfeld

Famous Producer of Musical Comedy

LIGHT a Lucky Strike when you are tempted to eat between meals—they satisfy the craving for sweets and rich pastries. That's why thousands now reducing smoke them constantly.

A year ago 20,679 physicians put themselves on record in confirmation of the fact that Toasting makes Lucky Strike less irritating to the throat than other cigarettes. That's because Toasting removes impurities. Toasting also improves the flavor of the finest tobaccos. That's why the delicious toasted flavor of Luckies makes them a delightful alternative for things that make you fat. Avoid harmful methods to reduce. This way is merely common sense.

Men who keep fit have long employed it. They don't believe in tiresome, expensive ways. They do believe that Luckies do not hurt the wind or impair the physical condition—facts upheld by prominent athletes, who are in a position to know the truth.

When you are offered a sweet... when it comes time for pies and pastries... pass them by and take a Lucky. Then you'll never miss sweets.

Florenz Ziegfeld, "Glorifier of the American Girl" and Jean Ackerman and Gladys Glad of Mr. Ziegfeld's new success, "Whoopee."

Reach for a Lucky instead of a sweet.

"It's toasted"

No Throat Irritation-No Cough.

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10 minutes ago-

REMEMBER all the things that people used to do for headaches? Today, the accepted treatment is Bayer Aspirin. It gets action! Quick, complete relief—and no harm done. No after effects; no effect on the heart; nothing in a Bayer tablet could hurt anyone. (Your doctor will verify this.) For any sort of headache, neuralgic pains, rheumatism—your first thought should be of these tablets. Taken soon enough, it can head-off the pain altogether; even those pains many women have thought must be endured.

BAYER ASPIRIN

Aspirin is the trade mark of Bayer Manufacture of Monoaceticacidester of Salicylicacid

Check List of NEW BOOKS

Continued from page lxxviii

there side by side as wife and husband should lie. Strangers. Sleeping together. Mr. and Mrs. Stephen Lane. Husband and wife. Hating each other. . . ." And so it goes for page after page, climax after climax, row after row. By the end, every character has had one or more affairs with every other character and they are all as intricately related as a Chinese family.

GIANT KILLER.
By Elmer Davis. *The John Day Company*
$2.50 7½ x 5; 373 pp. *New York*

Mr. Davis has here employed the scriptural story of King David in a chronicle which reveals David as an artist rather than a fighter, a canny politician, an expert lover; but at heart a weakling. "Your father," remarks Bathsheba to Solomon on the final page, "was a gifted man. He could always get some one else to kill his giants for him." It is Joab, the nephew of David, the really great soldier, who dominates the book, who struggles all his life to raise up a powerful nation and who loses his life in the end.

THERESA.
By Arthur Schnitzler. *Simon & Schuster*
$2.50 7¼ x 5; 460 pp. *New York*

Theresa's mother was a baroness and her father an officer in the army, but she finds herself suddenly bereft of both money and position. Whereupon she becomes the mistress of a young officer and applies for work as a governess. Her fortunes lead her into a long succession of lovers, and her life is overshadowed at the end by the career of an illegitimate son who has become a thief. At forty she is an old woman, "aware of nothing but her weariness," so her murder by her son has the strange effect of being committed upon a corpse. A skillfully told story, notable for the reality of all its characters, yet possessing a certain monotony of tone. It is ably translated by William A. Drake.

THE NEW TEMPLE.
By Johan Bojer. *The Century Company*
$2.50 7⅜ x 5; 341 pp. *New York*

This is a sequel to Bojer's "The Great Hunger." It tells the story of Lorenz and Louise Holm, who are sent away to live with their wealthy aunt, the widow at Bruseth, respected far and wide for her power. She rears them in the false belief that their poverty-stricken parents have committed some wrong; they gradually come to consider her their mother, and she, in turn, gives them every advantage. Louise travels for a while, and Lorenz is allowed to continue his studies, though he has shown tendencies toward radicalism that alienate her. The main theme of the book is

Continued on page lxxxii

for muscular aches

A FEW drops of ABSORBINE, JR., well rubbed in, will bring prompt relief. If the muscular pain or ache has been persistent, a few additional applications may be required. If there is a tendency towards muscular aches, rub in ABSORBINE, JR. after any unusual exercise. It will keep the muscles in good condition. ABSORBINE, JR. is pleasant to use. It is not greasy and does not stain the skin. Its odor is agreeable. There are many uses for ABSORBINE, JR.—read "Timely Suggestions," packed in each carton.

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ABSORBINE JR
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A safe antiseptic
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Please send without charge your illustrated book "Cordial Cocktail Confidences" ‡M

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My Grocer's Name .....

Check List of NEW BOOKS

Continued from page lxxx

Lorenz's search for a new faith, after his disappointment at being left out of her will; his wanderings and spiritual upheavals; and his final peace with the clear-headed, able Louise and his aged parents.

HEADLINES.
By Mildred Gilman. *Horace Liveright*
$2. 7½ x 5; 309 pp. *New York*

With the half-Americanized foreigners of a Staten Island real-estate development as her characters, Mrs. Gilman has written a sympathetic and highly-colored drama of the tabloids. Here are her chapter heads, which carry the story: "Grim Reaper Takes Toll"; "Wife-Beater Gets Stiff Term"; "Coal King's Son Missing Five Years Returns"; "Property Loss Exceeds Eight Millions"; "Jazz-Mad Youth Slays Family"; "Mysterious Apparition Terrorizes Neighborhood"; "Heiress Adopts Nameless Tot"; "Mariner's Harbor Yields Mystery Body"; "Woman Leaps or Falls Off Ferry-Boat." . . . And so on. An entertaining book, but one laboring under an obvious artificiality. Avowedly realistic, it suffers from the lack of reality which attaches to all fiction seeking to prove a thesis.

PRELUDE TO A ROPE FOR MYER.
By L. Steni. *The Dial Press*
$2.50 7½ x 5; 306 pp. *New York*

This is one of those books which is entertaining for a reason which the author never quite intended. It is the highly dramatized exposition of the character of a young Jew, Myer, "in whom passion struggles against cynicism, idealism against brutal materialism, until jealousy takes entire possession and drives him to frenzy." "You're a pretty filthy girl, Lorrie," he tells his lady love, whom he strangles to death. "You are a damned murderess, and you'll do a murder one of these fine days, in that temper that makes you lose your head and go mad. [She had once banged him in the face with a handbag; another time she very nearly bit his ear off]. You will, I swear it. I'm not trying to be funny, or wanting to frighten you; I tell it to you as a simple fact, and one day you will know that I have been speaking the truth."

FIRE OF SPRING.
By Dorothy Coursen. *Henry Holt & Company*
$2.50 7½ x 5; 289 pp. *New York*

The story of Alma Merton, aged thirteen, who goes with her younger sister, Ethel, to visit her aunt and uncle in a small town in the Middle West and there awakens to the first pangs of love after her conversion in the village tabernacle. An uneven piece of work, but for a first novel it reveals an imagination wide in scope and delightful in its grasp of detail.

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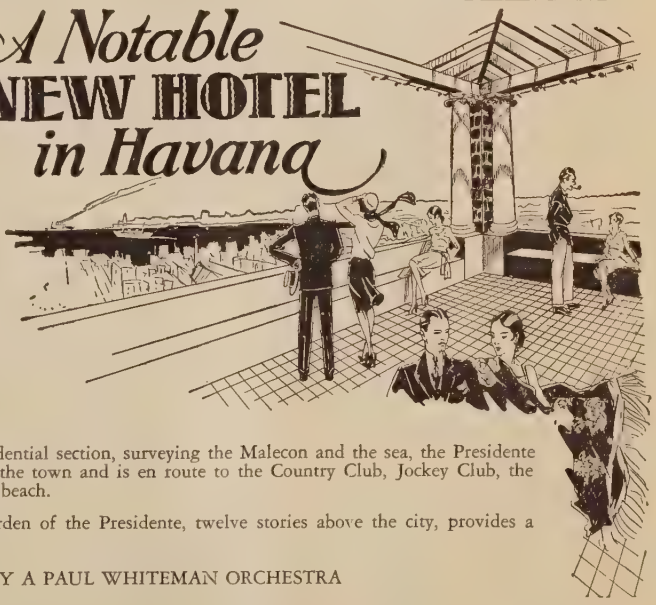

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Mediterranean
PALESTINE
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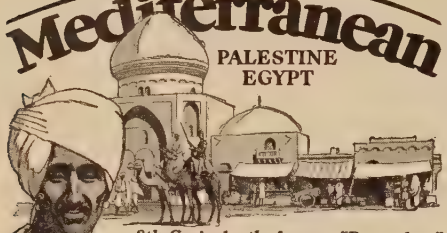

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STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, CIRCULATION, ETC., REQUIRED BY THE ACT OF CONGRESS OF AUGUST 24, 1912
of THE AMERICAN MERCURY
published monthly *at* Camden, N. J., *for* October, 1928
State of New York } *ss.*
County of New York }

Before me, a Notary Public in and for the State and county afo said, personally appeared Alfred A. Knopf, who, having been d sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the publi of THE AMERICAN MERCURY and that the following is, to t best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownersh management, etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date sho in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, e bodied in section 443, Postal Laws and Regulations, printed on reverse of this form, to wit:

1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, mana ing editor, and business managers are:
Publisher, Alfred A. Knopf 730 Fifth Avenue, New York, N.
Editor, Henry L. Mencken 730 Fifth Avenue, New York, N.
Business Manager, Samuel Knopf 730 Fifth Avenue, New York, N.

2. That the owner is: The American Mercury, Inc. (Owner)
Stockholders—Alfred A. Knopf, Inc., 730 Fifth Avenue, New Yo N. Y., George Jean Nathan, 44 West 44th Street, New York, N.

3. That the known bondholders, mortgagees, and other secur holders owning or holding 1 per cent or more or total amount bonds, mortgages, or other securities are: (If there are none, so stat None.

4. That the two paragraphs next above, giving the names of t owners, stockholders and security holders, if any, contain not o the list of stockholders and security holders as they appear upon t books of the company but also, in cases where the stockholder security holder appears upon the books of the company as trus or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corpo tion for whom such trustee is acting, is given; also that the s two paragraphs contain statements embracing affiant's full kno edge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under wh stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the boo of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capac other than that of a bona fide owner; and that this affiant has no rea to believe that any other person, association, or corporation has a interest direct or indirect in the said stock, bonds, or other securit than as so stated by him.

ALFRED A. KNOPF
(Publisher)

Sworn and subscribed before me this 28th day of September, 19
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Cert. filed in N. Y. Co., No. 1803, Reg. No. 90
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THE AMERICAN MERCURY

FOR JANUARY

(Out December 24th)

Among the contents of THE AMERICAN MERCURY for January will be:

THE TRADE OF THE JOURNALIST *by Richard Owen Boyer*

This essay was awarded the prize in the Journalism Contest. Mr. Boyer is on the staff of the Dallas *Times Herald.*

THE NORTHWEST TAKES TO POESY *by James Stevens*

A paper on Col. E. Hofer and his celebrated gazette of advanced Northwestern thought, the *Lariat*—what they have done to the country where the singing of "The Chisholm Trail" and "Mother Kelly" was once the chief æsthetic recreation of Paul Bunyan's bully loggers.

PENNSYLVANIA IDYL *by Josephine Herbst & John Hermann*

A magnificent picture of a high moment of free American life in the State made immortal by Andy Mellon and Bill Vare.

HOUSEKEEPING FACES THE STARS *by Arturo F. Ratti*

Mr. Ratti, whose "Psychology as Fortune-Teller" in the November issue will be remembered, here considers that latest arrival in the academic groves, Domestic Science, or Euthenics. His discussion, as usual, is in the most gracious terms, and full of samples from the official literature.

CHAUTAUQUA IN THE JAZZ AGE *by Henry F. Pringle*

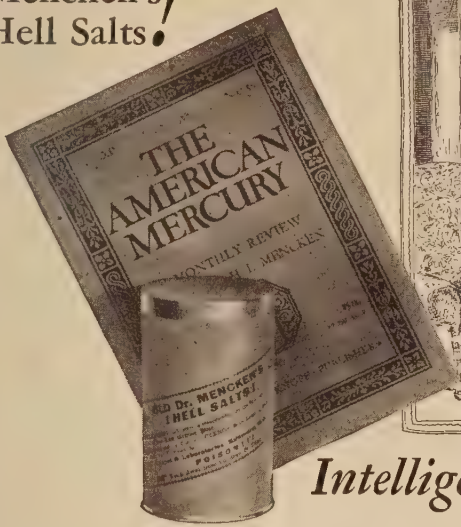
The sad moral decline of a celebrated Christian-American educational institution.

In addition there will be the following articles:

"The Presidential Succession," by Judge H. H. Sawyer
"Is Compulsory Education Justified?", by Professor Knight Dunlap
"The Sports Section," by William Henry Nugent
"The West Point of Fundamentalism," by W. C. Cobb

There will be, of course, the usual departments, and one of the gayest chapters of "Americana" yet published.

free with each order ½ lb. *can of* Old Dr. Mencken's Hell Salts!



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HENRY GODDARD LEACH
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